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THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF WILLIAM COBBETT.

Among the many auspicious changes visible in our "wonderful" age, there is one peculiarly gratifying:—The public mind, no matter how cunningly practised upon, or however it may have been violently prejudiced or warped, *rights* itself much more speedily than at former periods. Time more swiftly does the work of justice, whether in condemnation or approval. Generations are no longer required to pass away before a man is placed in the exact niche which his intellect and public services entitle him to occupy. The grave has scarcely closed over Cobbett, yet he is already taking possession of that place which the secret pride and the *nationality* of all Englishmen have long tacitly accorded him; even while their selfish interests denied him the possession of any one high moral quality, and while they strove to depreciate the masculine intellect and uncommon genius in which they secretly exulted. Cool-headed Scotsmen and warm-hearted Irishmen have always done this remarkable person *justice;* but his fellow-countrymen have really been *proud* of this son of their soil, even while they reviled him the most: and well they might. The most eminent of the Tory newspapers—the *Standard*—in doing homage to Cobbett's memory, places him above the "Heaven-born minister" himself, in the power of influencing his age; and there certainly never has been an individual political writer in any country possessed of nearly equal *momentum*. De Foe and Swift, who come the nearest, shrink into smaller dimensions, when their efforts, as public writers, are compared with those of Cobbett. And, apart from politics altogether, he was one of the most remarkable men of a memorable epoch. He was, if no more, the finest possible specimen of the old unmixed Saxon race. Jack Cade was but a type of him. His entire feelings, instincts, habits, tastes, and prejudices, were intensely English:—as much things of the soil, as indigenous, as are the oak and the mastiff,—as native as the hatred of cruelty and oppression and the love of fair play. In some part of his multifarious writings, in describing what he considers the genuine English character, he exactly paints his own:—"The *loud voice; the hard squeeze by the hand;* the instant *assent* or *dissent;* the *clamorous joy;* the *bitter wailing;* the *ardent friendship;* the *deadly enmity;* the love that makes people kill themselves; the hatred that makes *them kill others:*—all these belong to the characters of Englishmen, in whose mind and heart every feeling exists in the *extreme.*" This, if not the general character of his countrymen, is the character of the individual; and it is that which he liked the best and admired the most. Of modern Englishmen that have figured in public life, he was the most thoroughly imbued with the essential qualities of the native yeoman. He was, in one sense, *The Last Saxon*—the last of that genuine breed which has never been either debased or ameliorated by foreign admixture—by any, the slightest cross, whether with "*Scotch feelosophy,*" "*Irish potatoes,*" or Manchester "*Spinning Jennies.*" From the original hardy stem of the Surrey yeomen, this vigorous branch "stooled out," and put forth arms, wide around in many new directions, while the root struck but the deeper down into the stanch soil. With his purely Saxon origin, Cobbett possessed a sanguine temperament, immense intellect, and the most robust animal spirits;—spirits which nothing could damp for a single hour, much less repress. It is one of his most frequent boasts, that he was always in spirits,—that nothing ever *pulled him down;* yet, his life was one continued wrestling-match, and not without a liberal share of hardship and difficulty. This happy condition of spirits he attributes to his fortunate domestic circumstances, and to his remarkable temperance and activity: but much of it was the original gift of nature; and, without his rare physical endowments, he never could have run his course with the vigour and impetuosity which marked every step of his career, from seven years on to seventy. Like that other fine *compatriot* animal, the genuine English mastiff, Cobbett, if inveterate in his animosities, was warm in his attachments. Dr Johnson could not have desired a better or a franker *hater*. His very errors kept him free of the smallest taint of hypocrisy or cant; and, with all his fierceness of invective, and spontaneous and irrepressible power of sarcasm, we meet continually in his writings with the natural overflow of gratitude and kindly feeling towards some old friend, either upon public or personal grounds. But, unfor-

tunately, the witty and amusing quality of his abuse, makes it better remembered than his genial effusions, even by those strait-laced persons who condemn it the most. Fully conscious of his own robust strength, and fond of its display, he was seldom restrained by considerations of delicacy, candour, or even of strict justice, while savagely demolishing an antagonist; and, for the abstraction called, and too often miscalled, "gentlemanly feeling"—the delicate scrupulosity of the "Normans," and "Plantagenets," and "Founders of a family"—it was his delight to scoff at it, and to tear and trample it to atoms. Yet his times have been fertile in popular writers, who, with equal coarseness and abusiveness, and grossness more offensive, possessed not a tithe of his power, or the dimmest reflection of a sparkle of his native, exuberant wit. In the ordinary relations of life, his manners, it is fit to say, were those of strict propriety, and frank, manly good-breeding. Cobbett had by far too acute a mind, and knew the world much too well, to carry the boisterous rough-and-tumble warfare into society which he waged in pamphlets and registers, upon such persons as "Old Glory," "Anna Brodie," "The Parson of Botley," and the like. A part of his boisterousness was mere animal effervescence, without malignity or bitterness; and a little might be assumed to tickle his audience: for Cobbett was a shrewd man; and no one, where his passions and his self-will were not involved, could better calculate the ways and means necessary to produce certain effects. His tact and his power combined, made him, at every stage of his progress, popular with large masses of men; and that, whether he was a mere soldier, a furious anti-Jacobin, or a violent Radical; and such was the influence of his personal character, that not a few, we imagine, adopted his doctrines as much from admiration of the advocate, as sober conviction of their truth. For a few years back, Cobbett's immediate popularity as a writer has, we think, been on the wane, though this has arisen rather from change of circumstances than failure in the powers of the man of threescore and ten. His period of service was passed; his mission was accomplished. The wheel to which he had so strenuously set his shoulder for above thirty years, was, at last, fairly in motion, and thundering and kindling as it rolled on. The sturdy pioneer—he who with pick-axe and shovel had so lustily laid about him—who had sapped and mined, and finally blown up the fortress of corruption, and scattered so many obstacles to the elements—was superseded by the regular *educated* engineers and artillerymen—and this somewhat superciliously. His temper suffered under this imagined neglect, as he naturally considered himself quite as fit to guide as he had been energetic to impel. Hence, in his support of the late Peel government, he was latterly hurried into greater inconsistencies than those which had marked his earlier life. Besides, one of his peculiar crotchets—and he was troubled with a good few—was, that Parliament has no more right to influence the King's choice of his Ministers than of his running footmen; which would, indeed, be quite true, were their functions the same. We must also allow for his rooted detestation of the Whig party, and of all its component parts; a feeling which had pervaded his whole public life, and to which he was as faithful while a Reformer as when an anti-Jacobin. But, with all abatements, and were his errors ten times told, the cause of reform owes immeasurably to Cobbett. As a periodical political writer, he was long, beyond all doubt, what the *Edinburgh Review* confessed, "first in power and popularity." There may have been men actuated by higher and purer motives—though we are far from positively affirming even this much—and there have been some of nearly equal ability, and of knowledge greatly superior; but, take him all in all, and the same degree of fearless, reckless, uncompromising honesty, was never before united with *Ishmaelitish* strength. Single-handed, he did battle with nearly the whole press for above thirty years, until he had almost written down his own occupation. He fought them till he had half taught them how to beat him. At one time or other, he has been assailed by every periodical of name; for, however they might squabble among themselves, they were all united against the Ishmaelite. "We once," says the Whig *Edinburgh Review*, "tried to cast this Antæus to the ground; but the earth-born rose again, and still staggers on, blind or one-eyed, to his remorseless, restless purpose; sometimes running upon posts and pitfalls, sometimes shaking a country to its centre. It is best to say little about him, and to keep out of his way; for he crushes, by his ponderous weight, whomsoever he falls upon." Allowing for his prejudices and *crotchets*—though most of them have an honest, if narrow foundation—and repudiating some of Cobbett's political schemes as injustice to the innocent fundholders, who now stand in place of those Jews, jobbers, and loan-contractors who were the objects of his just abhorrence—the reviewers would find it difficult to tell us what his "remorseless, restless purpose" might be. The charges generally made against "the earth-born,' are inconsistency, coarseness, dogmatism, audacity, and many other things hinted at, but never defined; for, we presume, everybody has now departed from the old ground of Jacobinism and blasphemy—the first of which meant impugning the rights of the borough-mongers, vested in corruption, and the second questioning the divine right of tithes. How far these charges are well-founded, will best be seen in his life and writings, and not in the partial representations of furious political enemies; for, passionate himself, no man could be moderate in hostility to Cobbett. There was no neutral ground in his vicinage. In this violence lay at once his strength and his weakness. Need we say how greatly the first preponderated?

We shall now, in earnest, address ourselves to what is, in truth, a labour of good-will; fervently wishing that it were in our power to pay back any part of those services which it was the

business of William Cobbett, for above thirty years, to perform for those of his countrymen whom he manfully named *his Order*.

Cobbett was, as is very well-known, a native of Farnham in Surrey. He was born about 1762; the third son of a small farmer. And, after he had risen to eminence and distinction, it was his delight and his pride to refer to the honourable, if humble circumstances of his early life; to a father, whom, he says, "I ardently loved, and to whose every word I listened with admiration," and to a "gentle, and tender-hearted, and affectionate mother." In one of his "Rural Rides," in which he was accompanied by one of his sons, then a mere boy, he says, "In coming from Moor Park to Farnham town, I stopped opposite the door of a little old house, where there appeared to be many children. 'There, Dick,' said I, 'when I was just such a little creature as that, whom you see in the doorway, I lived in this very house with my grandmother Cobbett.'"——He was a bold, adventurous, hardy little chap, fond of all manner of rural English sports, and the very "father to the man" he afterwards became. Of all the delusive modes of affectation, we do believe that there is one—and that is the affectation of keen natural affection—which never deceived any one. Cobbett, whatever were his faults, had surely a genial temperament and great warmth of feeling. The little anecdotes of his childhood, to which he so fondly recurs in his old age—if he ever submitted to old age—are to us quite delightful. In one of his "Rural Rides," in which he was accompanied by an elder son, he writes—

> We went a little out of the way to go to a place called the *Bourne*, which lies in the heath at about a mile from Farnham. We went to *Bourne*, in order that I might shew my son the spot where I received the rudiments of my education. There is a little hop-garden in which I used to work when from eight to ten years old; from which I have, scores of times, run to follow the hounds, leaving the hoe to do the best that it could to destroy the weeds; but the most interesting thing was a *sand-hill*, which goes from a part of the heath down to the rivulet. As a due mixture of pleasure with toil, I, with two brothers, used occasionally to *disport* ourselves, as the lawyers call it, at this sand-hill. Our diversion was this: we used to go to the top of the hill, which was steeper than the roof of a house; one used to draw his arms out of the sleeves of his smock-frock, and lay himself down with his arms by his sides; and then the others, one at head, and the other at feet, sent him rolling down the hill like a barrel or a log of wood. By the time he got to the bottom, his hair, eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, were all full of this loose sand; then the others took their turn, and, at every roll, there was a monstrous spell of laughter. I had often told my sons of this, while they were very little, and I now took one of them to see the spot. But that was not all. This was the spot where I was receiving my *education*; and this was the sort of education; and I am perfectly satisfied that, if I had not received such an education, or something very much like it——that, if I had been brought up a milksop, *with a nursery maid* everlastingly at my heels—I should have been at this day as great a fool, as inefficient a mortal, as any of those frivolous idiots that are turned out from Winchester and Westminster School, or from any of those dens of dunces called Colleges and Universities. It is impossible to say how much I owe to that sand-hill; and I went to return it my thanks for the ability which it probably gave me to be one of the greatest terrors to one of the greatest and most powerful bodies of knaves and fools that ever were permitted to afflict this or any other country.

Breakfasting at a little village in Sussex, he looks with fond complacency upon the landlady's son:—"A very pretty village, and a very nice breakfast, in a very neat parlour, of a very decent public-house. The landlady sent her son to get me some cream; and he was just such a chap as I was at his age, and dressed just in the same sort of way; his main garment being a blue smock-frock, faded from wear, and mended with pieces of new stuff, and, of course, not faded. The sight of this smock-frock brought to my recollection many things very dear to me." This is as fine as Burns gazing upon the cottage smokes in his morning walk to Blackford Hill with Dugald Stewart. One anecdote of his boyhood, related somewhere by himself in his multitudinous writings, is so amusingly characteristic of the future man, that we have never forgotten it. He was not permitted to follow the hounds upon some occasion, and, in revenge, procured a salt-herring, which he furtively drew over the ground where they were to throw off, thus to cast them off the scent. The trick took to admiration, and the boy as much exulted in his success as did the man in the discomfiture of his enemies, Ellenborough and Vickary Gibbs. Many little hired strawberry-pickers, we have no doubt, still convey a few berries to their own mouths, in spite of *tracts* and Sunday schools, and will continue to do so; but we question if many men, in the same circumstances, will have the honest courage to avow such juvenile delinquencies as the following: but Cobbett probably gloried in his fault—it was cunning against power—taking a lawful prey from the Amalekites. "We came hither [to Farnham] by the way of Waverley Abbey and Moor Park. On the common, I shewed Dick some of my old hunting-scenes, when I was of his age, or younger, reminding him that I was obliged to *hunt on foot*. We got leave to go and see the grounds at Waverley, where all the old monks' *garden-walls* are totally gone, and where the spot is become a kind of lawn. I shewed him the spot where the strawberry garden was, and where I, when sent to gather *hautboys*, used to eat every *remarkably fine one*, instead of letting it go to be eaten by Sir Robert Rich." An early indication this, no doubt, of the desire of "spoliation." Of this spot, and even of the former owner, the hautboy-plundered Sir Robert, he appeared to cherish the fondest recollections. One story he begins thus:—

> When I was a very little boy, I was, in the barley-mowing season, going along by the side of a field, near Waverley Abbey, the primroses and bluebells bespangling the banks on both sides of me, a thousand linnets singing in a spreading oak over my head, while the jingle of the traces and whistling of the plough-boy saluted my ear from over the hedge; and, as it were to snatch me from the enchantment, the hounds at that instant having started a hare in the hanger on the other side of the field, came up scampering over it in full cry, taking me after them many a mile. I was not then eight years old. . . . . From Waverley we went

to Moor Park, once the seat of Sir William Temple, and, when I was a very little boy, the seat of a Lady, or a Mrs Temple. Here I shewed Richard *Mother Ludlum's Hole*; but, alas! it is not the enchanting place that I knew it, nor that which Grose describes in his antiquities! The semicircular paling is gone; the basins, to catch the never-ceasing little stream, are gone; the iron cups, fastened by chains, for people to drink out of, are gone; the pavement all broken to pieces; the seats, for people to sit on, on both sides of the cave, torn up and gone; the stream that ran down a clean paved channel, now making a dirty gutter; and the ground opposite, which was a grove chiefly of laurels, intersected by closely mowed grass-walks, now become a poor, ragged-looking alder-coppice. Near the mansion, I shewed Richard the hill upon which Dean Swift tells us he used to run for exercise, while he was pursuing his studies here; and I would have shewed him the garden-seat, under which *Sir William Temple's heart was buried, agreeably to his will*; but the seat was gone, also the wall at the back of it; and the exquisitely beautiful little lawn in which the seat stood, was turned into a parcel of divers-shaped cockney-clumps, planted according to the strictest rules of artificial and refined vulgarity.

At Waverley, Mr Thomson, a merchant of some sort, has succeeded (after the monks) the Orby Hunters and Sir Robert Rich. At Moor Park, a Mr Laing, a West India planter or merchant, has succeeded the Temples; and at the castle of Farnham, which you see from Moor Park, Bishop Prettyman Tomline has, at last, after *perfectly regular and due gradations*, succeeded William of Wykham!

But this rather anticipates the childhood of Cobbett, upon which he constantly looks back in a manner that one would certainly not expect from one fitted "for treasons, stratagems, and spoils." In the introduction to one of his most delightful books—next, indeed, to the "Rural Rides"—namely, his "Year's Residence in America," he says:—

Early habits and affections seldom quit us while we have vigour of mind left. I was brought up under a father, whose talk was chiefly about his garden and his fields, with regard to which he was famed for his skill and his exemplary neatness. From my very infancy, from the age of six years, when I climbed up the side of a steep sand rock, and there scooped me out a plot four feet square to make me a garden, and the soil for which I carried up in the bosom of my little blue smock-frock, or hunting-shirt, I have never lost one particle of my passion for these healthy, and rational, and heart-cheering pursuits, in which every day presents something new, in which the spirits are never suffered to flag, and in which industry, skill, and care, are sure to meet with their due reward. I have never, for any eight months together, during my whole life, been without a garden.

In the same volume in his American Journal, is this beautiful passage:—

When I returned to England, in 1800, after an absence, from the country parts of it, of sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so *small!* It made me laugh to hear little gutters, that I could jump over, called *Rivers!* The Thames was but a "*Creek!*" But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to *Farnham*, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Everything was become so pitifully *small!* I had to cross, in my post-chaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot; then, at the end of it, to mount a hill, called Hungry Hill; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learnt before, the death of my father and mother. There is a hill, not far from the town, called *Crooksbury Hill*, which rises up out of a flat, in the form of a *cone*, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. "*As high as Crooksbury Hill*" meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore, the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. *I could not believe my eyes!* Literally speaking, I, for a moment, thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen, in New Brunswick, a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high! The post-boy, going down hill, and not a bad road, whisked me, in a few minutes, to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious *sand hill*, where I had begun my gardening works. What a *nothing!* But now came rushing into my mind, all at once, my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons, that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer, I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, *what a change!* I looked down at my dress. What a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at the Secretary of State's, in company with Mr Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth, all became nothing in my eyes; and, from that moment, (less than a month after my arrival in England,) I resolved never to bend before them.

We could not prevail with ourselves, were we so inclined, to think ill of the heart, or severely of the memory of the man who was at Farnham, the other day, committed to the graves of his virtuous forefathers, in presence of his kinsfolk, and of many thousands of admiring and sorrowing countrymen.

But, to return to our story. Cobbett, in his native place, and following the employments of his ancestors, must inevitably have been a "village Hampden." On looking at a little smock-frocked boy, in nailed shoes and clean coarse shirt, such as he had been, he very naturally remarks, "If accident had not taken me from a similar scene, how many villains and fools, who have been well teased and tormented, would have slept in peace by night, and fearlessly swaggered about by day!" Cobbett received so little school learning, that, in his case, it may be almost truly said, "Reading and writing came by nature." From eight years of age, he was engaged in such rural occupations as picking hops and hautboys, weeding in gardens, and driving away the birds, and following the hounds; or getting upon horseback as often as he could, or digging after rabbit's nests, rolling down the sand-hills, and whipping the little *efts* that crept about in the heath. And this is the education which, upon reflection, he preferred. None of his own young children were ever sent from home to school. Reading and writing came to them from imitation. Throughout all Cobbett's writings, (crotchets notwithstanding,) excellent hints are scattered upon this important subject, but especially in his *Advice to Young Men*. His controversy with the *educators* as a sect, was merely one of sound. No man could prize the advantages of education so highly as one who owed all he knew to himself, and who had *pursued knowledge* unremittingly, and under considerable *difficulties*. As it was his nature to be ever in opposition, he chose

to take offence at the fuss made by the educators.

Of the life of Cobbett, from the period of his boyhood, when he left Farnham, without leave, asked or obtained, until he appeared in New Brunswick as a private soldier, little is yet known. This is a want which will probably soon be supplied by his sons, who owe the world a full memoir of their extraordinary father. His first start from home, he has described himself in this engaging and memorable passage :—

At eleven years of age, my employment was clipping of box-edgings and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, at the Castle of Farnham, my native town. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens; and a gardener, who had just come from the King's Gardens at Kew, gave such a description of them as made me instantly resolve to work in these gardens. The next morning, without saying a word to any one, off I set, with no clothes except those upon my back, and with thirteen halfpence in my pocket. I found that I must go to Richmond, and I accordingly went on, from place to place, inquiring my way thither. A long day (it was in June) brought me to Richmond in the afternoon. Two pennyworth of bread and cheese and a pennyworth of small beer, which I had on the road, and one halfpenny which I had lost somehow or other, left threepence in my pocket. With this for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond, in my blue smock-frock and my red garters tied under my knees, when, staring about me, my eye fell upon a little book, in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written: "Tale of a Tub; price 3d." The title was so odd, that my curiosity was excited. I had the 3d., but, then, I could have no supper. In I went, and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read, that I got over into a field, at the upper corner of the Kew-garden, where there stood a hay-stack. On the shady side of this, I sat down to read. The book was so different from anything that I had read before: it was something so new to my mind, that, though I could not at all understand some of it, it delighted me beyond description; and it produced what I have always considered a sort of birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark, without any thought about supper or bed. When I could see no longer, I put my little book in my pocket, and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till the birds in Kew-gardens awaked me in the morning: when off I started to Kew, reading my little book. The singularity of my dress, the simplicity of my manner, my confident and lively air, and, doubtless, his own compassion besides, induced the gardener, who was a Scotsman, to give me victuals, find me lodging, and set me to work. And it was during the period that I was at Kew, that the present King and two of his brothers laughed at the oddness of my dress, while I was sweeping the grass plat round the foot of the Pagoda. The gardener, seeing me fond of books, lent me some gardening books to read; but these I could not relish after my Tale of a Tub, which I carried about with me wherever I went, and when I, at about twenty years old, lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, in North America, the loss gave me greater pain than I have ever felt at losing thousands of pounds. This circumstance, trifling as it was, and childish as it may seem to relate it, has always endeared the recollection of Kew to me.

We leave to philosophers to trace the effects of this quaint tome on the ripening mind of the Farnham boy. We have casually heard that Cobbett had been, for some time, hanging on in an attorney's office in London, before he acted on the spirit of his unknown contemporary's (Burns') manly resolution:

Oh, why the dence should I repine,
And be an ill foreboder?
I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine—
I'll go and be a sodger!

Whether Cobbett entered the army from the mere restlessness of youth, and the love of adventure, or from necessity, we cannot tell. His regiment was the fifty-third, then commanded by one of the King's sons, the Duke of Kent, and he went with it to British America. Thus, from a very tender age, he was left entirely to his own guidance and mastership; and thus was nourished the self-depending, determined character, which nerved him for his life-long Herculean struggle. Cobbett has often been accused of egotism and of vain-glory; without sufficient cause, as we think. It is, at least, fortunate for his readers, that, for want of a better, he has sometimes proved his own Boswell. The little illustrative snatches of personal history, especially of his young days, which he has incidentally given, are the most attractive part of his writings, and these, fortunately, mingle the most largely in the more popular and enduring part of them; namely, "The Rural Rides," the "Year's Residence in America," and the "Advice to Young Men." In the latter work, he says, in treating of education, and, in particular, of learning grammar:—

The study need subtract from the hours of no business, nor, indeed, from the hours of necessary exercise: the hours usually spent on the tea and coffee slops and in the mere gossip which accompany them—those wasted hours of only *one year*, employed in the study of English grammar, would make you a correct speaker and writer for the rest of your life. You want no school, no room to study in, no expenses, and no troublesome circumstances of any sort. I learned grammar when I was a private soldier, on the pay of sixpence a-day. The edge of my berth, or that of the guard-bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my bookcase; a bit of board, lying on my lap, was my writing-table; and the task did not demand anything like a year of my life. I had no money to purchase candle or oil; in winter-time it was rarely that I could get any evening light but that of *the fire*, and only my *turn* even of that. And, if I, under such circumstances, and without parent or friend to advise or encourage me, accomplished this undertaking, what excuse can there be for *any youth*, however poor, however pressed with business, or however circumstanced as to room or other conveniences? To buy a pen or a sheet of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of food, though in a state of half starvation; I had no moment of time that I could call my own; and I had to read and to write amidst the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and brawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men, and that, too, in the hours of their freedom from all control. Think not lightly of the *farthing* that I had to give, now and then, for ink, pen, or paper! That farthing was, alas! a *great sum* to me! I was as tall as I am now; I had great health and great exercise. The whole of the money, not expended for us at market, was *twopence a-week* for each man. I remember—and well I may!—that, upon one occasion, I, after all absolutely necessary expenses, had, on a Friday, made shift to have a halfpenny in reserve, which I had destined for the purchase of a *red herring* in the morning; but, when I pulled off my clothes at night, so hungry then as to be hardly able to endure life, I found that I had *lost my halfpenny!* I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug, and cried like a child! And again I say, if I, under circumstances like these, could encounter and overcome this task, is there, can there be, in the whole world, a youth to find an excuse for the non-performance? What youth, who shall read this, will not be ashamed to say, that he is not able to find time and opportunity for this most essential of all the branches of book-learning?

His natural disposition, prompt and active, made him fall easily into the better parts of mili-

tary habits. The original maxim of the man who, for forty years, daily did so much, and who, having put his hand to the plough, never once looked back, was—*Toujours prêt—Always ready:* and it ought to be the family motto of the Cobbetts. He says of himself—

For my part, I can truly say, that I owe more of my great labours to my strict adherence to the precepts that I have here given you, than to all the natural abilities with which I have been endowed; for these, whatever may have been their amount, would have been of comparatively little use, even aided by great sobriety and abstinence, if I had not, in early life, contracted the blessed habit of husbanding well my time. To this, more than to any other thing, I owed my very extraordinary promotion in the army. I was *always ready:* if I had to mount guard at *ten*, I was ready at *nine:* never did any man, or anything, wait one moment for me. Being, at an age *under twenty years*, raised from corporal to sergeant-major *at once*, over the heads of thirty sergeants, I naturally should have been an object of envy and hatred; but this habit of early rising and of rigid adherence to the precepts which I have given you, really subdued these passions; because every one felt, that what I did he had never done, and never could do. Before my promotion, a clerk was wanted to make out the morning report of the regiment. I rendered the clerk unnecessary; and, long before any other man was dressed for the parade, my work for the morning was all done, and I myself was on the parade, walking, in fine weather, for an hour perhaps. My custom was this: to get up, in summer, at day-light, and in winter at four o'clock; shave, dress, even to the putting of my sword-belt over my shoulder, and having my sword lying on the table before me, ready to hang by my side. Then I ate a bit of cheese, or pork, and bread. Then I prepared my report, which was filled up as fast as the companies brought me in the materials. After this, I had an hour or two to read, before the time came for any duty out of doors, unless when the regiment, or part of it, went out to exercise in the morning. When this was the case, and the matter was left to me, I always had it on the ground in such time as that the bayonets glistened in the *rising sun*, a sight which gave me delight, of which I often think, but which I should in vain endeavour to describe. If the *officers* were to go out, eight or ten o'clock was the hour, sweating the men in the heat of the day, breaking in upon the time for cooking their dinner, putting all things out of order and all men out of humour. When I was commander, the men had a long day of leisure before them: they could ramble into the town or into the woods; go to get raspberries, to catch birds, to catch fish, or to pursue any other recreation, and such of them as chose, and were qualified, to work at their trades.

Much of the spare time of Cobbett was, in his younger years, devoted to a very miscellaneous kind of reading. He ran through all the books of a country circulating library, trash and all; and, contemptibly as he often affects to speak of literary pursuits, the fruits of these early studies are often revealed in the lively style, and the fertility and happiness of allusion which distinguish all his writings. No one has abused Shakspeare so absurdly and truculently—for this was one of Cobbett's many crotchets; but, then, few have quoted the bard of many-coloured life so aptly and frequently. Shakspeare and the principal English poets were clearly at his finger ends, while, from wayward caprice, he affected ignorance, with contempt of them. Of the arts he knew nothing, not even the mechanic arts; and his tours in Scotland and Ireland shew how little he possessed of what is called, general information—the kind of knowledge which comes almost of itself, and which he despised much more than was needful. Yet, his acquaintance with English classical literature, and even with contemporary authors, must have been extensive, and gradually accumulating, in the gardens of Kew, in London, and in New-Brunswick, and to the last hour of his life. The *Tale of a Tub* had introduced the boy to the writings of Swift; and we have been informed by an officer who joined the fifty-third regiment shortly after Cobbett left it, that he had written out, in some of the regimental books, *Directions for a Sergeant-Major*, or an Orderly, in the manner of Swift's *Advice to Servants*, which were full of admirable humour and grave irony. This, which is probably the first literary production of this true wit, should, if possible, be recovered by his biographers. The officers of the fifty-third, and the corps, were, as we have reason to know, exceedingly proud of their clever sergeant-major after he became famous; and so, indeed, was the whole army, from the period he became a party writer in Philadelphia. He was particularly *distinguished* by his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, and cherished by many aristocratic Tories as a chosen prop of legitimacy.

In the *Advice to Young Men*, which may be called his Confessions, Cobbett has related his own love-story, and a delightful one it is—possessing at once the tenderness and simplicity of nature, and no little of the charm of romance. The *scene* of it was New-Brunswick. But there is a collateral *flirtation* also, involving what Cobbett terms the only *serious sin* he ever committed against the female sex, and which he relates in warning to young men. We shall take it first, and that, too, in the beautiful language of his own narrative.

The Province of New Brunswick, in North America, in which I passed my years, from the age of eighteen to that of twenty-six, consists, in general, of heaps of rocks, in the interstices of which grow the pine, the spruce, and various sorts of fir-trees, or, where the woods have been burnt down, the bushes of the raspberry or those of the huckleberry. The province is cut asunder length-wise, by a great river, called the St John, about two hundred miles in length, and, at half way from the mouth, full a mile wide. Into this main river, run innumerable smaller rivers, there called CREEKS. On the sides of these creeks, the land is, in places, clear of rocks; it is, in these places, generally good and productive; the trees that grow here are the birch, the maple, and others of the deciduous class; natural meadows here and there present themselves; and some of these spots far surpass in rural beauty any other that my eyes ever beheld; the creeks abounding towards their sources in water-falls of endless variety, as well in form as in magnitude, and always teeming with fish, while water-fowl enliven their surface, and while wild-pigeons, of the gayest plumage, flutter, in thousands upon thousands, amongst the branches of the beautiful trees, which, sometimes, for miles together, form an arch over the creeks.

I, in one of my rambles in the woods, in which I took great delight, came to a spot at a very short distance from the source of one of these creeks. Here was everything to delight the eye, and especially of one like me, who seem to have been born to love rural life, and trees and plants of all sorts. Here were about two hundred acres of natural meadow, interspersed with patches of maple-trees, in various forms and of various extent; the creek came down in cascades, for any one of which many a noblemen in England would, if he could transfer it, give a good slice of his fertile estate; and, in the creek, at the foot of the cascades, there were, in the season, salmon the finest

in the world, and so abundant, and so easily taken, as to be used for manuring the land.

If nature, in her very best humour, had made a spot for the express purpose of captivating me, she could not have exceeded the efforts which she had here made. But I found something here besides these rude works of nature; I found something in the fashioning of which *man* had had something to do. I found a large and well-built log dwelling house, standing (in the month of September) on the edge of a very good field of Indian corn, by the side of which there was a piece of buck-wheat just then mowed. I found a homestead, and some very pretty cows. I found all the things by which an easy and happy farmer is surrounded: and I found still something besides all these; something that was destined to give me a great deal of pleasure and also a great deal of pain, both in their extreme degree; and both of which, in spite of the lapse of forty years, now make an attempt to rush back into my heart.

Partly from misinformation, and partly from miscalculation, I had lost my way; and, quite alone, but armed with my sword and a brace of pistols, to defend myself against the bears, I arrived at the log-house in the middle of a moon-light night, the hoar frost covering the trees and the grass. A stout and clamorous dog, kept off by the gleaming of my sword, waked the master of the house, who got up, received me with great hospitality, got me something to eat, and put me into a feather-bed, a thing that I had been a stranger to for some years. I, being very tired, had tried to pass the night in the woods, between the trunks of two large trees, which had fallen side by side, and within a yard of each other. I had made a nest for myself of dry fern, and had made a covering by laying boughs of spruce across the trunks of the trees. But, unable to sleep on account of the cold; becoming sick from the great quantity of water that I had drank during the heat of the day, and being, moreover, alarmed at the noise of the bears, and lest one of them should find me in a defenceless state—I had roused myself up, and had crept along as well as I could. So that no hero of eastern romance ever experienced a more enchanting change.

I had got into the house of one of those Yankee loyalists, who, at the close of the revolutionary war, (which, until it had succeeded, was called a rebellion,) had accepted of grants of land in the King's Province of New Brunswick; and who, to the great honour of England, had been furnished with all the means of making new and comfortable settlements. I was suffered to sleep till breakfast time, when I found a table, the like of which I have since seen so many in the United States, loaded with good things. The master and the mistress of the house, aged about fifty, were like what an English farmer and his wife were half a century ago. There were two sons, tall and stout, who appeared to have come in from work, and the youngest of whom was about my age, then twenty-three. But there was *another member* of the family, aged nineteen, who (dressed according to the neat and simple fashion of New England, whence she had come with her parents five or six years before) had her long light-brown hair twisted nicely up, and fastened on the top of her head, in which head were a pair of lively blue eyes, associated with features of which that softness and that sweetness, so characteristic of American girls, were the predominant expressions, the whole being set off by a complexion indicative of glowing health, and forming—figure, movements, and all taken together—an assemblage of beauties, far surpassing any that I had ever seen but *once* in my life. That *once* was, too, *two years agone;* and, in such a case and at such an age, two years, two whole years, is a long, long while! It was a space as long as the eleventh part of my then life! Here was the *present* against the *absent;* here was the power of the *eyes* pitted against that of the *memory;* here were all the senses up in arms to subdue the influence of the thoughts; here was vanity, here was passion, here was the spot of all spots in the world, and here were also the life, and the manners, and the habits, and the pursuits that I delighted in; here was everything that imagination can conceive—united in a conspiracy against the poor little brunette in England! What, then, did I fall in love at once with this bouquet of lilies and roses? Oh! by no means. I was, however, so enchanted with *the place;* I so much enjoyed its tranquillity, the shade of the maple trees, the business of the farm, the sports of the water and of the woods, that I stayed at it to the last possible minute, promising, at my departure, to come again as often as I possioly could; a promise which I most punctually fulfilled.

Winter is the great season for jaunting and *dancing* (called *frolicking*) in America. In this province, the river and the creeks were the only *roads* from settlement to settlement. In summer we travelled in *canoes;* in winter in *sleighs* on the ice or snow. During more than two years, I spent all the time I could with my Yankee friends: they were all fond of me: I talked to them about country affairs, my evident delight in which they took as a compliment to themselves: the father and mother treated me as one of their children; the sons as a brother; and the daughter, who was as modest and as full of sensibility as she was beautiful, in a way to which a chap much less sanguine than I was, would have given the tenderest interpretation; which treatment I, especially in the last-mentioned case, most cordially repaid.

Yet I was not a *deceiver;* for my affection for her was very great: I spent no really pleasant hours but with her: I was uneasy if she shewed the slightest regard for any other young man: I was unhappy if the smallest matter affected her health or spirits: I quitted her in dejection, and returned to her with eager delight: many a time, when I could get leave but for a day, I paddled in a canoe two whole succeeding nights, in order to pass that day with her. If this was not love, it was first cousin to it; for, as to any *criminal* intention, I no more thought of it, in her case, than if she had been my sister. Many times I put to myself the questions:—"What am I at? Is not this wrong? *Why do I go?*" But still I went.

The *last parting* came; and now came my just punishment! The time was known to everybody, and was irrevocably fixed; for I had to move with a regiment, and the embarkation of a regiment is an *epoch* in a thinly settled province. To describe this parting would be too painful even at this distant day, and with this frost of age upon my head. The kind and virtuous father came forty miles to see me just as I was going on board in the river. *His* looks and words I have never forgotten. As the vessel descended, she passed the mouth of *that creek* which I had so often entered with delight; and, though England, and all that England contained, were before me, I lost sight of this creek with an aching heart.

On what trifles turn the great events in the life of man! If I had received a *cool* letter from my intended wife; if I had only heard a rumour of anything from which fickleness in her might have been inferred; if I had found in her any, even the smallest, abatement of affection; if she had but let go any one of the hundred strings by which she held my heart; if any one of these, never would the world have heard of me. Young as I was; able as I was as a soldier; proud as I was of the admiration and commendations of which I was the object; fond as I was, too, of the command, which, at so early an age, my rare conduct and great natural talents had given me; sanguine as was my mind, and brilliant as were my prospects; yet I had seen so much of the meannesses, the unjust partialities, the insolent pomposity, the disgusting dissipations of that way of life, that I was weary of it: I longed exchanging my fine laced coat for the Yankee farmer's home-spun, to be where I should never behold the supple crouch of servility, and never hear the hectoring voice of authority again; and, on the lonely banks of this branch-covered creek, which contained (she out of the question) everything congenial to my taste and dear to my heart, I, unapplauded, unfeared, unenvied, and uncalumniated, should have lived and died.

The sergeant-major must have read *Rousseau* at one time or other, and, indeed, he frequently cites *Emilius.* The fair cause of this "*serious sin,*" the little brunette in England, had first been seen some years before in America, and after this

charming manner:—"When I first saw my wife, she was *thirteen years old*, and I was within about a month of *twenty-one*. She was the daughter of a sergeant of artillery, and I was the sergeant-major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St John, in the province of New-Brunswick. I sat in the same room with her for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful, is certain; for that, I had always said, should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of *conduct* of which I have said so much, and which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit, when I had done my morning's writing, to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill, at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had, by an invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk; and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow scrubbing out a washing-tub. 'That's the girl for me,' said I, when we had got out of her hearing. One of these young men came to England soon afterwards; and he, who keeps an inn in Yorkshire, came over to Preston, at the time of the election, to verify whether I were the same man. When he found that I was, hè appeared surprised; but what was his surprise, when I told him that those tall young men, whom he saw around me, were the *sons* of that pretty little girl that he and I saw scrubbing out the washing-tub on the snow in New-Brunswick at daybreak.

"From the day that I first spoke to her, I never had a thought of her ever being the wife of any other man, more than I had a thought of her being transformed into a chest of drawers; and I formed my resolution at once, to marry her as soon as we could get permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could. So that this matter was, at once, settled as firmly as if written in the book of fate. At the end of about six months, my regiment, and I along with it, were removed to Frederickton, a distance of a *hundred miles*, up the River of St John; and, which was worse, the artillery were expected to go off to England a year or two before our regiment! The artillery went, and she along with them; and now it was that I acted a part becoming a real and sensible lover. I was aware, that, when she got to that gay place, Woolwich, the house of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous persons, not the most select, might become unpleasant to her, and I did not like, besides, that she should continue to *work hard*. I had saved a *hundred and fifty guineas*, the earnings of my early hours, in writing for the paymaster, the quartermaster, and others, in addition to the savings of my own pay. *I sent her all my money* before she sailed, and wrote to her to beg of her, if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people; and, at any rate, not to spare the money, by any means, but to buy herself good clothes, and to live without hard work, until I arrived in England; and I, in order to induce her to lay out the money, told her that I should get plenty more before I came home.

"As the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad *two years longer* than our time, Mr Pitt (England not being so tame then as she is now) having knocked up a dust with Spain about Nootka Sound. Oh, how I cursed Nootka Sound, and poor bawling Pitt, too, I am afraid! At the end of *four years*, however, home I came; landed at Portsmouth, and got my discharge from the army, by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then the major of my regiment. I found my little girl *a servant of all-work*, (and hard work it was,) at *five pounds a-year*, in the house of a Captain Brisac; and, without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands *the whole of my hundred and fifty guineas unbroken!*

Need I tell the reader what my feelings were? Need I tell kind-hearted English parents what effect this anecdote *must* have produced on the minds of our children?"

After his marriage, Cobbett lived with his wife for some time in France, studying the language; and then they went to Philadelphia, where he began to teach English to Frenchmen; and, as his first work, composed his French and English grammar. How soon he commenced the *Porcupine*, his furious and insensate *anti-Jacobin* journal, we cannot tell; but he remained between Philadelphia and New York for about eight years, and, during most of this time, had a printing establishment and a book store.

Cobbett has often been charged with *inconsistency;* but no reasonable man calls Luther or John Knox inconsistent or apostate, because, being bred Roman Catholic priests, each became converts to Protestantism, and married. Cobbett had a principle of consistency of his own. Find the key to his resolute, self-willed, and obstinate character, and you solve the whole mystery. He would not be in the wrong, or, at least, he would not be convicted. But his good sense, and the candour, which, though not his most distinguishing quality, he was not absolutely without, finally triumphed over his infallibility. Nor should it ever be forgotten, that, renouncing very flattering prospects, his conversion was to the *unthriving*, the *militant*, the *losing* side, or what for many a year was so; and that, however misled for a time by a crotchet, a caprice, or by violent personal feelings, he never once really flinched from the cause of the People. From the moment of conviction, he stood firmly and undauntedly by his *Order*, and encountered persecution, contumely, and hardship, that would have crushed, ten times over, any less resolute spirit. The oppression and injustice which he endured, looks light, because he bore it so well, or resented it so fiercely. In one of his lectures, delivered at Man-

chester in 1831, Cobbett speaks so frankly of his early darkness and error, that to persist in the charge of inconsistency, upon this score, becomes almost ungenerous. We have, indeed, very little doubt that much of his early anti-Jacobinism, arose from the sheer spirit of contradiction, and pugnacity of temper. He was lecturing in Manchester upon the *Debt*, and his favourite topic of *adjustment*, when he incidentally used the following words:—"When I was in America, the first time, I was a mere zealous *prater* of politics. Finding the whole people railing against my own country, I espoused its cause, right or wrong; and the bank having stopped payment in 1797, I defended bank-notes, not convertible into gold, it being quite sufficient for me that England had bank-notes. But I had not been in England three years, before I clearly saw the wickedness and mischievous tendency of the whole system of debts and paper-money. So that these are no new notions of mine, at any rate; I having continued to promulgate them for twenty-eight years. In 1806, when the Whigs and Grenvillites came into power, I might have been Under-Secretary of State to Mr Windham, who was then Secretary for the Colonies"—and he tells a story highly honourable to himself, and to the consistency of his opinions, for which we shall refer to the printed lecture.

In his tour in Scotland, during which period the Whig press took great and bitter pains to inflame the public mind against him, by daily reminding the people of his offences against the Scottish nation, and, in former days, against the cause of freedom, he indignantly, and sometimes humorously, adverts to these abortive and contemptible attempts to run him down. Approaching the bridge of Berwick, he says, "I descend to the TWEED, and now for the '*antullact.*' As I went over the bridge, my mind filled with reflecting on those who had crossed it before me, saying to myself, 'This has been the pass of all those pestiferous *feelosophers* whom I have been combating so long, and who have done so much mischief to their own country as well as mine'—saying this to myself, and thinking, at the same time, of the dreadful menace of *The Scotsman*, and of that "*national debt of revenge*," that he said Scotland owed me; with my mind thus filled, I could not help *crossing myself* as I passed this celebrated bridge."

It did, indeed, require some courage in a veteran of seventy to come alone to the country he had so long ridiculed, and that in the face of all its "leading journals" yelping in chorus against him, and reciprocating abuse with those of England. The *real* power of the press is distinctly revealed at such times. That power is now, thank Heaven! only felt when allied with right. Cobbett's errors of forty years, raked up, and duly set forth, did him no injury with the people. Even in the west of Scotland, where his American writings against *Muir* and the Scotch martyrs of liberty were revived, to incite the Reformers to pelt and hoot him back to England, they shewed themselves both wiser and far more candid than their teachers. The admirable address of the operatives of Glasgow to Cobbett at this time, is the best answer we have ever seen to the charges brought against him for inconsistency, abusiveness, and so forth. We cannot forbear citing one passage from it. The "leading journals" must really change their tactics if they would ever again attempt to mislead men so shrewd and so calm-judging. The operatives would not be inflamed against a man who, whatever were his faults, had done so much substantial and zealous service to the working class, by all the arts employed. They made large and wise allowances. "Notwithstanding," says the address, "the epithets which you have so unsparingly bestowed on persons whose conduct you could not approve, and however much you may have wounded the national pride of Scotland, by so liberally slandering her name and people, the operatives of Glasgow regard these ebullitions as the effects of a strong dislike to the iniquitous measures and false theories of political economy associated with the parties you addressed, and that you must have drawn the character of Scotland and Scotchmen from the cringing, *booing*, place-and-pension-hunters, who, in by-past Parliaments, presumed to represent our much abused country; and we sincerely hope that you are now undeceived. . . . . We are proud to think that a man, originally a labourer for his daily bread, should thus be fated to rise on the ruin of the aristocratic caste, by the mere force of his own industry and talent; proving that *mind*, when vigorously exerted and directed aright, is all powerful in overcoming the fallacious systems imposed upon the many by the greedy and ambitious few." These deliberate and shrewd opinions are sufficient answer to those who would cunningly injure the faith, by calumniating the apostle. Cobbett, by the way, was in exceedingly good humour all the time he was in Scotland; and it gives us a very favourable impression of his sanguine temperament and real good-nature, that, not only while in this country, but in all circumstances, the first approach to social intercourse overcame all his personal prejudices; and that whatever was nearest him for the time, was the best of its kind possible. The scenery, the manners, the cattle, the crops, the gardens, the women, "the pretty girls," the little children, the pigs, and all those other natural objects for which he had so sharp an eye, that chanced to be immediately before him, are ever the finest, the best, the most beautiful that ever he had seen, or that were to be seen in the world! We can never believe that this is the temper of a harsh, cold, or savage man. It is this overflowing of kindly sympathies which makes much of Cobbett's miscellaneous writings so delightful; and this is the true source of much of his egotism, and, at any rate, of all that is amiable in it. Like Dr Johnson, he had been abusing Scotland and the Scots all his life, from pure no-meaning, or a humorous spleen; and, like the great leviathan of literature, when he

came, he was charmed with all he saw and heard in that country; nor was there the least insincerity or affectation in the one case more than in the other. This is a long digression, if it be one at all.

We left Cobbett in America, a furious partisan writer; gratified, if not intoxicated, by the applause he received, and the sensation he created in Europe, and especially in England; and actuated by the motives which he avowed at Manchester.

In the *Advice to Young Men*, he pictures his domestic character and habits at this period in the most engaging manner; and, we daresay, not too much *en beau*, for all is so simply right and so perfectly natural. But this, as has been remarked, is the sanctified life of the fireside—"*The* PORCUPINE *with his quills sheathed.*" He says:—

I began my young marriage days in and near Philadelphia. At one of those times to which I have just alluded, in the middle of the burning hot month of July, I was greatly afraid of fatal consequences to my wife for want of sleep, she not having, after the great danger was over, had any sleep for more than forty-eight hours. All great cities, in hot countries, are, I believe, full of dogs; and they, in the very hot weather, keep up, during the night, a horrible barking, and fighting, and howling. Upon the particular occasion to which I am adverting, they made a noise so terrible and so unremitted, that it was next to impossible that even a person in full health and free from pain should obtain a minute's sleep. I was, about nine in the evening, sitting by the bed. "I do think," said she, "that I could go to sleep *now*, if it were not *for the dogs*." Down stairs I went, and out I sallied, in my shirt and trowsers, and without shoes and stockings; and, going to a heap of stones lying beside the road, set to work upon the dogs, going backward and forward, and keeping them at two or three hundred yards' distance from the house. I walked thus the whole night, barefooted, lest the noise of my shoes might possibly reach her ears; and I remember that the bricks of the causeway were, even in the night, so hot as to be disagreeable to my feet. My exertions produced the desired effect; a sleep of several hours was the consequence; and, at eight o'clock in the morning, off went I to a day's business, which was to end at six in the evening.

Women are all patriots of the soil; and, when her neighbours used to ask my wife whether *all* English husbands were like hers, she boldly answered in the affirmative. I had business to occupy the whole of my time, Sundays and week-days, except sleeping hours; but I used to make time to assist her in the taking care of her baby, and in all sorts of things: get up, light her fire, boil her tea-kettle, carry her up warm water in cold weather, take the child while she dressed herself and got the breakfast ready, then breakfast, get her in water and wood for the day, then dress myself neatly, and sally forth to my business. The moment that was over I used to hasten back to her again; and I no more thought of spending a moment *away from her*, unless business compelled me, than I thought of quitting the country and going to sea. The *thunder* and *lightning* are tremendous in America, compared with what they are in England. My wife was, at one time, very much afraid of thunder and lightning; and, as is the feeling of all such women, and, indeed, all men too, she wanted company, and particularly her husband, in those times of danger. I knew well, of course, that my presence would not diminish the danger; but, be I at what I might, if within reach of home, I used to quit my business and hasten to her, the moment I perceived a thunder-storm approaching. Scores of miles have I, first and last, *run* on this errand, in the streets of Philadelphia! The Frenchmen, who were my scholars, used to laugh at me exceedingly on this account; and sometimes, when I was making an appointment with them, they would say, with a smile and a bow, "*Sauve la tonnere toujours, Monsieur Cobbett.*"

I never *dangled* about at the heels of my wife; seldom, very seldom, ever *walked out*, as it is called, with her; I never "went *a-walking*" in the whole course of my life; never went to walk without having some *object* in view other than the walk; and, as I never could walk at a slow pace, it would have been *hard work* for her to keep up with me.

There is so much plain sense and manly tenderness to be found in this volume of confessions, that we could, with pleasure, quote nearly half its contents. A few more sentences are irresistible. This is for the rapidly increasing sect of club-frequenters:—

What are we to think of the husband who is in the habit of leaving his own fireside, after the business of the day is over, and seeking promiscuous companions in the ale or the coffee-house? I am told that, in France, it is rare to meet with a husband who does not spend every evening of his life in what is called a *caffé*; that is to say, a place for no other purpose than that of gossiping, drinking, and gaming. And it is with great sorrow that I acknowledge that many English husbands indulge too much in a similar habit. Drinking clubs, smoking clubs, singing clubs, clubs of odd-fellows, whist clubs, sotting clubs; these are inexcusable, they are censurable, they are at once foolish and wicked, even in single men; what must they be, then, in *husbands*? And how are they to answer, not only to their wives, but to their children, for this profligate abandonment of their homes—this breach of their solemn vow made to the former, this evil example to the latter?

Innumerable are the miseries that spring from this cause. The *expense* is, in the first place, very considerable. I much question whether, amongst tradesmen, a *shilling* a-night pays the average score; and that, too, for that which is really *worth* nothing at all, and cannot, even by possibility, be attended with any one single advantage, however small. Fifteen pounds a-year thus thrown away, would amount, in the course of a tradesman's life, to a decent fortune for a child. Then there is the injury to *health* from these night adventures; there are the *quarrels;* there is the vicious habit of loose and filthy talk; there are the slanders and the backbitings; there are the admiration of contemptible wit, and there the scoffings at all that is sober and serious.

The next even improves upon this:—

Shew your affection for your wife and your admiration of her, not in nonsensical compliment; not in picking up her handkerchief, or her glove, or in carrying her fan; not, though you *have* the means, in hanging trinkets and baubles upon her; not in making yourself a fool by winking at, and seeming pleased with her foibles, or follies, or faults: but shew them by acts of real goodness towards her; prove, by unequivocal deeds, the high value you set on her health, and life, and peace of mind; let your praise of her go to the full extent of her deserts, but let it be consistent with truth and with sense, and such as to convince her of your sincerity. He who is the flatterer of his wife, only prepares her ears for the hyperbolical stuff of others. The kindest appellation that her Christian name affords, is the best you can use, especially before faces. An everlasting "*my dear*" is but a sorry compensation for a want of that sort of love that makes the husband cheerfully toil by day, break his rest by night, endure all sorts of hardships, if the life or health of his wife demand it. Let your deeds, and not your words, carry to her heart a daily and hourly confirmation of the fact, that you value her health, and life, and happiness, beyond all other things in the world; and let this be manifest to her, particularly at those times when life is always more or less in danger.

Cobbett is a very warm admirer of matrimony. "Parson Malthus" has, therefore, ever been his especial and *pet* hatred, and he never fails to go even out of his way, however occupied, if an oppor

tunity occur for having an open or a sly slap at that theorist, or his disciples. His sudden and lively sarcasm—his *impromptu* hits—are indeed among Cobbett's most piquant beauties; and this, too, we think, argues genuine good-nature, however *bow-wow* the manner may occasionally be. Malignity is ever calm, guarded, studious, deliberate, reflecting.

Cobbett left America in fierce wrath, after being prosecuted for a libel on Dr Rush. His offence was marked; but his punishment, for so free a country, was, to say the least, not lenient. If we recollect aright, the case originated in his interference with the manner in which Dr Rush treated his patients in the yellow fever. He accused him of Sangrado practice, or a too free use of the lancet; and it is amusingly characteristic of the witty and humorous malice of the man, to find him many years afterwards, when self-exiled to America, concluding a double-barrelled paragraph of his journal, in these terms:—"An American counts the cost of powder and shot. If he is *deliberate* in everything else, this habit will hardly forsake him in the act of shooting. When the sentimental flesh-eaters hear the report of his gun, they may begin to pull out their white handkerchiefs; for death follows the pull of the trigger with perhaps even more certainty than it used to follow the lancet of Dr Rush."

It will be wiser to wait until proper information is laid before the public, by those fully qualified to furnish it, than to speculate about those causes which, it is alleged, alienated Cobbett from both the great parties which have hitherto divided the state. Nor can we venture to plunge into the troubled sea of his political life and his political writings. It is the immediate duty of his family to rescue his memory and his writings from the encroachments and poaching of unqualified persons; and to separate the pure gold which abounds in those voluminous *Registers* through which no man can wade, from the dross, or from things become of comparatively little interest or value.

A leading event in Cobbett's life was the severe fine and long imprisonment to which he was subjected, for daring to give way to the noble impulse which led him to denounce in warm, but only fitting terms, the flogging of Englishmen under the bayonets and sabres of Hanoverians. This atrocity was surely enough to move even a stone that lay in native English soil; nor is it wonderful that it thrilled the spirit of a brave, warm-hearted, and genuine Englishman, and a lover of his country even to the verge of prejudice. He was at this time living in the bosom of his family on his farm of Botley, in the midst of domestic enjoyment of no ordinary kind, and leading no inglorious or useless life. His long imprisonment, and the ruin of his affairs, left deep traces in a quick and resentful, but certainly not an ungenerous mind. Cobbett has, at least, the negative merit of never making any secret of his hatred of the wretches who had stabbed him, and, through him, the liberties of Englishmen. In the dedication from Long Island, of one of his books, to a friend, (Timothy Brown, Esq. of Peckham Lodge, Surrey,) he thus alludes to this infamous transaction:—

> You were one of those, who *sought acquaintance with me*, when I was shut up in a felon's jail *for two years* for having expressed my indignation at seeing Englishmen flogged, in the heart of England, under a guard of German bayonets and sabres, and when I had on my head *a thousand pounds fine* and *seven years' recognizances*. You, at the end of the two years, took me from the prison, in your carriage, home to your house. You and our kind friend, Walker, are *even yet*, held in bonds for my *good behaviour*, the seven years not being expired. All these things are written in the very core of my heart; and when I act as if I had forgotten any one of them, may no name on earth be so much detested and despised as that of
>
> Your faithful friend, and most obedient servant,
>
> Wm. Cobbett.

Cobbett never pretended to forgive his persecutors. He denied that this was a Christian duty; but, as his glowing resentment was surely not without cause, it is not without excuse. After a picture of domestic life, which must charm everybody, and which is well worth the attentive study of every man and woman who has a family to train, he winds up:—

> In this happy state we lived, until the year 1810, when the Government laid its merciless fangs upon me, dragged me from these delights, and *crammed me into a jail amongst felons*; of which I shall have to speak more fully, when, in the last number, I come to speak of the duties of The Citizen. This added to the difficulties of my task of *teaching*; for now I was snatched away from the *only* scene in which it could, as I thought, properly be executed. But even these difficulties were got over. The blow was, to be sure, a terrible one; and, O God! how was it felt by these poor children! It was in the month of July when the horrible sentence was passed upon me. My wife, having left her children in the care of her good and affectionate sister, was in London, waiting to know the doom of her husband. When the news arrived at Botley, the three boys—one eleven, another nine, and the other seven years old—were hoeing cabbages in that garden which had been the source of so much delight. When the account of the savage sentence was brought to them, the youngest could not, for some time, be made to understand what a *jail* was; and, when he did, he, all in a tremor, exclaimed, "Now, I'm sure, William, that Papa is not in a place *like that!*" The other, in order to disguise his tears and smother his sobs, fell to work with the hoe, and *chopped about like a blind person*. This account, when it reached me, affected me more, filled me with deeper resentment, than any other circumstance. And, oh! how I despise the wretches who talk of my *vindictiveness*—of my *exultation* at the confusion of those who inflicted those sufferings! How I despise the base creatures, the crawling slaves, the callous and cowardly hypocrites, who affect to be "*shocked*" (tender souls!) at my expressions of *joy*, at the death of Gibbs, Ellenborough, Percival, Liverpool, Canning, and the rest of the tribe that I have already seen out, and at the fatal workings of *that system*, for endeavouring to check which I was thus punished! How I despise these wretches! and how I, above all things, enjoy their ruin and anticipate their utter beggary! What! I am to forgive, am I, injuries like this; and that, too, without any *atonement?* Oh, no! I have not so read the Holy Scriptures; I have not, from them, learned that I am not to rejoice at the fall of unjust foes; and it makes a part of my happiness to be able *to tell millions of men* that I do thus rejoice, and that I have the means of calling on so many just and merciful men to rejoice along with me.

When the *Spy System* had produced the horrors of 1817 and the *six acts*, Cobbett, who was still under heavy recognizances, thought it prudent for himself and his sureties, to withdraw

for a time to America. He imagined, not without cause, that one of the *Six Acts* was directly aimed at him; and the suspension of the Habeas Corpus* Act, made his situation very perilous. Cobbett, therefore, made the best of his way to Liverpool, with his large young family; and from thence, upon the 26th March 1817, he addressed the public, in these terms:

My departure for America will surprise nobody but those who do not reflect. A full and explicit statement of my reasons will appear in a few days, probably the 5th of April. In the meanwhile, I think it necessary for me to make known, that I have fully empowered a person of respectability to manage and settle all my affairs in England. I owe my countrymen sincere regard, which I shall always entertain for them in a higher degree than towards any other people upon earth. I carry nothing from my country, but my wife and my children, and surely *they* are my own, at any rate. I shall always love England better than any other country—I will never become a subject or citizen of any other state; *but I and mine were not born under a Government having the absolute power to imprison us at its pleasure; and, if we can avoid it, we will never live nor die under such an order of things*. . . . . When this order of things shall cease, then shall I again see England.

There is manliness, there is true dignity, in this farewell.

By the disposal of his property at Botley, upon which he must have expended a great deal, and other transactions at this time, added to his ruinous imprisonment, law expenses, and that heavy fine of a thousand pounds—which we conceive a debt that the nation owes to his family—his pecuniary affairs must have suffered serious derangement, from which they probably never recovered.

In America he took a farm, or, at least, a house in the country with some land, resumed his indefatigable habits, and opened, we believe, a seed-store in New York. The *Registers* came regularly across the Atlantic, and were eagerly expected. He reached "the boroughmongers" with his *long arm*. Another of Cobbett's enduring and most attractive books, the "Year's Residence in America," now appeared in parts. One consequence of Cobbett's departure to America, was the affair with Sir Francis Burdett. It was revived by the ill-judging newspapers, during his late tour in Scotland; and, at a public dinner given to Cobbett in Glasgow, he opened upon the recreant reforming Baronet in a style that is absolutely terrific. But, for the passage, we must refer to the "Tour." The true character of Sir Francis Burdett is no longer a mystery. In consideration of his early services to the cause of reform, he was, perhaps, too long spared. Those who, like Cobbett, saw Sir Francis at hand, have long been undeceived about his pretensions, as we have the means of shewing.

Cobbett returned to England as soon as the Habeas Corpus Suspension Bill had expired; and, settling at Kensington, recommenced his labours as a journalist. These were, indeed, never suspended, save while he was at sea.

* Those who have been reading this Magazine of late need not be told why, how, and upon what sort of evidence, this Suspension Bill was passed. Can such things have been?

In the autumn of 1822, he began his "Rural Rides," which he continued for five different seasons, and in which he indulged his natural love for rural objects, and everything connected with country life. He seems to have had a true and lively feeling for the beautiful in nature, and the pure and simple taste which is ever the attendant of this kind of sensibility. He always travelled on horseback, accompanied by one or other of his sons; and shewed his good taste by departing from the usual thoroughfares, and finding his way across fields, by foot-paths, by-lanes, bridle-ways, and hunting-gates—"*steering*" over the country, as he expresses it, for such landmarks as village spires and old chapels. His object was to see and converse with the farmers and labourers in their own abodes, to look at the crops, to survey the modes of husbandry. The "agricultural interest" was beginning to suffer smartly by this time; and the *gridiron* was adorning every number of the *Register*.

Politics mingle largely in the journal of the "Rural Rides;" but only to increase their vivacity, and render them more piquant; and, when Cobbett leaves Bolt Court, and, rides abroad to air his notions, he always becomes mellow in spirit—gay, and good-humoured. For specimens we need not look far. This is at his outset:—

Through by-lanes and bridle-ways, we came out into the London road between Ripley and Guildford, and immediately crossing that road, came on towards a village called Merrow. We came out into the road just mentioned, at the lodge-gates of a Mr Weston, whose mansion and estate have just passed (as to occupancy) into the hands of some *new man*. At Merrow, where we came into the Epsom road, we found that Mr Webb Weston, whose mansion and park are a little further on towards London, had just *walked out*, and left it in possession of another *new man*. This gentleman told us, last year, at the Epsom Meeting, that he was *losing his income*; and I told him *how it was* that he was losing it! He is said to be a very worthy man; very much respected; a very good landlord; but, I dare say, he is one of those who approved of yeomanry cavalry to *keep down* the "Jacobins and Levellers;" but who, in fact, as I always told men of this description, have *put down* themselves and their landlords; for, without them, this thing never could have been done. To ascribe the whole to *contrivance*, would be to give to Pitt and his followers too much credit for profundity; but, if the knaves who assembled at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand in 1793, to put down, by the means of prosecutions and spies, those whom they called "Republicans and Levellers;" if these knaves had said, "Let us go to work to induce the owners and occupiers of the land to convey their estates and their capital into our hands," and if the Government had corresponded with them in views, the effect could not have been more complete than it has, thus far, been. The yeomanry actually, as to the effect, drew their swords to keep the *reformers at bay*, while the tax-eaters were taking away the estates and the capital. It was the sheep surrendering up the dogs into the hands of the wolves.

Lord Onslow lives near Merrow. This is the man that was, for many years, so *famous* as a driver of *four-in-hand*. He used to be called *Tommy Onslow*. He has the character of being a very good landlord. I know he called me "a d——d Jacobin" several years ago, only, I presume, because I was labouring to preserve to him the means of still driving four-in-hand, while he, and others like him, and their yeomanry cavalry, were working as hard to defeat my wishes and endeavours. They say here, that, some little time back, his Lordship, who has, at any rate, had the courage to *retrench* in all sorts of ways,

was at Guildford in *a gig* with one horse, at the very moment when *Spicer*, the stock-broker, who was a chairman of the committee for prosecuting Lord Cochrane, and who lives at Esher, came rattling in with *four horses and a couple of out-riders.* . . . . . We *steered* for St Martha's Chapel, and went round at the foot of the lofty hill on which it stands. This brought us down the side of a steep hill, and along a bridle-way, into the narrow and exquisitely beautiful vale of Chilworth, where we were to stop for the night. This vale is skirted partly by woodlands, and partly by sides of hills tilled as corn-fields. The land is excellent, particularly towards the bottom. Even the arable fields are, in some places, towards the tops, nearly as steep as the roof of a tiled house; and, where the ground is covered with woods, the ground is still more steep. Down the middle of the vale there is a series of ponds, or small lakes, which meet your eye, here and there, through the trees. Here are some very fine farms, a little strip of meadows, some hop-gardens, and the lakes that have given rise to the establishment of powder-mills and paper-mills. The trees of all sorts grow well here; and coppices yield poles for the hop-gardens and wood to make charcoal for the powder-mills. . . . . Quitting the Candovers, we came along between the two estates of the two *Barings*. Sir Thomas, who has supplanted the Duke of Bedford, was to our right, while Alexander, who has supplanted Lord Northington, was on our left. The latter has enclosed, as a sort of outwork to his park, a pretty little down called Northington Down, in which he has planted, here and there, a clump of trees. But Mr Baring, not reflecting that woods are not like funds, to be made at a heat, has planted his trees too large; so that they are covered with moss, are dying at the top, and are literally growing downward instead of upward. . . . . . I do not like *dinner-meetings* on *my* account. I like much better to go and fall in with the *lads of the land*, or with anybody else, at their own places of resort; and I am going to place myself down at Uphusband in excellent *free-quarters*, in the midst of all the *great fairs* of the West, in order, before the winter campaign begins, that I may see as many farmers as possible, and that they may hear my opinions, and I theirs. I wish to see many people, and to talk to them; and there are a great many people who wish to see and to talk to me. What better reason can be given for a man's going about the country and dining at fairs and markets?

At the dinner at Winchester, we had a good number of opulent yeomen, and many gentlemen joined us after the dinner. The state of the country was *well talked over*; and, during the *session*, (much more sensible than some other *sessions* that I have had to remark on,) I made the following rustic harangue.

But with that we shall not meddle, excellent as it is. The following suits us better:—

This country, though so open, has its beauties. The homesteads in the sheltered bottoms, with fine lofty trees about the houses and yards, form a beautiful contrast with the large open fields. The little villages, running straggling along the dells, (always with lofty trees and rookeries,) are very interesting objects, even in the winter. You feel a sort of satisfaction, when you are out upon the bleak hills yourself, at the thought of the shelter which is experienced in the dwellings in the valleys.

Andover is a neat and solid market-town.

A *solid* town is a favourite epithet with Cobbett. By this he seems to understand a stanch, enduring, old-fashioned place, the centre of a rural district, in contrast with "rotten" towns, and the *Wen* and the "toad-stools," and far away from all manufacturing *rushed-up* towns, and such places as Cheltenham and Tunbridge. This is one of the many prophetic passages:—

I hear from all parts that the *parsons* are in great *alarm!* Well they may, if their hearts be too much set upon the treasures of *this world*; for I can see no possible way of settling this matter *justly*, without resorting to their temporalities. They have long enough been calling upon all the industrious classes for "*sacrifices for the good of the country.*" The time seems to be come for them to do something in this way themselves. In a short time, there will be, because there *can* be, *no rents*. And, we shall see whether the landlords will then suffer the parsons to continue to receive a tenth part of the produce of the land! In many places the farmers have had the sense and the spirit to *rate* the tithe to the *poor-rates*. This they *ought* to do in all cases, whether the tithes be taken up in kind or not. This, however, *sweats* the fire-shovel-hat gentleman. It "bothers his wig." He does not know what to think of it. He does not know *who to blame*; and, where a parson finds things not to his mind, the first thing he always does is, to look about for somebody to accuse of sedition and blasphemy. Lawyers always begin, in such cases, to hunt the books, to see if there be no *punishment* to apply. But, the devil of it is, neither of them have *now* anybody to *lay* on upon! I always told them that there would arise an enemy that would laugh at all their anathemas, informations, dungeons, halters, and bayonets. One positive good has, however, arisen out of the present calamities, and that is, the parsons are grown more humble than they were. Cheap corn and a good thumping debt have greatly conduced to the producing of the Christian virtue, humility—necessary in us all, but doubly necessary in the priesthood. The parson is now one of the parties who is taking away the landlord's estate and the farmer's capital. When the farmer's capital is gone, there will be no rents; but, without a law upon the subject, the parson will still have his tithe, and a tithe upon the taxes too, which the land has to bear! Will the landlords stand this? No matter. If there be no reform of the Parliament, they must stand it. The two sets may, for aught I care, worry each other as long as they please.

Here is one of many flying observations, and Cobbett all over:—

At Strathfieldsay is that everlasting monument of English Wisdom Collective, the Heir-Loom Estate of the "Greatest Captain of the Age!" In his peerage, it is said, that it was wholly out of the power of the nation to reward his services fully; but that "she did what she could!" Well, poor devil! And what could anybody ask for more? It was well, however, that she gave what she did while she was drunk; for, if she had held her hand till now, I am half disposed to think that her gifts would have been very small.

Here is the reverse of the medal:—

These fire-sides, in which I have always so delighted, I now approach with pain. I was, not long ago, sitting round the fire with as worthy and as industrious a man as all England contains. There was his son, about 19 years of age; two daughters, from 15 to 18; and a little boy sitting on the father's knee. I knew, but not from him, that there was a *mortgage* on his farm. I was anxious to induce him *to sell without delay*. With this view, I, in an hypothetical and round-about way, approached *his case*, and, at last, I came to *final consequences*. The deep and deeper gloom on a countenance once so cheerful, told me what was passing in his breast, when, turning away my looks, in order to seem not to perceive the effect of my words, I saw the eyes of his wife *full of tears*. She had *made the application*; and there were her children before her! And, am I to be *banished for life* if I express what I felt upon this occasion!

There is one spot in Surrey, the view of which never failed to throw Cobbett into a rage—the paper-mill where the bank-note paper is manufactured. Here we must give a longer extract; and, if it be not found fine and even eloquent writing, then we are deceived:—

November 29.

Went on to Guildford, were I slept. Everybody that has been from Godalming to Guildford, knows that there is hardly another such a pretty four miles in all England. The road is good; the soil is good; the houses are neat; the people are neat; the hills, the woods, the meadows, all are beautiful. Nothing wild and bold,

to be sure, but exceedingly pretty; and it is almost impossible to ride along these four miles without feelings of pleasure, though you have rain for your companion, as it happened to be with me.

November 30. *Dorking.*

I came over the high hill on the south of Guildford, and came down to *Chilworth*, and up the valley to *Albury*. I noticed, in my first Rural Ride, this beautiful valley, its hangers, its meadows, its hop-gardens, and its ponds. This valley of Chilworth has great variety, and is very pretty; but, after seeing *Hawkley*, every other place loses in point of beauty and interest. This pretty valley of Chilworth has a run of water which comes out of the high hills, and which, occasionally, spreads into a pond; so that there is, in fact, a series of ponds connected by this run of water. This valley, which seems to have been created by a bountiful providence, as one of the choicest retreats of man—which seems formed for a scene of innocence and happiness—has been, by ungrateful man, so perverted, as to make it instrumental in effecting two of the most damnable of purposes; in carrying into execution two of the most damnable inventions that ever sprang from the minds of man under the influence of the devil! namely, the making of *gunpowder* and of *bank-notes!* Here, in this tranquil spot, where the nightingales are to be heard earlier and later in the year than in any other part of England—where the first bursting of the buds is seen in spring—where no rigour of seasons can ever be felt—where everything seems formed for precluding the very thought of wickedness—here has the devil fixed on as one of the seats of his grand manufactory; and perverse and ungrateful man not only lends him his aid, but lends it cheerfully! As to the gunpowder, indeed, we might get over that. In some cases that may be innocently, and, when it sends the lead at the hordes that support a tyrant, meritoriously employed. The alders and the willows, therefore, one can see, without so much regret, turned into powder by the waters of this valley; but, the *bank-notes!* To think that the springs which God has commanded to flow from the sides of these happy hills, for the comfort and the delight of man; to think that these springs should be perverted into means of spreading misery over a whole nation; and that, too, under the base and hypocritical pretence of promoting its *credit* and maintaining its *honour* and its *faith!* There was one circumstance, indeed, that served to mitigate the melancholy excited by these reflections; namely, that a part of these springs have, at times, assisted in turning rags into *Registers!* Somewhat cheered by the thought of this, but, still, in a more melancholy mood than I had been for a long while, I rode on with my friend towards Albury, up the valley, the sand-hills on one side of us, and the chalk-hills on the other.

The following is in a different style, but one quite as natural to the writer.

I read in the newspapers that this very *Old Sidmouth* is, at the age (I think it must be) of more than sixty-five, just married! Thank God for *that*, at any rate! And married, too, it seems, to a daughter of that Scott, who is now called "*Lord Stowell!*" The same newspaper that tells me of this marriage, tells me that Sidmouth's son, who was a *sinecure placeman with a salary of three thousand a-year*, and who was *insane*, is just *dead*. Here is matter for reflection, moral, religious, and political! What! is a thing like this to go without inquiry *for ever?*

By-the-by, the trip, which *Old Sidmouth* and crew gave me to America, was attended with some *interesting consequences;* amongst which were the introducing of the Sussex pigs into the American farm-yards; the introduction of the Swedish turnip into the American fields; the introduction of American apple-trees into England; and the introduction of the making, in England, of the straw plat, to supplant the Italian.

This is in that vein of mixed humour, fun, banter, and sarcasm, in which Cobbett delights, and in which he is so happy:—

As soon as you cross the road, you enter the estate of the descendant of Rollo, Duke of Buckingham, which estate is in the parish of Avington. In this place the Duke has a farm, not very good land. It is in his own hands. The corn is indifferent, except the barley, which is everywhere good. You come a full mile from the road-side down through this farm to the Duke's mansion-house at Avington and to the little village of that name, both of them beautifully situated, amidst fine and lofty trees, fine meadows, and streams of clear water. On this farm of the Duke I saw (in a little close by the farm-house) several hens in coops, with broods of pheasants instead of chickens. It seems that a gamekeeper lives in the farm-house, and I dare say the Duke thinks much more of the pheasants than of the corn. The turnips upon this farm are by no means good; but I was in some measure compensated for the bad turnips by the sight of the Duke's turnip-hoers, about a dozen females, amongst whom there were several very pretty girls, and they were as merry as larks. There had been a shower that had brought them into a sort of huddle on the road-side. When I came up to them, they all fixed their eyes upon me, and, upon my smiling, they bursted out into laughter. I observed to them that the Duke of Buckingham was a very happy man to have such turnip-hoers, and really they seemed happier and better off than any work-people that I saw in the fields all the way from London to this spot. It is curious enough, but I have always observed, that the women along this part of the country are usually tall. These girls were all tall, straight, fair, round-faced, excellent complexion, and uncommonly gay. They were well dressed, too, and I observed the same of all the men that I saw down at Avington. This could not be the case if the Duke were a cruel or hard master; and this is an act of justice due from me to the descendant of Rollo. I must do Rollo justice; and I must again say, that the good looks and happy faces of his turnip-hoers spoke much more in his praise than could have been spoken by fifty lawyers, like that Storks who was employed, the other day, to plead against the Editor of the *Bucks Chronicle*, for publishing an account of the selling-up of farmer Smith of Ashendon, in that county.

This leads to the *game laws*, and Lord Ellenborough's act, and to the following exquisite incidental hit. We hope that Sir James Mackintosh enjoyed it quite as much as he is said to have done the satirical verses upon himself in the *New Whig Guide*, which he recited, and called "fair good fun." Here the *fun* is quite as good, the wit much finer, yet we will not be sure that Sir James enjoyed it so much.

Admire with me, reader, the singular turn of the mind of Sir James Mackintosh, whose whole soul appears to have been long bent on the amelioration of the penal code, and who has never said one single word about this *new* and *most terrible* part of it! Sir James, after years of incessant toil, has, I believe, succeeded in getting a repeal of the laws for the punishment of *witchcraft*, of the very existence of which laws the nation was unacquainted. But the devil a word has he said about the game laws, which put into the gaols a full third part of the prisoners, and to hold which prisoners the gaols have actually been enlarged in all parts of the country! Singular turn of mind! Singular *humanity!* Ah! Sir James knows very well what he is at. He understands the state of his constituents at Knaresborough too well to meddle with game laws. He has a *friend*, I daresay, who knows more about game laws than he does. However, the poor witches are safe: thank Sir James for that. Mr Carlile's sister and Mrs Wright are in gaol, and may be there for life! But the poor witches are safe. No hypocrite; no base pretender to religion; no atrocious, savage, black-hearted wretch, who would murder half mankind rather than not live on the labour of others; no monster of this kind can now persecute the poor witches—thanks to Sir James, who has obtained security for them in all their rides through the air, and in all their sailings upon the horseponds!

Cobbett's forte is light sarcasm—and his banter

is really often joyous and good-humoured. He says, very soon after the accidental lapse to Sir James—

I got up to the church at Frant, and, just by, I saw a school-house with this motto on it, "Train up a child as he should walk," &c. That is to say, try to breed up the boys and girls of this village in such a way, that they may never know anything about Lord Abergavenny's sinecure; or, knowing about it, they may think it *right* that he should roll in wealth coming to him in such a way. The projectors deceive nobody but themselves.

In quitting Frant, I descended into a country more woody than that behind me. I asked a man whose fine woods those were that I pointed to, and I fairly gave a start, when he said the Marquis Camden's! Milton talks of the leviathan in a way to make one draw in one's shoulders with fear; and I appeal to any one who has been at sea when a whale has come near the ship, whether he has not, at the first sight of the monster, made a sort of involuntary movement, as if to get out of the way. Such was the movement that I now made. However, soon coming to myself, on I walked my horse by the side of my pedestrian informant. It is Bayham Abbey that this great and awful sinecure placeman owns in this part of the county. Another great estate he owns near Sevenoaks. But here alone he spreads his length and breadth over more, they say, than ten or twelve thousand acres of land, great part of which consists of oak-woods. But, indeed, what estates might he not purchase? Not much less than thirty years, he held a place, a sinecure place, that yielded him about £30,000 a-year! At any rate, he, according to Parliamentary accounts, has received, of public money, little short of a million of guineas. These, at thirty guineas an acre, would buy thirty thousand acres of land. And what did he have all this money for? Answer me that question, Wilberforce, you who called him a "bright star," when he gave up a part of his enormous sinecure. He gave up all but the trifling sum of nearly £3000 a-year! What a bright star! And *when* did he give it up? When the Radicals had made the country ring with it. When his name was, by their means, getting into every mouth in the kingdom; when every Radical speech and petition contained the name of Camden. Then it was, and not till then, that this bright star let fall part of its brilliancy. So that Wilberforce ought to have thanked the Radicals, and not Camden. When he let go his grasp, he talked of the merits of his father. His father was a lawyer, who was exceedingly well paid for what he did, without a million of money being given to his son. But there is something rather out of commonplace to be observed about this father. This father was the contemporary of Yorke, who became Lord Hardwicke. Pratt and Yorke; and the merit of Pratt was, that he was constantly opposed to the principles of Yorke. Yorke was called a Tory and Pratt a Whig, but the devil of it was, both got to the Lords; and, in one shape or another, the families of both have, from that day to this, been receiving great parcels of the public money! Beautiful system! The Tories were for rewarding Yorke—the Whigs were for rewarding Pratt. The Ministers (all in good time!) humoured both parties; and the stupid people, divided into tools of two factions, actually applauded, now one part of them, and now the other part of them, the squandering away of their substance. They were like the man and his wife in the fable, who, to spite one another, gave away to the cunning mumper the whole of their dinner, bit by bit. This species of folly is over, at any rate. The people are no longer fools enough to be partisans. They make no distinctions.

Is it surprising that *pure* Whig and *real* Tory tacitly joined together to put down this sharp-witted, pungent, unsparing writer?

It was Cobbett's belief, maintained with great ingenuity, that England was as populous, or nearly so, centuries ago, as at the present time, though the manufacturing towns—"the toad-stools"—and the WEN, had not then sucked in the life from the agricultural districts. His constant argument is the size of the country churches, and he frequently calculates the numbers of people which the old churches, he sees, could contain. "That of Goudhurst would," he states, "hold *three thousand* people, and it had in it two hundred and fourteen, besides fifty-three Sunday-School or National-School boys; and these sat together, in a sort of lodge, up in a corner, sixteen feet long and ten feet wide. Now, will any Parson Malthus, or anybody else, have the impudence to tell me, that this church was built for the use of a population not more numerous than the present? The Methodists cannot take away above four or five hundred; and what, then, was this great church built *for*, if there were no more people, in those days, at Goudhurst, than there are now? It is very true, that the *labouring* people have, in a great measure, ceased to go to church. There were scarcely any of that class at this great country church to-day. I do not believe there were *ten*. I can remember when they were so numerous, that the parson could not attempt to begin, till the rattling of their nailed shoes ceased. I have seen, I am sure, five hundred boys and men in smock-frocks coming out of church at one time." Tenterden church, one of the next, could also hold *three thousand* people; and this statement leads to the following observations, which will find an echo in hearts where Cobbett has hitherto been regarded as next thing to some sacrilegious monster:—"Let it be observed, that, when these churches were built, people had not yet thought of cramming them with *pews*, as a stable is filled with stalls. Those who built these churches had no idea that *worshipping* God meant, going to *sit* to hear a man talk out what he called preaching. By *worship*, they meant very different things; and, above all things, when they had made a fine and noble building, they did not dream of disfiguring the inside of it by filling its floor with large and deep boxes made of deal boards. In short, the floor was the place for the *worshippers* to *stand* or to *kneel*; and there was *no distinction*; no *high* place and no *low* place; all were upon a level *before God* at an rate. Some were not stuck into pews lined with green or red cloth, while others were crammed into corners, to stand erect, or sit on the floor. These odious distinctions are of Protestant origin and growth. I often wonder how it is, that the present parsons are not ashamed to call the churches *theirs!* They must know the origin of them; and, how they can look at them, and, at the same time, revile the Catholics, is astonishing to me." Approaching Canterbury, he comes to a village named Up-street, where his old English notions and associations are thus shocked:—"At Up-street, I was struck with the words written upon a board which was fastened upon a pole, which pole was standing in a garden near a neat little box of a house. The words were these:—'PARADISE PLACE—*Spring-guns and steel-traps are set here!*' A pretty idea it must give us of Paradise, to know that spring-

guns and steel-traps are set in it! This is, doubtless, some stock-jobber's place; for, in the first place, the name is likely to have been selected by one of that crew; and, in the next place, whenever any of them go to the country, they look upon it that they are to begin a sort of warfare against everything around them. *They invariably look upon every labourer as a thief.*"

We must, we fear, hold our hand. Ample verge as the tall columns of *Tait* afford, Cobbett's *hundred volumes* require greater space. And why should he not receive it? Volumes will soon be given to the subject of our few brief pages. We shall continue our notice of the man whom *The Standard* rightly places above PITT.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

AN INFANT'S DREAM.

WHILE the chain of sleep, that slowly twineth
Round her senses, leaves her soul more free,
Placidly the poet's child reclineth
On her cradle-couch, beside his knee:
So (by Nature's hands
Wrapt in swaddling bands)
Slumbers the young violet on the lea.

Tears yet tremble on her silken lashes,
And her baby-cheek their traces stain;—
See! The earth-born fount of sorrow dashes
Here—even here, where joy alone should reign—
As a stream o'erfed,
Bursting from its bed,
Overwhelms some beauty-breathing plain.

But, as if some mystic air of Heaven,
Blowing o'er her, stirr'd her features bright,
To her lip a sparkling smile is given,
To her tongue a murmur of delight.
And a ray of soul
Breaks from out the whole
Visage, like a streamer on the night.

Lo! she holds high converse with a vision—
Yon bright Guardian of her helplessness;
For the language of that land Elysian—
Whence she came, an errant child of bliss—
Floats like echo free
O'er her memory,
Unalloy'd by ruder sounds of this.

INFANT.

"Seraph sweet! whose eye is bent in sadness
O'er me, like an earthward-gazing star—
Seraph! wherefore is this soul of gladness,
(Once as shadowless as Angels are,)
Wherefore is it made
Now half light, half shade?
Wherefore exiled from its home afar?

"Sighing, I drew near this vale of mourning;
Weeping, o'er its dreary bounds I trode;
Groaning, I despair of e'er returning
To my native skies, my first abode.
How, 'mid darkness, say,
Shall I find my way?
Full of pain and peril is the road!"

GUARDIAN ANGEL.

"Mortal thing! companion once in Heaven!
'Tis for thee mine eyes in sadness bend:—
Erring in thy weakness, thou wert driven
Forth, to be made pure, and I to tend
Thee, till through the gloom,
Thou attain yon tomb,
Heaven's dread portal and thy journey's end.

"Unbodied, see in me thy guardian spirit!
'Tis the last time I may gild thy dream!
But each bosom henceforth shall inherit
Portion of my being, and shall teem
With affections pure,
Fervid, firm, and sure,
Gushing towards thee with a kindly stream!

"Though thou never more shalt view my presence,
Yet, when souls of love and truth are near,
Think, oh, think, how my ethereal essence
Mingles with the hearts that hold thee dear!
Think of this, and see
Me—for ever me—
In each friendly face that may appear.

When thy mother's tears of love are flowing,
When thy father folds thee in his pride,
When thy friend's approving eyes are glowing,
When thy lover hails thee as his bride—
Then, as now, oh, still
Own with grateful thrill,
Own thy guardian angel and thy guide!" J. M.

The Hague.

SONNET.

Written after reading "HOWITT'S HISTORY OF PRIESTCRAFT."

THANKS to thee, Howitt!—thou hast "scotched the snake"
That long has coiled round true Religion's fane:
Thanks to thee, Howitt!—thou hast striven to break
The entangled links of Superstition's chain.
From thousands yet unborn thanks shall be thine;
Thou daredst to rend the veil that hides the shrine,
To blow aside the mists that long have lowered
Over the day-star of the Christian's path.
Thy high-souled spirit hath not meanly cowered,
Nor turn'd aside to 'scape the hireling's wrath—
Their wrath thy meed for zeal in such a cause,
With Truth thy watchlight, and her bounds thy laws.
The great and good in every age shall cry,
"Thanks to the champion of true Liberty!" C.

LIFE OF BILBERRY THURLAND, ONCE A BEGGAR.

It has been our good fortune to fall in with a singularly *racy* story, under the above title. It is a kind of *Beggar's Bush, Beggar's Opera*, or prose *Jolly Beggars*, with much of the painful minuteness of Crabbe, the same homely truth of painting, and no lack of that peculiar humour which is termed *English*. The reader will, however, look in vain for *Bilberry Thurland* in any bookseller's list or circulating library catalogue. By and by, Bilberry will take his place there, and occupy it with far more credit than many of the existing heroes; but, in the meanwhile, to facilitate his introduction to the favoured circles of Jacob Faithful and Jonathan Wild, we propose to announce him here.

He must be a man of some intellectual vigour, who takes a vagabond and a beggar for his hero; but that particular walk of life called *low*, and the really large section of society termed vagabond, if skilfully delineated, possess both interest and entertainment for the general reader, and knowledge and instruction for the moralist and the politician. Bilberry, the hero of some future three volumes, was born and educated under nearly the same circumstances as Edmund Kean, the great tragedian; save that his mother, instead of enacting princesses, and hawking perfumes, like Miss Carey, travelled England with a basket of night-caps and combs, braces and bodkins. And her boy throve all the better, that she steered clear of great towns, with their unpleasant accompaniments of constables and houses of correction. Like Kean, too, Bilberry never could make out his own genealogy; but this gave him little or no concern; and the historian of his life philosophically remarks, that "men are, we suppose, like fruit, best judged by their soundness and flavour, and not according to the straightness or crookedness of the branches from which they grow." Bilberry spent the first years of his vagrant life as free and unhoused as a gipsy—under hedges or in tents—blessed by the open air and the eye of heaven—strong as a wolf, and hardy as flint. As for size, in comparison with your town-bred people, he was as a cuckoo-chick in a sparrow's nest, that takes up all the room to himself. Bilberry's mother, in travelling about with the wicker warehouse, which gave a decent colour to begging, fortune-telling, and small thieving—or what, in Scotch law, is termed *pickery*—undertook his education herself; and, as he was to be bred to her own calling, early initiated him in its mysteries. "She must indeed," says his historian, "have been a very careful mother; for, as far back as Bilberry's recollection could carry him, he knew how to cry voluntarily, and therefore that must have been taught him in the cradle, if ever he had one." He could also counterfeit lameness to admiration, entirely through her instructions; and, to make one thing the better help another, his mother kept a sort of raw upon his ankle, as a point to which the pity of good Christians might gravitate. This helped to draw the humours out of their pockets.

When Bilberry became strong enough to give battle to his mother, he insisted upon having his sores plastered and healed up; and also, like Kean, upon keeping his own halfpence. Our biographer alleges, that, since the period of Bilberry's childhood, competition and numbers have ruined the trade of begging in England, like every other. The accomplishments in which Bilberry excelled are now become stale. Besides, he soon became too big to enact the part of "a poor little fatherless child!" with success. His mother, like a sensible woman, therefore, adapted her lessons to the change of circumstances, and to his growth in years and understanding. The instructions and moralizing of this tender mother, form a piece of excellent grave burlesque. Bilberry had quite the genius to apply the maternal counsels, and even to enlarge them in practice; but we cannot record his early adventures in snatching and picking, nor yet how he got into trouble. The characteristic sketches of the clowns and bumpkins, constables and country magistrates, with whom his course of life brings him into contact, are even more amusing than the personal adventures of Bilberry and his mother. At one of those *bousing kens*, one of which is to be found in most small English towns, the vagrant pair meet with three or four of those popular and useful characters who go about the country repairing china, umbrellas, and chair bottoms; and, attending them, two bold-looking women, as like Mrs Thurland "as three peas to each other." They were old friends. People of their description are, though poor, very independent of one another; and, though their way lies apart, and they may never meet in their lives again, yet, for all that, there is a kind of bindweed friendship amongst them, as well as their betters. Perhaps it is quite as sincere also, if not more so; for, in their annual peregrinations and returns, they meet just often enough to keep memory alive, and not so often as to deaden the spirit of acquaintanceship. We cannot pause upon the jovial carouse of this party, which continued until the landlady, afraid for her reckoning, cried, "Hold, enough!" The affair ends in the whole party being arrested, and lodged in the round-house. There is a humorous, though broad and coarse, description of that place of strength, its inmates, and nocturnal incidents. Among the most important, are the loss of Mrs Thurland's basket, which she laments most pathetically, and the fracture of a Mr Spowage's wooden leg. At a fit hour in the morning, the whole party were marched in order to Squire Barton's, a justice of the peace and *custos rotulorum*; and, as this is the first *respectable* house that our hero enters, we shall here give an entire specimen of his biography. It opens chap-

ter V. of Bilberry's history. We must first premise that the immediate charge was the retention of a £5 bank-note, contained in the pocket of a pair of old breeches, which a farmer had given to Bilberry on the previous day, in lieu of those torn off him by the dogs, for some felony committed upon a beer barrel, broached in a field, for the use of the hot hay-makers. The old farmer remembered his loss, and, at night, sent his servant in pursuit, to the public-house where the beggars and vagrants were congregated. No sooner were they put upon the scent of the money, than the landlady and the whole fraternity backed Bilberry and his mother in refusing to give up the breeches, though a better pair was offered. A general *melée* ensued; and a combat in the manner of Fielding, which leads first to the village round-house, and then to the Justice's.

Judging from appearances, as they went along, Squire Barton was a man of some quality and consideration in his hundred. His house stood about a mile from the village, on a pleasant flat, between the high-road and a great river, which thereabout made a broad elbow, as it turned to the sun under a steep precipice covered with elms and pines. The party readily judged when they had entered on the Squire's territory, from observing the hedges by the road-side clipped on the top into the shape of a coping-stone, and lined inside with a narrow plantation of young trees, running their whole length, which made the road itself very shady and agreeable. Having turned from the high-road down a narrow one, which, for distinction's sake, had lately been scattered over with a genteel sprinkling of red gravel, they came to a little hut half-buried in trees, where a round barrier white gate stood across the way, in the manner of a toll-gate. What was the use of it, none of them could discover; for, neither on the one side or other, was there anything to be shut either out or in. Nevertheless, a tall old man, bent into the shape of a fishing-rod, lived at this hut, apparently for the important purpose of opening or shutting the gate aforesaid, as often as persons of consideration passed through. . . . . They now proceeded up a bare carriage road, across several hundred acres of unenclosed land, at the far side of which rose to fearful view the residence of Squire Barton. . . . . Bilberry began to feel something like a sweat distil through his skin. The horrors of a month or six weeks passed in a prison, ten times more dreary than the round-house, presented themselves, with all the aggravations of affrighted imagination. . . . . Not so his mother, or any other of the company. They were all persons of ripe age and experience. They appeared to consider their present situation in no other light than a casualty incident to their profession and line of life. The constable conducted them behind the Squire's house, into a large square yard, walled and surrounded by various offices necessary to so great a mansion; while, in one corner, stood a dog-kennel almost as big as the hut they had passed at the white gate; for it is a common principle at great houses to entertain and lodge the dogs as respectably as the out-door servants. In this yard, the culprits found already assembled the whole of those who were to be either witnesses against them, or their accusers. The man who had demanded the restoration of the disputed breeches was there, in a clean smock-frock, bearing in his face some considerable signs of the tussle he had had the previous night with Mrs Thurland. The landlady, too, was there, with the fragments of her round-table—three legs tied together, and tucked under her arm, as proof-positive to the Squire of her injuries. . . . . On looking round, Bilberry observed standing in the kitchen, and holding some agreeable conversation with the house-maid, his great benefactor, the farmer and owner of the breeches, Mr Grimsby himself; who pointed him out to the maid, by way of illustration of the delicate story which he had been telling her of Bilberry's original plight in the hay-field.

In the meanwhile, Mrs Thurland is trying to cajole or suborn the witnesses. The landlady at once listened to reason; for she by no means liked the idea of her guests refunding money already scored up against them for spirits and beer.

While Mrs Thurland and the landlady were debating the merits and damages of their respective cases, their dialogue was suddenly broken off by the appearance of a servant-man, or rather, from his age and look, we should say, a human cockerel, dressed in a style neither exactly in nor out of livery, who came to summon them before the Justice. As they were entering the house, one of the chair-bottom menders pressed forward, as the constable thought, rather too unceremoniously; for that functionary gave him a violent push, in order that Farmer Grimsby might take precedence in order of march. This gentleman, then advancing, turned to the aspiring culprit as he passed him—"Ay, dom thee!" said he, "let thy betters go afore thee;" and he strode forward, taking off his hat as he advanced, and just running his fingers down his face and neckcloth, to make all smooth and fit to go before the Squire. Mr Grimsby knocked at the breakfast-room door, opened it just wide enough to squeeze himself through the niche, and then perceiving the Squire inside, he made a profound and original reverence, the execution whereof strongly inclined young Bilberry to laugh, notwithstanding all his fears; for, keeping his legs quite perpendicular, the farmer (who, we forgot to say, wore his small-clothes in the style of Sir Charles Wetherell) suddenly bent all the rest of his body, from the hip-joint upwards, straight-forward, all in a piece, like the blade of a scythe. Every man who followed, tried to imitate so fine an example set by so responsible a man; and so did Bilberry and his mother. . . . . The Squire was found lingering over empty egg-shells and dry crusts of toast, the remains of his breakfast. The sight of the great man was not so terrible to Bilberry, as that poor chicken had anticipated it would be; for, it may be observed, that, while imagination always lends her aid in giving a fearful and portentous look to people in authority, nature herself has, in many instances, failed to endow them with the looks characteristic of the terrors of their respective offices. On the contrary, philosophical persons may have noticed, that she not unfrequently delights in conferring a mean and rubbishy aspect upon gentlemen whom the civil and military authorities of the country have afterwards selected, as fit and proper bipeds to uphold the dignity of their respective professions. In the law, especially, this observation is most applicable; and, while the author speaks with the most profound reverence and solemnity, he yet must be allowed to say, that he has seen at the bar more utterly shabby and despicable physiognomies, than at any other place whatever, where ordinary decency is maintained. In personal appearance, Squire Barton cut a very contemptible figure. So much indeed so, for a man of his worldly dignity, that the sight of him, instead of increasing that awe and dread which might very reasonably have been anticipated, inspired the whole party with additional confidence. For, notwithstanding that he was a Justice of Peace and *custos rotulorum* for the county—two titles of very considerable honour—his figure was of a most mean order, being, in width, not more than a door-post, and, in height, but four feet ten, without his shoes. His head was as bald as a hen-egg, and the shell of it shone, whenever he chanced to turn toward the light, as if it were varnished like a dining-table, all except just on the top, on which was dusted some portion of wheaten flour, to confer upon it, if possible, a little more importance than by nature it possessed. And, certainly, if any of the arts of man can confer an aspect of importance upon those to whom nature has stingily denied it, this one of the dredging-box ought, in all conscience, so to do; for in such high estimation is it held, that whoever adopts it pays a certain tax to the greatest man in the state, no

less than the King himself, for this liberty of putting flour on his head. The squire wore a coat, in colour like a purple *magnum bonum;* and a cock-robin's waistcoat, of a pattern and taste neither exactly civilized nor yet savage. . . . . When Mr Spowage, Mrs Thurland, and the rest, were ushered into his presence, he was sending all the blood into his face, by pulling upon his legs a diminutive pair of top-boots. No sooner had they entered, than, without straightening himself, he turned his red veiny face half round, and addressed the constable:—"What! more vagrants!" and having now got on his boots, he stood bolt upright, jerked down his waistcoat, and faced about to the culprits, fixing upon them two eyes which at once demonstrated there was much more thunder and lightning in him than had at first shewn itself. Mrs Thurland privately pinched Bilberry, who took the hint, and began to cry; and the constable commenced relating the offence. Before he was half done, the Squire interrupted him—"Yes, yes, you need not tell me a word more; I see what it is—a public house row; that is the long and the short of it. Now, Sir, how often have I told you before that I will have nothing to do with these drunken disturbances. I may punish, punish, punish to eternity, and here you are the very next day again."

After much crimination and recrimination, Bilberry's mother was called upon to give an account of herself; and, having produced her pedlar's license, and protested, and taken all "the ladies and gentlemen" present to witness that neither the one pocket nor the other of the breeches contained one farthing when searched, she told her story, ready to satisfy the whole world that she was a much injured and abused woman. Each vagrant related his tale. Mr Spowage, when interrogated, stated that he pursued divers avocations.

Though mending chair-bottoms and tinkering at this time, last week he had sold windmills and lambs for children; and the next, he might be dealing in corn-salve, "either for hard or soft, Sir, no matter which. And I know it innocent; for I gather every herb myself, and make it all with my own hands; so that the most delicatest lady as is, need not be afraid of using it; and only sixpence a box neither; for I hates sponging upon people. I can make a few shillings by drops for the toothache, in five minutes, Sir, and make your ears as pleasant as honey by the side of your head. But you mind, Sir, this is regulated a good deal by weather, and the time of the year, though it might not occur to you, Sir, that such as this made any difference. In summer, or nowabout, as I may say"——

But, lest our readers have even less patience than Squire Barton, we must desert the justice-room, and take up Bilberry one fine morning, now truly what he had so often called himself, "a poor friendless orphan," as his mother had either fled before the myrmidons of the law, or was lodged in jail, in consequence of a supper of broiled pig, at which she had assisted, together with the chair-menders and their ladies. Notwithstanding the many stories told of the London thieves banqueting nightly upon roasted turkeys and sausages, and eating their green peas early in the season, Bilberry and his mother—and they wanted neither for capacity nor industry—do not appear to have, in general, been so fortunate. But, passing all this, we take up Bilberry on the morning of his abandonment. Often as he had quarrelled and fought with his mother, he sorely missed her protection now.

Some days before this, she had related a case of murder to him, in which Spowage had been concerned, with a homely tragic power and dramatic liveliness which we leave the reader to appreciate, if ever this true history shall be laid (as it well deserves) before the world. It is a complete picture of blackguardism—its lowest haunts and worst propensities—and discovers no shallow knowledge of the workings of the passions of fear and remorse in the human mind. Bill Jones is not superior in horrible effect to one of the murderers in this tale, who imagines himself haunted by the ghost of his victim. The man had been murdered by tossing him over a bridge into the Trent. Though out of place, we are tempted to give one specimen of this episode. At the trial for the murder, Spowage had been acquitted, and other two men condemned.

"Both turned very penitent the night before they were hanged," said Bilberry's mother, "and Bob Lowe told the parson that prayed for them, everything about it." Says he, "I have had no peace nor rest these two years. Ever since that night, I have been a miserable man as ever lived. Mat Wilson has appeared before my eyes many times." The parson told him, that it was his evil conscience; but Bob told him again he did not know what he was talking about, because he had not seen *it*. Says Lowe, "If you had seen *it* as plain as I see you at this blessed moment, you would not say it was my conscience. On dark rainy nights, particularly," said he, "it used to come up, when I was watching the kiln, and stand before me as if it was alive; and, if I had not known it was Wilson, I should have thought it was somebody belonging to the place. It used to come and look at me a little time, and then seem as if it wanted to warm its hands by the fire, and dry itself. But it never could; for it stayed all night before the kiln, and seemed to be always dropping wet, like as if it had just got out of the Trent. Sometimes I thought it moaned, and said the same words that Wilson said about Eliza Hammond, when we flung him over; and that hurt me more and more; so that I used to shut my eyes and put my fingers in my ears, and get somebody to sit down close to me in the blaze of the kiln, to see if we could not frighten it away. But what was the use of that? It was under my eyelids directly; and I did not know whether they were shut or open. And then it seemed to come closer and closer, and it would say, 'Why hadn't you some pity?' And sometimes, when the wind blew hard, and drifted round the kiln in a stream, *it* was blown all about the fire like smoke; but it came back again, and settled over against me, and shivered and wrung the wet off its hands. At last, I felt as if it would crumble my heart to dust to see it more. I took no pleasure in drinking ale; and I said to Jack Swainwick, [one of his guilty associates,] one time that we had been talking of it together—'Jack, I am sick of my life, such as it is; will you throw me over?' for, do you know, I durst not do it myself; because, when I stood on the kiln-wall and think I would throw myself into the fire, it would come up again directly, as bright as silver, and cry like a child before me. So I put my hands before my face, and went down to the clay pools to wash my forehead cold. I never could think of killing myself, but there it was, as if it wanted me to live till God called me. So I turned to my work like a man, and took to going to church of a Sunday. But I used to see it for all that, till I again asked Jack Swainwick to throw me over in the place that we had done Wilson; and I would make no more resistance than a lamb; and I would never haunt him after, nor make him such a miserable devil as I was. But, you know, Swainwick was harder than I, and he never saw anything of that sort; so he laughed at me.' 'Throw you over? ay, as soon as look at you, if you like; and if you'll give me a pint of ale for the job.'" . . . . . "Never have anything to do with a murder," said Bob to the parson; though there was not much use for that. "It is a dreadful thing, and I shall never be happy till I am hanged for it." All this, added Bilberry's mother, is as true as we are walking this ground.

It was talked about for a long time after Bob and Jack were hanged. I went to see them turned off—two fine young fellows as ever kissed woman!—and so well as I knew them both! I thought I should have eaten nothing all that day after; but, at night, I fell into company that had known them as well as I did, and we got to talking about them, and running from one thing to another, until, at last, we finished it all up with a good supper. But I was going to say about Bill Spowage:——

We can only say, that, in his hot youth, and before he lost his leg, Bill had been a candidate, and probably not an unsuccessful one, for the affections of Mrs Thurland. But, as she observed, "Bilberry, you are not man big enough yet to hear all about it;" and we imitate her prudent example, and turn back to her deserted orphan.—Bilberry, left alone, looked about the streets as if he were lost. His eyes fell longingly upon the shops and comfortable houses on each side, and he envied every little child that passed him, better dressed and better fed than himself. At length, he observed a little Italian boy, whose hurdy-gurdy had been broken in the fray of the former night, asking charity at the end of the street; for the riot at the lodging-house had at once reduced him from a musician to a beggar. His monkey had died in the night from the hurts it had received in the skirmish, and the boy had now no other means of subsistence, save by exciting pity with the tale of his double misfortune. The moment Bilberry saw him, he felt that adversity had made them friends; and the little boy appeared no less glad in having found a companion. He was not used to beg, and had got only twopence halfpenny, from which he durst not buy food, as his lodging would cost threepence. Bilberry offered to divide with him. They agreed to live together, and the Italian was guided by his experience in setting off for the country, which was thought a better field than the hard-hearted town. With a penny loaf a-piece, and trusting to Providence for a lodging, they set off together; Bilberry, who never till now knew that he cared anything about his mother, often looking back at the prison-roof which covered her. His little companion felt no regret like that. He had come too far to look back upon the place of his parents, and had lived alone in a strange world too long to care for the clouds of to-morrow, if the present day was but fair. There was but one thing gave him uneasiness, and that was the death of his monkey, the corpse of which he still carried under his arm. He extolled it as such a good one, and so fond of him! and he dwelt upon its excellences, and the struggles and the whining it made when dying, until both himself and his auditor cried over the poor animal very sincerely. And that was, perhaps, as good as any epitaph it would have had, had it been "my lady's" monkey. "It was with great reluctance its master was persuaded to bury it. They dug a hole in a bank; and, when the dead monkey was laid in it, dressed, as usual, in its scarlet jacket, and cap, and plume, the Italian boy sat down beside the diminutive grave, and kept his eye upon it a long time, in a very serious mood before he could scatter the dust upon its comical face for ever. He took a pleasure in laying it nicely out, and straightening the broken limb which caused its death. A piece of bread of which it had last eaten, and then refused, he took out of his pocket, and, with childish simplicity, buried along with it." The boys resolved to make matches for sale, and for this purpose cut down boughs in a wood; but the Italian was sure, that, if by begging they could save as much as buy a box of white mice, they would make their fortune—or, two shillings a-day. The evening proved sultry, and they were hot and tired; so, reaching a narrow river, they resolved to bathe.

The Italian boy, boasting that he could swim, stripped first, dashed away into the sullen blackness of the farther side, and in a moment was gone! The undermined bank and the tangled roots laid bare, seemed to tell of a deep bed and a treacherous current. Bilberry got back to the bank and shouted for help in vain. The grazing cattle, for a moment, held up their heads at the noise, but neither man nor dwelling could be seen across the silent meadows. He turned again to the stream. There was no cry—no bubbling on the water—no struggling against death. Only once did he see the wavy black hair of the boy, come up above the surface a moment, a long distance down the river, as the body apparently was interrupted by a fallen tree. Yet Bilberry stood a long time watching in miserable hope. Once or twice he involuntarily called his companion by name. But the Italian boy had heard the call of a MIGHTIER voice, bidding him come away from a world too unkind. Those who had broken his instrument and beaten him had done him but little harm. He had no more need of begging; for he had gone to where Mercy, unasked, on such as him is bestowed abundantly. Bilberry felt to have lost one who would have made the new world more pleasant to him; and, for a long while, he sat upon the bank like one expecting some one coming.

It was towards sunset before he recollected himself, and thought of leaving the place. There was such a pitiful tale to be told in the course of one twenty-four hours—the broken music, the dead monkey, and the boy! Lifting up the boy's clothes, for an instant, a thought crossed Bilberry's mind of taking back the share of his own money he had given the boy; but he could not do it. The fate of the owner forbade him. He could not find in his heart the feeling which would permit him to put his hand in that pocket. His mother would have taught him differently, but, for himself, he could not.

This, we think, a fine trait. And the whole scene is good. If there be readers who do not feel its simple pathos, we shall despair of interesting them by one style of this unpublished book. Its humour is, however, still untouched, and it possesses humour of various kinds—the broad, the farcical, the attempted quaint, the overstrained, the coarse but also the *genuine*.

The people of a neighbouring hamlet and mill are alarmed, the body of the Italian boy is found, means of restoration are used, and in vain; and the whole scene of miller, sexton, "mine host," and the villagers, is highly graphic, and true to English rural life. Bilberry finds a kind master in the curate; and various rather coarse adventures ensue, which the fastidious public will hardly tolerate; so the author must here expunge and remodel.

A "crowner's 'quest," held on the drowned boy, at the Noah's Ark, reminds us of that famous one in "Tilney Hall;" though the coincidence is that of talent only, as this inquest must

have been written out long before Mr Hood's novel was published.

From the curate's service, Bilberry passes into that of Mr Zachary Blunt, a farmer of the true old school, in the same parish, with whom he remains some years, and rather improves in his morals. Mr Blunt and his household are the rural nymphs and swains of neither poets nor romance writers; but they are something quite as valuable, the genuine characters with which many English parishes are peopled; and as episodes best bear to be separated from the main history, we shall, in confirmation of what we have alleged of the excellence of this work, give an extract illustrative of the habits of the farmer, and describing his sickness and death.

He had a particular sort of old-fashioned bread, one-half rye, made for himself, which the curate, when pressed, tasted and pronounced good. "Yet these wenches of mine," said Zachary, "wunna eat that bread—they mun have it fine like other folk." For some time Bilberry took these wenches for the farmer's daughters; but they were his servants—his two daughters were married and away. There was a very old lady in the family, who sat all day in a recess beside the fireplace: but whether she were Mr Blunt's wife or his mother, Bilberry could not determine. He was certain she must be one or other, from the extreme tenderness with which the blunt English farmer regarded her, and the unusual care and respect with which he caused her to be treated by the whole household. If any of the girls laughed at her oddities, the good-natured man got into a rage; yet it was not possible always to avoid visible tokens of amusement, as the old lady, besides being stone deaf, was very whimsical. She was the farmer's aged mother. He was now a widower. After church, where, on the first Sunday, Bilberry attended with the other men servants, he observed old Blunt, as he came out of the porch, turn towards his wife's grave—cast, for the thousandth time, a hurried glance along the grave stone, and then, with a quivering lip, that betrayed a too full heart, and a quickened step, which seemed to bespeak a secret wish to be unseen, he made haste to get back home. Yet he never would put on mourning for this same wife. But now our author shall speak:—

Blunt was a regular English churchman, of the right old farmerish religion; that is, he held the Sabbath as a weekly scraper on which to free the soul from the dirt of the last six days' sin. He went to church with his men in the morning—he had the Bible read to both men and maids for the exact space of an hour in the afternoon, and after that they were free to gossip, sleep, or go a-courting, as best suited their inclinations, till six o'clock. Evening service he made them all attend together, while he himself either rambled about his homestead, to look after things a little, putting a flake into the gap of a broken fence, or giving the neglected waggon wheels an occasional lick of grease—or else he smoked a pipe and drank his own ale—always out of a silver tankard—until his nose grew ripe, and he slided into a nap to conclude with. In doing this, he believed he fulfilled the main scope of religion. He put it, like his best coat, off and on with the day; and, for the rest of the seven, he violated a few of the ten commandments with the most Christian confidence and phlegmatic indifference. Besides this, he was in some respects a singular man. He made his memorandums of business, and chalked up the majority of his accounts inside his sheds and stables, and on the walls all about the farm-yard. The consequence of keeping so extensive a ledger was this—that not unfrequently, after chalking up a particular account, he knew not where to refer to it, and would fly into a great passion with himself; and when, perhaps, three months after, it had become useless, he happened by chance to detect it placed in some conspicuous situation, on purpose that it might not be overlooked, he would laugh heartily to think he had not found it before.

The illness and gradual decline, the obstinacy and sturdy prejudices of this true John Bull agriculturist, and his final subjugation to the Doctor, are characteristic, and as faithful to unadorned nature as they are new in romance.

It was towards the beginning of summer when the old farmer first fell ill. He said not a word to any one concerning the change in his health, until, from his altered looks, the members of the household first discovered it of themselves; and, even then, it was with some difficulty he was brought to acknowledge any ailment. Particulars, or symptoms, he never would—nor, up to the hour of his death, ever did—describe, either to his family or his physician. At first, he was recommended by those about him to try some of the domestic medicines, with which, and the knowledge of administering them from half a pint to a gallon, most country people are pretty well acquainted. Bitter teas were made for him, and either stood till they became mouldy, or were used by those whom nothing ailed. . . . . At length, Blunt grew so bad that he could no longer attend to the business of his farm, but passed his days very uneasily in creeping about the house and yard. Next, he could scarcely move from his chair; and then it was, that his two married daughters, who had frequently before been to see him, insisted positively on his having a physician. "No, no," replied Mr Blunt, "I tell you again I wunna have ony doctors. You may be doctoring all your life, if you will. Once begin with 'em, and you never know when to leave off again. I hate doctors—and I wunna have one. Doctors is only fit for women lying-in." When his daughters remonstrated, Zachary doggedly replied, "I dunna care; I never was badly in my life before; and I never took physic, bit nor drop. I shall be better soon. Look what an appetite I have got—while I keep filling in that way, much harm canna come." More days passed; and, with all his eating and drinking, Zachary grew no better. His daughters, and their husbands, and even his deaf mother, urged him to have a doctor; but he remained as stubborn as ever. "This is the best physic for me," he would say, as, with undiminished appetite, he cut a round of his own loaf, with about a half pound of cheese to it, and swallowed another tankard of ale. To such an argument, reply they had none; but they resolved to send a physician without consulting him. Zachary was sitting in his accustomed corner of the house place, from whence he had a clear survey of the farm-yard, when, looking through the window, he suddenly called to one of the servant girls to shut and bolt the front and back-doors instantly—he had seen the Doctor tying his horse at the gate. Not knowing exactly what to think of this singular order, the lass stood, half doubtingly, until it was repeated with greater emphasis, and accompanied by a wet dishcloth, which happened to be within old Zachary's reach, and which, to enforce his commands, he sent with all his remaining strength at her head. Barely had she time to fasten the door, before the Doctor knocked. The lass was about to unbolt the door again, had not Mr Blunt shouted to her, quite loud enough for the physician—or even his horse—to hear, that he wanted no doctors to come to him! Notwithstanding this, the Doctor knocked again still louder. "Do at your peril!" exclaimed Zachary, shaking his hand threateningly at the girl, who again, half instinctively, was putting her fingers on the lock.

An awkward mistake committed by the Doctor, in his attempts to enter by all manner of doors, convulsed the old farmer with laughter; and the discomfited physician mounted and rode away.

The old man's fit of laughter had sorely shaken him. Heretofore, he had not thought himself half so bad as he now really felt. He was astonished to find his strength so soon exhausted:—he turned sick; and, before he had time to speak, fainted in his chair. The stoutest maids were called in to support him, while the feeble old woman, his mother, in a quivering voice, piped for a sup of water; though, from her extreme age, she spoke with no more energy than if she were coolly asking for a sup to wash her hands in. . . . . The Doctor was overtaken; and, when Blunt recovered from the fainting fit, the first person he beheld was his hated arch enemy standing in the middle of the floor before him. He had not life enough to discharge him off the premises, though that gentleman certainly anticipated nothing less. Zachary's first words were addressed to the girl at whom he had so lately levelled the dishcloth—"Consarn your jacket, Nance! what did you let him in for?"

The Doctor now assumed professional authority; and foretold all manner of calamity, and death itself, unless Zachary was amenable to medical advice. If he refused to take medicine, his life could not be insured for a week. The old farmer heard the announcement with seriousness. It was evident he had not expected to hear so solemn an opinion; and, during the space of some seconds, he kept his eyes thrown down in the deepest silence. Then, drawing a long, half-sighing breath, he lifted up his head, and observed, "Well, if I mun die now, I wunna have to die another time—that's all." Nevertheless, Mr Blunt did not appear to have any particular desire to die now, instead of another time; and he even allowed the Doctor to feel his pulse, and look at his tongue—almost as broad as a neat's—though he would not answer a single question as to the state of his body, thinking that was a subject no man had a right to inquire into.

"You must go to bed," said the Doctor, "directly; and upon no account get up again without my knowledge." "Ay," observed Zachary, "and that you call doctoring, do you? Then none of it for me. Early to bed, and early to rise—that's my maxim. Know there is not anything like being up of a morning for keeping folks in health. I go to bed regularly at nine o'clock at night, and I shall get up at four o'clock to-morrow morning, as sure as you stand there. I haven't riz by daylight every day of my life to go to bed and lie in that fashion at last of all, I warrant you. When I lie in bed later than four, or five at most, it will be when I dunna know how to get up." "You must change your diet," remarked the physician, "and quite leave off eating meat and cheese, and drinking; and you must not touch a drop of ale." "Not drink ale! Am I to live?" asked Zachary. "I reckon next I munna smoke a bit of 'bacco?" "Certainly—no smoking on any account," said the Doctor. "No [illegible] and no ale!" ejaculated the astonished Mr B[illegible] tell you what, John," to his [illegible]aw, "you have sent him here to kill me. You mean him to be the end of me. Here have I been drinking ale ever since I was ten years old till now—why, I have been drinking ale this five and fifty years, and it never hurt me yet. I never had onything amiss with me in my life. And now I'm to leave it off, am I? If ale would do me any harm, I should think five and fifty years is time enough to do it in. But it hasn't yet; so, I should think it never will. However, if it will, it may; for I wunna leave it off, now I'm so old, for all the doctors in the world."

Farmer Blunt should have been a Devonshire elector. The physician ordered a blister to be put behind his ears. He observed some moderation and decency while the professional gentleman was present; but now he began to rail at him in far less measured terms, and his children could not persuade him to follow the directions.

"He shanna blister my ears, like a horse!" he exclaimed; "they want no blistering at my time of life. I have managed so long without blisters, I think I can manage a bit longer. I tell ye I wunna have it. I wunna use it for nobody—blister your own ears, if you like to buy it. Put it on my mother's ears—she wants blisters more than I do—and perhaps it may do her good. But, as sune as ever it comes, I'll putch it into the dunghill—so I tell you. *Him* a doctor! Did you ever hear anybody talk such nonsense as he does? To think of sending me to bed here afore dinner time, and never letting me get up no more:—and no ale! If my old missis was here, she'd be worth a hundred of him. Mary, my wench"—and Blunt called the servant to his side—"do you remember, I will have my ale as usual—a pint at dinner, and a pint after. I dunna care what he says. He talks like a fool. You know I dunna want no doctors. I tell you I wunna make a 'pothecary's shop of my belly for nobody. . . . . Let natur have her way, I say. She's the best doctor ony day. What's all them foreign physics good for? Trash and stuff!—only folks mun have summut from abroad, if it be only to poison themselves wi'. Give me a good brown loaf and a sup of ale; and then, if I can't live without physic, I'll die, and welcome." No persuasions could induce this *true-born, unsophisticated* English farmer to go to bed. He declared he would sit where he was, as long as he could stick on end, as it was better to be up and knocking about, than lying in bed till one's joints were stiff. . . . . The doctor inquired if the blister had risen favourably. "It has riz rarely," replied Zachary, grinning; "higher than any blister you ever saw afore." "Let me see it," said the Doctor, trying to peep behind the screens of Mr Blunt's ears. "There it is over your head. See, you, Doctor, I said it had riz a good height." It was plastered upon the ceiling. At the discovery of this practical joke, Blunt began to laugh outrageously.

We cannot follow the illness, ignorance, obstinacy, and mad freaks of Mr Blunt farther. He continued as obstinate to the last hour that he retained his senses. His only dying wish was to see his brother, James Blunt, another capital specimen of the old-fashioned English agriculturist. Bilberry was despatched on horseback, to summon this favourite brother of his dying master. We lay aside his personal adventures on the road.

Bilberry found Mr James Blunt to bear a considerable resemblance to his brother Zachary, but not quite so original in his inner man. His principal qualities seemed to be great goodness of temper and tenderness of heart. When the young man had related to Mr James the condition in which his brother Zachary lay, his desire to see him, and finally inquired whether he could make it convenient to ride over, Mr James replied—"To be sure—sartainly—that I will; I wunna lose ony time about it, neither. Ay, poor fellow! What a thing! it does but seem he wunna take his physic. But I think *I* can prevail on him, if onybody can, I know his ways so well. Why, now I come to consider on't, I don't know what's to hinder me going down to-night. I sadly want to see him, that I do. I *will* go to-night—dang me if I don't! and, if they canna go on while I'm away, they may stop and play, for what I care."

The sick farmer was gone to bed when James arrived, and the deaf old mother sat watching by him. Bilberry, peeping through a hole in the

door, saw the tender-hearted great biped "putting out his arms to huggle the old lady round the neck, while he addressed her in a very soothing tone, 'Well, then, gi'e me a kiss, my wench,' and sundry embraces were exchanged between the mother and son, before the old lady cried—'That'll do, my lad.' To the different observations shouted in her ears, the old lady was stone deaf. 'Oh! what ears is mine! ay, dear, ay, dear! what a trouble I am to you!' boring her ears into her son's face, who shouted—'I say, mother, what a sad thing it is Zac wunna take his physic better!' 'Oh!—oh!—oh! Ay, my lad, so I have heard say. He is a sad rascal, to be sure; he is, he is.'" This game at cross-purposes is, we apprehend, better fitted for dramatic representation, than the dialogue of a novel, if it be in very good taste even for the latter. We shall not pursue it much farther. "'You dunna understand me yet,' James roared. 'Zac not take his physic, I'm tou'd.' While he spoke, his eyes casually fell upon a flitch of bacon hanging from the beam; and Mrs Blunt, interpreting his looks, cried, 'Sartainly, my lad, you shall have a rasher in a minute.'"

The farmer became much worse in the course of the night, and his brother was summoned in haste to his bedside. If our readers cannot feel the homely pathos of the following dialogue, we must, as before mentioned, give up the hope of interesting them by what we consider some of the finest portions of this unpublished book:—

"Ay, Jim, my lad," Zachary exclaimed, in a failing voice, as soon as he saw his brother enter the room, "I'm going to my old wench. I wunna be long now."

"Nay, dunna talk so," replied James, half choked, "or else you'll hurt me." His last words sunk to nothing, and he audibly burst out a-crying. Then, sitting down by the bedside, he took hold of the departing man's hand between both his own, and held it there throughout the time of his stay.

"Poor lamb!" ejaculated James, three or four times, as he gazed earnestly into his brother's face, and in a tone so truly piteous and so evidently from the heart, that it brought fresh tears from all eyes. "Poor lamb! how art changed! If it will but please God to spare thee a bit longer!" A renewed burst of grief told all the rest. "Ay, dear Jim!" returned Zachary, who retained the greatest firmness; "thou art a good lad, and *has* been to me, ever since I know'd thee. Thou'st a good heart, Jim. I dunna know how I shall part with thee."

"Don't say onything about that," replied James. "We'll pray to the Lord—as I'm sure I do with all my heart—to let us have thee a little longer."

"Feel o' my forehead, Jim. Give me a hou'd o' thy hand. Dunna ye feel how hot? It canna be—I mun go; I feel as if I shanna see to-morrow. Take care o' mother, Jim. She's been a good mother, and a blessed mother, to thee and me. I hope we shall see her in heaven some time; but take care of her, my lad; she wunna trouble nobody long; and then I shall die comfortable. You mun tell her not to make any trouble when I'm gone. Make it as easy with her as you can." James could only sob convulsively, and press Zachary's hand between his own for a token. The dying man continued, "I've set things straight, my lad. I've divided it all among you: only a little sum made over to old Frank, poor man. We've had him forty years next statute. I felt as if I could not forget him, while I am here. I've done but badly, but it's my best." Blunt hesitated here and changed the subject. "Come, Mary, my lass, wilt t'ou read a bit out o' the Bible. It'll, perhaps, do you all good—and I should like to hear it. I feel as if I was going to sleep. Come! t'ou knows where to begin. You know what it is I like. Begin where it says—*Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? Are not his days also like the days of an hireling?* It is in the seventh chapter."

The Bible was brought out. Mary dried her eyes and tried to read. But both she and her hearers found many of the sacred words so applicable to their own feelings, and the peculiar circumstances of the time, that it became impossible to go on. Every eye was blinded and every heart too full to speak farther, when the voice of the reader failed at the conclusion of that beautiful chapter of Job—"*For now shall I sleep in the dust, and thou shalt seek me in the morning, but I shall not be.*"

"Dunna mind it," observed Zachary; "let's have no grieving. I can remember most o' the rest. Jim, my lad! t'ou knows whereabout my good old woman lies. I tou'd her on her death-bed—poor blessed cratur!—I tou'd her nobody should come there but me. I've done as well as I could; I've used everybody right, as far as I knowed; and when I didn't, God will have mercy. I know how it'll be. When I am gone, and there is nobody in this farm to do to 'em as I have done, the lads and lasses 'll come into the churchyard, and they'll say, 'Here lies our old master—he was a good old master.'" Poor Zachary would have said more; but he had talked himself to tears, and could not proceed. . . . . .

. . . . Before day dawned, Mr Blunt was gone. The village had in it one good man less than yesterday.

The curate, Bilberry's former master, the Reverend Mr Jagger, was invited to the house, on the day of the funeral, to partake of the funeral cake and wine. Before the procession was formed, and while all the mourners were gathered about him, this gentleman delivered much holy and consolatory discourse on the brevity and vanity of life; the folly of its hopes, and the uselessness of its sorrows; the fallacy of worldly pleasures, and the eternal benefit of fixing the thoughts upon a future and more glorious existence. While he spoke thus, he also consumed nearly two dishes of cake, and no inconsiderable quantity of wine—a part he had more ample scope to execute, in consequence of every other person being too much affected to taste either. In fact, he sat at his leisure, nibbling, sipping, and moralizing, so long after the appointed time, that it was found necessary to remind him of the fact.

The following sketch of the obtuse feelings of extreme old age, shews the remarkable truth of painting which distinguishes this writer's style:—

The poor deaf mother had, for convenience, been removed from the house of her deceased son, to the residence of one of those married daughters before spoken of, who dwelt at a farm situate between her father's house and the church. The old lady was much too feeble to follow the corpse, and therefore had been wisely taken out of the way. Indeed, from extreme age and debility, her faculties had become so benumbed, that even the event of Zachary's death made comparatively little impression on her mind. She often spoke about, and lamented it, but in language entirely devoid of passion or emotion, as though her senses were so dull as to render her incapable of anything like a perception of the loss she had sustained. Before the day of the funeral arrived, she appeared to have half forgotten what had happened; and when, on the afternoon of the burial, the corpse was carried past the house to which she had been removed, she just crept from her seat, to the door, to see it go by—repeated three or four times, "Poor thing!" and directly after, as was her custom in the afternoon, composed herself quietly in her chair, and went to sleep.

Bilberry, the forgotten hero of this story, grieved not a little to behold his kind old master lowered for ever into the earth; the rest of the servants, both men and maids, were no less

moved; the latter dropping both flowers and tears plentifully upon the coffin. But most was poor James affected. While the service was reading over the grave, he trembled from head to foot; his lips quivered involuntarily, and his strength so failed him, that a man on each side had to support him, lest he should fall. As he looked into the pit, "Ay, my poor fellow!" was his frequent exclamation. Afterwards, he retired a distance off, and leaned against the churchyard wall, watching the last labours of the sexton, until all was filled up. Then his grief, which had lain silent all this while, broke out afresh, and tears gushed from his eyes abundantly. He advanced to the grave in an uncontrollable fit of lamentation, and, directing his eyes into the new-turned earth beneath his feet, pointed downward, and *spoke* over his brother Zachary, this most memorable of all epitaphs—

"HERE LIES A BIT O' THE BEST STUFF IN ALL DERBYSHIRE!"

The spirit of Mammon now took place of the spirit of kindness. Each of the farmer's children thought only of what share he was to obtain of the property of the deceased. Mr James Blunt, that Dandie Dinmont of the Derby hills, was a glorious exception to this cold-hearted selfishness. Like a true child of nature, he could not endure that worldly thoughts should mingle with his sorrow for his brother. To whoever addressed him upon this subject, he replied—"Dunna divide him before he's cold."

In the general distribution, the calculating sons-in-law of Mr Blunt did not overlook what they considered the charge of maintaining the grandmother; and, in the absence of James, they made a Lear's-daughter kind of arrangement, by which the old woman was to lodge a month alternately with each of them, thus changing her residence twelve times in the year. James heard of it with the warmest indignation, and in the plainest terms condemned their want of feeling and sensibility; assuring them that they ought to be ashamed of themselves, for thinking of such a scheme; and that, instead of counting the pence she might cost, they ought to feel proud who should best contribute to making her few last days of existence comfortable. Having thus denounced their cold hard-heartedness, he ended by assuring both his nieces and their husbands, that his mother should never be indebted to any one of them for a single spoonful of meat, while he lived, and had a morsel of his own to set before her. They heard and pocketed the affront with their other legacies.

We may, at some future period, unless we be anticipated by the publication of the entire work, take an opportunity of calling the attention of our readers to the *English humour* of the Life of Bilberry Thurland. It is a work which CRABBE might have written, and which HOOD must approve. The author is to us an entire stranger. Mr Bentley will do well to seek him out.

GULLY'S MANU-FIST-O* TO HIS CONSTITUENTS.

ELECTORS of Pontefract, list to my patter,—
I'd fain say a summut about this *here* matter;
I mean what they call the important crisis,
That turns out the Melbournes, the Broughams, and Rices.
This rummy affair, which the country so shocks,
'Tis the dome of Saint Paul's to a pepper-box;
Is a *cross* of the foulest, and "no mistake,"
By the coveys at court—for I'm wide awake,
And fly, to the tricks of the pensioned chaps;
And could tell you a tale of the Queen—perhaps.

But let me not come for to go for to tell
As *How* she is only to blame—for the swell
Who keeps the head Inn, which they've christened the "Crown,"
Had a paw in the pie, for to do us brown!
Well, I'm blow'd but I hate them ere Tory prigs,
And, although I'm a Rad., I prefer the Whigs;
And am sorry to see them, or dash my wig!
Turn'd off to look out for the *otium cum dig.*;
But, as for the Tories, mayhap not too late 'tis
Just to tip *them* a *dig* where they take their *'taties!*

That I wop the whole lot the long odds I'll lay,
From great Waterloo's Prince, to the Lord de Grey;
And I'll shew them fine sport in a snug roped ring—
A clear stage and no favour—I'll do the thing:
In a fair stand-up fight, I can knock them down,
One after another, I'll wager a crown!
Of the warrior Duke, should I tap the *conk*, he
Will bray in despair, like a moon-stricken donkey;
And if I should strip, in my fistic zeal,
Though folks may suppose I'm inclined to *Peel*,
They will widely mistake, for the Bob-tailed cur
I'll thrash, till I leave him unable to *stir;*
So he can't make a *motion* the House to gull,
While Jack Gully stands up to support John Bull;
And I'll very soon give him to understand
I settle accounts with a note of *hand*—
At least, I shall leave him not long in the dark,
As to whether or not I can make my *mark!*

For Lord Aberdeen, with a very few wallops,
Why, I'll thump him at once into small *Scotch collops;*
Then, as for Lord Lyndhurst, I'll wager a bob,
If I once into *Chancery* get his nob,
Though for scribbling he's famous, I'll force his *ribs*
To acknowledge the weight of Jack Gully's *fibs!*
And Goulburn and Herries, and Hardinge and Knatch,
Won't relish the scrape, if they come to the *scratch.*

While Roden, and Rosslyn, and Ellenborough,
I purpose to treat with a *hiding* thorough,
I promise to pay off old Baron Scarlett,
And thump black and blue the apostate varlet.
On Sugden my mawley is certain to tell—
A cross-buttock will do for mad Wetherell;
And the Twisses, and Crokers, and Hooks, and Praeds,
I will beat quite as black as the knave of spades:
'Tis true that I may not quite *hit* their liking,
Although I'll proceed in a manner *striking;*
For I'll pop in my facers, without remorse,
And speedily send the whole squad to *dorse,*
With a thump now and then like the kick of a horse.
And, talking of horses, quite over the course,
In the contest just ended, I've walked per force:

* We suspect that there is something like tautology in this expression; but, should Mr Gully insist upon establishing the contrary, we have little or no inclination to dispute the point with one whose arguments are so irresistible as those of the patriotic representative of Pontefract.

The Conservative yokels but strove in vain—
And they never succeed in the present *reign*
In *curbing* my progress, when spurs I ply,
Like a jockey intent upon victory.

Whate'er be the meaning the Tories may twist to
This honest, straight-forward, clear *manu-fist-o*,
'Tis not one of Peel's jesuitical yarns,
Bepraised in the *Times* by old Walter and Barnes;

No palaver, long-winded, the truth to smother,
By saying one thing, while I mean quite another;
But the sentiments true of your faithful trump,
Who longs for a kick at the Tory *rump!*
So, my friends, since I've shewn how I mean to act,
I ask for the praises of Pontefract;
But my views I will shortly explain more fully—
Till when, I remain your staunch *pal*— *His*
JOHN + GULLY.
Mark.

THE TALENT OF THE ARISTOCRACY, AND THE ARISTOCRACY OF TALENT.

What a fine thing it was to be a Lord some hundred years ago! Nobility was then at its pitch of pride. Pure and sparkling as the diamond which shines by its own lustre, it needed no adventitious aid, no superficial ornament. It received the homage of the multitude, simply because it was nobility; and, conscious of its own innate worth, it looked upon every other accomplishment as base and mechanical.

But times are considerably altered. A title may still be a diamond to the possessor; but nine persons out of ten will put little value upon it, unless it is polished and set. Something more than mere accident is now required to make a man generally respected and admired; and, though an illiterate Lord may still be a great lion at a watering-place, and "a very fearful wildfowl" to the new-come waiters at his clubs, the world at large will be apt to prefer the noble of God's making to the privileged puppet of a patent.

How very few noble names do we find in the proud list of our older English literature! With the exception, indeed, of one period—the age of Charles the Second, when the wits and gallants of the court were seduced by the meretricious tone of the frothy literature of unregenerated France—we cannot recall any age until the present, which has produced a galaxy of noble authors. Some solitary exceptions there are, indeed—but how few! and those few, how undistinguished! Surrey, Clarendon, and Bolingbroke, still live on the tongues of men; but the Rochesters, the Buckinghams, and the Halifaxes, would long since have been swept away into the ocean of oblivion, had not their titles served as bladders to keep them afloat. Yet, to do our nobility justice, they have never manifested a contempt for talent when displayed in others. Their classical education, faulty as it is in many respects, has always given them a kindly leaning to polite letters; and, although we may look in vain amongst them for a Horace, we have seen many a worthy and discriminating Macænas. But those "*atavis editi regibus*" are now fast declining; and it is more the fashion of the present day to ape the poet than the patron. Byron was the first among our modern nobles who waded boldly through the marsh of prejudice, and took his stand amongst the sons of song; and boldly, if not well, has a shoal of patricians followed his example. He was a Teucer who strode along too rapidly for his followers; but they, nothing daunted, set shoulder to shoulder; and, having once entered the penetralia of the publisher's back-shop, commenced most unceremoniously to elbow out all the legitimate and plebeian garrison. Dire was the uproar, and terrible the consternation in the popular camp. Many lost heart, and some deserted the cause. Gifford, whom many opined to be a fellow "d—d cunning of fence," walked over to the side of the aristocracy. Lockhart, and a large body of the critics, joined in the defection. The old stagers—and no wonder—began to lose heart. If they made an entrenchment in a magazine, some devil of a masked battery poured out shot against them from a review. If they established a *Literary Gazette*, they were met by a *Court Journal*. Every possible ground was occupied by their antagonists, save the undisputed station of Poets' Corner, which both parties disdained to seize. In spite of all this, however, the plebeian band might have kept their ground. Their *stamina* was decidedly better than the enemy's; and, when octavo came to be set against octavo, the established reputation of the one author was fully a match for the sounding titles of the other. But aristocracy could never brook a rival. Since they could not succeed by sheer strength, they betook themselves to craft, and fashioned in secret strange weapons for a new warfare. One cold November, some seven or eight years back, the lettered Commons seemed to have achieved the mastery. Betting ran in their favour. Loudly did they challenge the foe to the combat; and, for a time, no answer was given. But December came, and the new artillery of the Lords opened with unparalleled execution. Gracefully terrible, irresistibly enchanting, and alluringly hostile, annual after annual, souvenir after souvenir, discharged volleys of prose and verse, ode and epigram, tale and sonnet, upon the astonished adversary, each manned by a little knot of the nobility. The pencil, too, added its allurement to the pen; and, from that moment, the popular cause was lost! Their army was disbanded. Some retreated to solitude—there, like the Scots of old, to watch an opportunity for future irruption; others, more time-serving, joined the victorious party; and only the best and bravest remained firm, to offer what now seemed a fruitless opposition. From Albemarle and Burlington Streets—yea, from Ackermann's in the Strand—marched the exulting host, with the banners of Porchester and Mulgrave floating proudly over-

head. First came the lettered peers, the fabricators of the thin hot-pressed poem, or the tripartite novel, with bays woven in their coronets; then the Lord George Flutinghams and the Lord Alfred Fitzminstrels, with the fair ladies, Caroline, Louisa, and Emmeline, and so forth; and, lastly, followed a numerous body of honourable masters and misses, whose chick-like genius was still unfledged, and bore evident tokens of the shell. Such a lordly tribe never marched before to occupy the Goshen of literature!

How they have kept their ground, let the fame of their works testify. Alas for them! Alas for the novels of fashionable life—"The Guards," the "Almacks," "The Roues," and the "Granbys!" Alas for the moody heroes of their poetry, who dressed so like the Corsair, and who frowned so ludicrously unlike Childe Harold! Alas for the Moor of Porchester! Alas for the canzonets of Thurlow! Alas, alas, for Goethe and Schiller, whom Lord Francis Egerton so ruthlessly burked! and alas, in good faith and pity, for the wandering Jew, who at last received his death-blow from the fair hand of the Honourable Mrs Norton! These are with the things that were. The poem is gone to the pastrycooks, the novel to the trunk-makers—and peace be with them! "After their fitful fever, they rest well," and no rude hand will ever disturb their ashes. Yet the aristocracy have by no means laid down their arms. Though another race has succeeded them—though the three great essayists of our day, Hazlitt, Hunt, and Charles Lamb, from two of whom we shall no more drink rare eloquence, have brushed away whole swarms of the ephemera; though Bulwer and Hood have crushed their pigmy opponents at romance; though Elliott, the inspired workman of Sheffield, and others as inspired as he, have drowned the penny trumpets of the bardling, with the full, rich, and magnificent music of their manly strains—there still lingers a section of the usurping party, who, like Lord Stanley and his tail, will neither advance nor recede. Their nominal leader is the Countess of Blessington; who strove so pitiably hard to rise into notice, by inditing good says of Byron, and inserting therein sundry poems of the noble bard, which, to say the least of them, bore wondrous little indication of his usual force and talent: and one or two lords and ladies, with four or five honourables, constitute her whole following. Indeed, the party seems rapidly dwindling down to a small coterie, where literature, instead of being projected, will be merely discussed; and, until another Byron shall rise up, to give a new impetus to exertion, the public will not again be led astray by such thin and unsubstantial Will-o'-wisps.

But let it not be imagined that we intend to censure the aristocracy for attempting to become citizens of the republic of letters. A nobler and a better field of ambition could not have been opened to them; and we confess that the very attempt has raised them several per cent. in our estimation. But we do blame them for their attempt to establish a monopoly, and create a censorship of fashion in that department where talent should be the only censor. They repudiated with disdain every work which did not bear the peculiar stamp of their order. They had hirelings in pay who were ready to pounce, with savage eagerness, upon every one who boldly asserted his right to literary independence; and they mixed up, in many instances, party rancour with their criticisms, and introduced foreign elements of discord into the field of taste and fancy. And yet, with all these innovations, they had not a single author who would stand the common test of merit. The talent of the best of their writers—we mean original writers—scarcely reached mediocrity. Genius, indeed, can hardly move in the trammels of fashion. It needs for its developement a free atmosphere, and an unconfined sphere of motion, which is not to be found amongst the circles of the great. It loathes the unhealthy restraint which the artificial fetters of artificial society invariably impose; and it is more easily fostered in the cottage, and thrives better in the free mountain air, than in the lordly mansion or noble palace. Thus it is that our greatest authors are almost always to be found amongst the middle or lower classes. The aristocracy of talent needs no adventitious aid, no pampered nourishment, to rear it to maturity. Like our own hardy and indigenous plants, it flourishes best under the canopy of heaven:—it luxuriates in the sunshine, and gains fresh vigour from the rain. A true child of nature, it regards her as a fond mother and a faithful instructress, from whose precepts it will never deviate, and to whom, in all seasons, it can turn both for inspiration and for comfort. And what men have been produced by this free exercise of native talent! In every country, in every age, from the middle and lower classes the great have sprung. Poets, reformers, orators—all the wisest, the greatest, and the best, which ancient or modern times have produced—have risen from a comparatively humble situation. Who, in our own literature, shall be compared to Shakspeare and Milton—to the peasant boy of Stratford, or the blind old man, who sang so divinely of paradise, who struggled through his long and useful life against tyranny and oppression,

"And died the tyrant hater he began."

And yet Edmund Waller, a specimen of the talent of the aristocracy, noticed his noblest work only "as a tedious poem, written by John Milton, the blind schoolmaster!" Truly, though we have no Milton in the present day, we have many a Waller! many a bat-eyed critic, who thinks the farthing rushlight of his own conceptions brighter than the sun in his meridian!

If we regard the prose productions of the aristocratical school, our observations will be confined to a very narrow compass. Their attempts have been almost entirely limited to the novel; not that glorious vehicle of romance, which was built by Fielding and Scott—but a slight and flimsy contrivance, with the arms of the authors emblazoned upon it, with gaudy paint and superfluous gilding, and which, notwithstanding its

dazzling appearance, seemed ready to fall to pieces on the first rough causeway it should encounter. Nature and true feeling were, of course, discarded; for the first had always been a sealed book, and the second, like the good seed which fell amongst the thorns, was speedily choked and extinguished. But artifice and artificial ideas were the congenial materials from which the fabric was erected. They looked around them at the ephemeral swarm of fashion, of which they, too, were component parts. They pourtrayed themselves in their heroes; registered their own empty nothings in print; sketched the ball-room and the gambling-table, the fête and the soiree, as they had seen them a thousand and a thousand times; and sent forth countless productions, each spun into three goodly octavoes, to testify to an admiring world how the Exclusives lived, and moved, and had their being.* There is always a class of readers who devour such food with insatiable appetite. This class consists chiefly of those who do not belong to the higher orders, but who strive to approach them by the miserable device of aping their defects and peculiarities. Not contented with, and sometimes not even aspiring to dignify their own station by homely but honest manners, they must needs know what is done and said among the circles of the great; and, by them, works of the nature above described were hailed and received with rapture. We trust that many of this class have, long ago, discovered their mistake; we trust that the contemptible expression of superiority, and the shallow scorn with which the great body of the community were therein regarded, have had the effect of opening their eyes not only to the weakness of the aristocratic school, but to the glaring defects and absurdities of that social system which draws such a line of demarcation betwixt the higher and the lower classes—betwixt the nobles of an earthly power and those of God's creation.

We do not think any book worth perusal which does not either inculcate some useful moral, or tend to some general purpose. Let the epicureans of literature say what they please, utilitarianism is the great principle which, in this department, as well as in every other, must ultimately prevail. Nor does it, therefore, follow, as some Master Shallows and Master Slenders have asserted, that the lighter productions of genius would be robbed of their greatest charm, were this rule generally adopted. Truth, like the fire-fly in the phial, will always lend a lustre to the body in which it is conveyed; and the more prominently it is exhibited, the more brilliant will that lustre become. We are somewhat disposed to quarrel with a very talented novelist of the day, for not having attended more rigidly to this maxim, or rather for having attempted, in many of his works, to palliate vice, instead of exalting virtue. But we are confident that Mr Bulwer will soon come to perceive the error he may have committed, a confidence which we cannot extend to the literary chroniclers of fashion. The reading world are already wearied of their jargon. What does it signify to them whether or not the judicious use of a silver fork betrays the perfect gentleman,—whether the protegé of Crockford is or is not entitled to pouch the ill-gotten earnings of the dice, and, at the same time, to move in an exalted situation, without a spot on his character and his fame,—whether St James's is the boundary of the fashionable world,—and whether Bloomsbury exists or no? Truly, they are become like Gallio, who cared for none of these things.

But the poetry of our aristocratic authorlings! Oh, there their weakness was indeed most lamentably displayed! The new German Parnassus was nothing to our own. Where were the genuine poetical feeling, the vivid bursts of enthusiasm, the forcible delineation of character, the depth and concentration of expression? All gone—all evaporated; and nothing left but a most weak and vapid residuum. Originality was discarded; and imitation neglected the beauties, while assiduously copying the faults of its models. Byron was burlesqued, Moore was travestied, and Scott was parodied; although the two latter never suffered so much as did the author of "The Corsair." There was something so sublime about Conrad, something so mysterious in his gloominess, and so terrible in his passion, that the example was irresistible; and at least a hundred Conrads were presented to the world, each cultivating a wilderness of whisker, and looking misanthropical with all his might. It was, however, chiefly the male sex who indulged in such vagaries. The ladies, with that nicer tact which distinguishes them, sought a purer spring of poetry; and, since Mrs Hemans and Miss Landon had worshipped the gentle and the beautiful with distinguished success, and enwoven the fairest flowers of nature in their coronals of song, the Lady Emmelines turned to the same path, and celebrated the stars and the streams, the groves and the mountains, the spring-blossoms and the spring-birds, in floods of innocent nonsense. But why should we be severe upon them? They stood in no person's way; for nobody in his senses would ever read them beyond their own circles of immediate acquaintances; and even the *Court Journal* itself could do no more than puff them into momentary celebrity. We always thought that Gifford handled Rosa Matilda, and the other fair correspondents of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, with unbecoming roughness; for printing, though it may be an expensive, is, at least, a harmless amusement, when the circulation is limited to one's own friends and admirers.

It has often been said that our literature has lately been much depressed, and that poetry is a drug in the market. We may thank our noble friends for this, who have given us such store of emetic and narcotic medicines. But let a true poet arise among us, and much are we mistaken if his reception shall be found either cold or indifferent. He cannot, indeed, expect to attain his reputation at once; for, in letters, as in every other profession, an apprenticeship must

be undergone. But let him go on slowly and surely, achieving his fame by a gradual progression; and he will shortly find that there has been no period when a better or a fairer opportunity of success was presented to him than now. Wearied of the discordant harping and uninspiring strains of our modern minstrels, we are ready to be refreshed and delighted with the rich music of a loftier song; and now that all our greater bards have either voluntarily resigned the lyre, or are gone to meet the master-spirits of the olden time, we have need of other men to support our ancient glory. And where shall we look for those? We cannot hope that the nobility will soon produce another Byron; but we do expect, and that shortly, to behold some one arising amongst us, like another Saul among the people, who will shew us how easily the boasted talent of the aristocracy can be weighed down, when placed in the scales of reason and of genius, against the aristocracy of talent.

A.

NEW TIMES, OR REVOLUTIONARY TACTICS.

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.

THERE was an auld man, and he lived in a wood,
And his trade it was cutting the broom, broom, broom;
And he had an auld wife, and her trade (by the rood!)
Was scolding and cleaning the room, room, room.
Her name was M'Glum, and his name was M'Glum;
Baith were crippl'd and canker'd, but de'il o' them dumb:
When the twa scandalous tongues fell a-clappin thegither,
The hale parish kent frae ae end to the tither.
Quo' the great He M'Glum to the great She M'Glum—
Ae night, as, a-bed by the side o' the lum,
The twasome communed—"Ha'e ye e'er heard the like o't?
I was dinin' to-day wi' the laird o' M'Gleikit."
"The laird o' M'Gleiket! gude man, but ye're glaikit!
Auld Robin M'Glum! set him up! wi' a laird!
Haud awa, honest man! but yer mother-wit's straikit,
An' the wee haet ye had couldna weel ha'e been spared."
"Haud yer daft clishmaclavers, ye jade, and be mum;
We maun haud up our heads a bit, Mistress M'Glum;
An' what wad the hale parish think, gin they knew,
That the great laird M'Gleikit asked kindly for you?
An' the laird and I talked 'bout the Parliament stories;
An' he booed, an' said, 'Robin, ye'll vote wi' the Tories;'
An' the leddy she bought a bit saxpenny broom,
An' slipp'd a goold coin 'tween ma finger and thumb."
"Ye're daft, Rob M'Glum," quo' his pacified rib;
"The warl' kens fu' weel that his honour's a Wig;
An' the butler and maidens, Jean, Eppy, and Tib.
Cry, 'Down wi' the Tories—they're no worth a fig!'"
"I glowred, and the laird whispered, 'Times are changed, Robin;
Sir George is the boy, an' the Whigs maun be bobbin.'
I booed, and had haflins just stammered out 'Conscience,'
When the laird leuch, and wink'd, and said, 'Nonsense, man, nonsense!'
I speered at the butler, at e'en, o'er the drappie,
Whatna chap they ca'ed *Times*—I was bauld wi the nappy.
Quoth he, 'He's a lang headed birkie, an' cunnin',
That wons* by the Parliament Houses at Lunnon;
He's a chap kens fu' weel a' the airts o' stock-jobbin';
He was lang a stanch Whig, an' his coat was true blue;
But now he says, Robin, the Whigs maun be bobbin,
And the blue's turned white, an' the auld's turned new.
I' the days o' langsyne he was gleg o' his wit,
An' gied puir folk mair insight than great folk thocht fit;
But noo, Mother Kirk, and the Tories, and Queen,
Ha'e advised him to pu' a thick drab o'er their een.
But, 'tween you and me, stickit Jock, the laird's brither—
The haverel—but that's neither ane nor the tither—
Is to get a snug berth i' the army or kirk—
Punds, twa or three thoosan', an' barrin the wark.
But mum, Maister Robin, an' vote wi' the laird,
An' gin the *Times*' coat should be yellow or blue,
Piebald or rat-coloured, fashna yer beard—
When the broom turns an auld ane, the laird gets a new.'"

* Lives.

ON PENSIONING THE IRISH PRIESTHOOD.

A QUESTION of vital moment to Ireland—of universal importance, as it affects in its determination the great principles of religious freedom—has lately occupied much of the attention of the directors of public opinion throughout the empire. We would speak briefly, yet with solemn earnestness, the convictions to which we have arrived with reference to it, by calm and careful investigation.

Among the afflictions of the most wretched nation on God's earth, should be numbered the quackery of the political empirics, who, in utter ignorance or recklessness of the genius, circumstances, and wishes of its people, have been, for long years, insulting them by the suggestion of remedies which they loathe more deeply, and hold pregnant with worse mischiefs, than the actual ills which they endure. Their state has been anomalous, and every pert sciolist in legislation has deemed himself fully competent to work its improvement. Their own sentiments have rarely been taken into the account. While the speculator spun his fine-drawn web of theory, he has fancied them sunk in a condition of barbarism or pupilage, and treated them as subjects for experiment, having as little right to control the curious philosopher in his researches, as mice in an air-pump, or insects crushed in the torturing gripe of an entomologist. Their body politic was, to use the ever-memorable phrase of Macaulay, "a *corpus vile*," which its governors might treat with impunity as they pleased; and they were automata, to be moved and regulated by superior agencies, without any regard to their own wits or reason. They have changed these things much in the latter days; the majesty of their opinion has been triumphantly attested; but still the traces of ancient prejudice linger in the minds of British thinkers, or they would not dare to propose and complacently urge into immediate operation a measure which nineteen-twentieths—ay, ninety-nine one-hundredths—of

the inhabitants of Ireland abhor and spurn away, as the heaviest wrong which could be inflicted on them—the most bitter curse which could blast their hopes of good.

Shall the Irish priesthood become the hirelings of the State? No! answer the Irish people. Yes! reply certain Whig doctrinaires and Tory corruptionists. Were matters ordered as they ought to be, what need of farther question? The people's voice would be decisive; and Whigs might impotently theorize, and Tories machinate innocuously. But, as it is, we must not despise the intimations which have been given by influential sections of both parties, of their anxiety to adorn with gilded collars the necks of the Catholic clergy. There is danger—not immediate, perhaps, yet not very distant—that an attempt may be made to set at defiance the sense of the country, and overbear the opposition of the priesthood; and, that we may obviate this danger, by manifesting clearly the mischievous tendencies of the pension scheme, we shall pass in review the arguments of its supporters.

A certain class of persons, of whom many may be found among professing reformers as well as among avowed and out-spoken Conservatives, who dread the prevalence of the democratic principle, and would repel its advances beyond the boundaries which, in their timid wisdom, they have established for its restraint—seeing that the clergy of the people in Ireland own allegiance to this principle, and propagate its sway widely and effectively—seeing that they cling by the millions, and head them in every assault against the strongholds of tyranny and corruption—seeing that they are, in no degree, dependent, through hope or through fear, on those in high places, and that, of course, their conduct is regulated by no regard to the mere pleasure of the powers that be—deem it advisable to put a check upon the outbreakings of their political zeal, and to loosen the bonds which unite them with the nation. Give the Irish priests a pension, say they, and they will no more be a dangerous order of men. Gratitude for past favours will make them the voluntary tools of the benefactors; or, if this be not sufficient, dread of the future may do the work of debasement as effectually. Now, the Irish priest becomes unavoidably a popular leader, exerting his immense influence in accordance with popular wishes and in furtherance of popular views. Pension him, and he will learn to stand apart from the herd, and cease to consider his interest and theirs in every case the same. He will regard with reverence the givers of the good things of this world, and find no more his profit and his glory in co-operating with his flock, whose good esteem he will not then care to conciliate. Agitation will be subdued, and the turbulent storm of opinion guided into new and quiet courses. Trouble will be spared to the government, and tranquillity restored to the country.

Again: there is a class of persons, who, in their overweening affection for the Irish peasant, profess that the priesthood should not be permitted to wring their hard exactions from his abject penury. They quote the veracious statements of Mr Croly, and ask, whether it be not cruel to subject him to the payment of baptism dues, and marriage dues, and funeral dues, and mass dues, when he has not wherewithal to clothe the nakedness, or allay the hunger-pangs of his famishing children? Away, they say, with these clerical oppressions! away with these grinding taxes on a population of paupers! Pension the priest—oblige him to forego his demands for individual services—and his parishioners will hail, with delight, their emancipation from a most cruel thraldom. This argument, be it noted, is somewhat novel, and has lately been of special popularity.

Lastly: there are persons who deplore the want of birth and breeding among the Irish Catholic clergy. It is said—they are not gentlemen; they are vulgar in mind and manners; they are fitted neither to adorn an advanced society, nor to promote the progress of a backward civilization. And they are thus, because the wealthy and respectable classes have no inducement to devote their children to the service of the altar. Pension them liberally; let their income issue from the Treasury, unpolluted by immediate passage from the hands of the multitude, regulated in its amount by no impertinent exercise of their discretion; and the aristocracy of riches and of rank may honour the priesthood by enrolling some of their younger scions among the freshmen of Maynooth. Thus will the character of the order be exalted, and the reproach of coarseness and meanness attach to it no more.

These three arguments embody, we believe, everything that has been said in favour of the pension. We address ourselves to expose these specious fallacies, with all the brevity that may consist with clearness.

And, first:—For what have the champions of religious equality been contending against the friends of ecclesiastic monopolies? On what fundamental doctrine have they relied in their pleadings for the abatement of the gigantic nuisances of church establishments? To what sacred principle have the free-minded dissenters of Britain professed attachment, and the tithe-martyrs of Ireland testified in their blood? The object is this:—The recognition of the right of every man to worship God as he deems fitting—acknowledging no superiority in his brother, because he professes a more favoured form of faith, and compelled by no wrongful enforcement to maintain a system of religion which he pronounces false. The principle is this:—That it is gross injustice to take from any sect of Christian citizens, in opposition to their own free judgment and interest, any amount of property, for the propagation of the tenets of any other. And is that country, which, by long endeavours, and through many sufferings, has won for itself imperishable renown, by labouring for this sacred object, and exerting this glorious principle, now to become recreant to the cause in which its best energies have been spent, and its bravest children sacrificed? Can the Irish Catholics falsify all their

professions, most solemnly set forth in the face of Heaven and the world? Can they, having successfully resisted the extortions of the English Church, because it yielded nothing in return—because they could not tamely suborn the spread of opinions which their souls abjured—can they bind the Protestant in the thraldom from which they clamoured so loudly for relief, and, with monstrous inconsistency, put upon his conscience the very burden against which their own revolted with such deep and indomitable disgust? No: surely not. On this high ground, we take our stand—on the ground of right and justice—of consistency and honour. The voluntary principle is compromised by the receipt of a provision from Government, in any measure, or in any form, by the Irish priesthood; to that principle, they, and the millions whom they have marshalled to its victorious assertion, are vowed adherents; and they will not—and, if they would, the people are ready to renounce and resist the base backsliding as a national indignity—they cannot become the salaried servants of the State.

Holding this sole argument a conclusive estopel to further debate upon the subject, proceed we, nevertheless, to expose the futility of the pretences put forward in favour of this mischievous measure. We admit at once, that the Tory who regards it as an instrument for propping up despotism, and staying the march of social improvement, is wise in demanding its application to these excellent purposes. The nature of man, the whole history of nations, the sad experience which we gather from the ongoings of the current times, accord in testifying that a pensioned clergy will ever be found, not in the van of freedom's battle, but entrenched behind her deadliest adversaries; not exalting their voices in bold proclamations of the rights and dignity of humanity, and rearing a front of stern and unblenching hardihood against those who would deny and tread them down, but whispering slavish flatteries in the ear of greatness, and grovelling in the dust before the oppressors of their kind. We have no reason to believe that the Catholic clergy of Ireland are gifted with peculiar strength to resist the seducing blandishments which have tempted, from the broad highway of public virtue, so many of their body in bygone days; and we deny not that those who hate, and those who fear them now, for the exertion of their influence and energy in the service of their wretched land, may rationally expect to make them sluggards in that arduous service, if they can clothe them in the livery of a British minister. But, let them not be deceived. While the priest is with the people, he is powerful: when he deserts the people, his power departs. Irishmen are jealous of the purity of their political leaders. They have been taught to regard with intense aversion all connexion between their pastors and a government which has seldom smiled upon them but to deceive, and never vouchsafed them benefits until refusal became dangerous. With one decisive and universal outcry, they reclaim against such a connexion; and the priest who would despise their reclamation, and outrage their settled convictions of expediency and right, must relinquish, *ipso facto*, the dominion which he wields over his flock. The condition of attachment would thus be broken, and mistrust would take the place of confidence. Government might subsidize a corps of clerical mercenaries; but their capacity, for good or evil, wholly depends on their possession of the affection of the nation: and this they would irrecoverably forfeit. Again and again have we heard Irish Catholics declare, that they would never worship at a sanctuary while a pensioned minister offered the sacrifice; and, were the secular clergy to accept this boon, their brethren of the monastic orders might soon occupy that place in the general esteem from which the others would worthily and surely be ejected. Let Conservatives—Whig and Tory—weigh well these truths, and hope not to brave the proud spirit of Ireland, or subdue, by the bribery of her priesthood, the might which she has gathered from her sorrows and despair.

The argument based on the suffering of the peasantry from the exaction of their pastors, we shall dismiss as of no account with any thinking man. A nation never suffers silently when opportunity of complaint is afforded. In Ireland, no censorship checks the outpouring of public feeling—no Holy Office punishes disobedience to clerical authority; and have the Irish Catholics appealed against the grievances entailed on them by their spiritual guides, or refused to yield them the revenues which poorly reward their hard and ceaseless toils? They can surely judge best of their own condition; and, if they be satisfied, what need is there of the vicarious grumblings of hypocritical philanthropists?

No—the Irish Catholic would be too happy were he only subjected to the payment of the dues of his own priest; were he relieved from the exactions of an alien church, which insults while it spoliates—at the same time branding him as a member of a degraded caste, and swelling its bloated pomp by contributions levied on his rags and wretchedness. He gives to his pastor freely, because he feels that value is given him in return; he gives cheerfully, because to him he looks as his counsellor in difficulty, his comforter in affliction, his only fast friend when the world, and the world's law, are turned against him; who tires not in charitable offices, who cheers his poor hovel by kindly greeting and familiar converse, who braves the fury of the elements, to kneel by his pallet of straw, in the wintry midnight—bringing him consolation in his agony, and brightening his passage to the grave with the blessed hopes of immortality. Freely, cheerfully, he brings his offering to the altar; and he indulges an honest pride in rendering his priest respectable and happy.

The position of the Catholic clergy of Ireland is not rightly understood by the mass of the British people; it is strange and peculiar: and writers who trade on the ignorance and gullibility of the many, for the profit of the few, take

advantage of prevalent misconceptions, and hold up their conduct to the disapproval of multitudes who know not the standard by which alone its integrity or viciousness can be justly tested. The apostate *Times*, and the yelping pack who bark in with its ruffian howl against all the objects of its ancient idolatry, point to their interference in elections, and other matters of political concernment; and claim, without further argument, the emphatic condemnation of the public upon the character of the universal body. As the error which is thus propagated is full of evil, and as its correction is, at the same time, most pertinent to the question at issue, and of great general import to the interests of Ireland, we beg attention to the following observations, which have, at least, something of novelty, if not much of force.

We are free to admit, that, as a common rule of action, ministers of religion should confine themselves to the discharge of their spiritual functions, and eschew the hot conflicts of factious partisanship. We are not so foolish as to echo the cant of the time, and demand that the clergyman should forget the rights and duties of the citizen; but, in a well-ordered society, it is not his vocation to summon men to strive for their civil privileges—to make or meddle often in their temporal affairs. In England, it beseems him not, nor in Scotland:—but in Ireland the case has been very different. Throughout Britain, there exists a middle class, intelligent, independent, admirably competent to self-government, to self-control, and self-assertion; throughout Britain, too, there exists an aristocracy, which, though it be frequently found in opposition to the nation, is yet national—the growth of the country—closely identified with its people, by old associations, by historic recollections, by present interest—often, too, by feeling and affection. In Ireland, on the contrary, there are but two orders—the very rich and the very poor. The palace stands by the hovel. Penury and pomp are ranged in startling and horrid contrast. There is no gentle shelving down from the apex of the social cone to its basement. The descent is abrupt, and a wide chasm yawns between the oligarchy and the people. There is, unhappily, no middle class. The oligarchy, too, is alien from the soil and from the blood of the natives. It was forced upon them by external violence; and the spirit of conquest and arrogant domination continues to pervade it until this hour. It has not merged in the body of the community; it has not been imbued with their peculiarities of sentiment and character, nor imbued them with its own. It stands, scowling defiance, cherishing hostility, exercising oppression towards the producers of its wealth and luxuries. It is still an army of occupation in an enemy's country; jealous of the inhabitants, estranged from them, and, in its turn, the object of their dislike and suspicion. Now, note the distinction between the position of the clergy in Britain and in Ireland, and the consequent distinction in their obligations to society.

In Britain, there are rich and noble personages to lead the people onward; to adopt their cause and advocate their principles: and, when the very exalted in wealth and rank sever themselves from the people, the loss is their own; for the people have energy, and knowledge, and strength, which make them fearless to brave, and potent to overcome, the most malignant enmity of their lordly adversaries. In Britain there is no proper place for political parsons; their agency is not needed, and is justly deemed, when it is exerted, unseemly and obtrusive. But, in Ireland, the priesthood have been called to supply to a trampled helotry, in the first place, the want of natural leaders among the gentry—in the second, the want of an educated and independent order of farmers, merchants, and manufacturers. The Catholics pined in miserable thraldom for conscience' sake; a wicked and insolent ascendancy erected its bloody crest in exulting triumph over their prostrate rights. At length, wrong had overpast the limits of endurance; the nation, expanding in physical and intellectual proportions, chafed against its crackling bonds; the time was ripe; and the millions panted to strike for liberty. Then came the question, Who shall rule the wilderness of free minds, and organize the discordant and tumultuary elements which alone can work a moral revolution? Not the Protestant aristocracy: they were, almost to a man, foaming with the rabid fury of intolerance. Not the Catholic aristocracy: they had ever been mean and spiritless, truckling and sycophantic; rather choosing to tread at the heels of their oppressors, though many a kick and spurn fitly rewarded their base subserviency, than to stand at the head of a generous population, allied to them by community of faith, of interest, and of wrong. The liberal Protestants were few in number; and the Catholic masses, sunk in penury and disheartened by disappointment, were incompetent to furnish, in every locality, enlightened and fearless assertors of their wishes—wise to plan, bold to execute, and, above all, possessing indisputable claims to the respect and confidence of their compatriots. All eyes turned upon the priesthood. Eminent in intelligence, eminent in influence, filled with earnest affection for their native land, and ready to resist the authors of its misery, from whose harsh control they, almost alone among Irishmen, could claim exemption—they were thrust, by the overmastering necessity of circumstance, into the front of the battle, and obliged to form the advanced guard of the national force. The object of the general movement in a special manner justified their junction with their flocks; duty to their country and their religion rendered it imperative. They incited and directed the energies of Catholic Ireland; they kindled its patriot enthusiasm, and bound its children in a holy brotherhood; they gave body and prevalence to popular sentiment; evoked the almighty spirit of opinion; and were the auspicious heralds—may we not say the main producers?—of an event, the most wondrous in the mode of its accomplishment,

the most momentous and far-reaching in its results, which, for ages, the world had witnessed. Thus it was that the priesthood first became agitators; and thus it is that they are still often driven to the arena of politics. They stand between an alien aristocracy and a country ground down by its avarice and heartlessness. They stand, in default of a native gentry in which that country might confide, in default of a middle class which might govern and sustain its suffering multitudes—the advisers and guardians of the community, in seasons of public peril, when the landlord would overbear his tenants by tyrannous violence, and make them perjurers before their God, and traitors to their most sacred social trust.

We have admitted that the position of the priesthood is strange, peculiar, and would be, in another state of things, a most fit subject for serious animadversion. Let the Orange oligarchs turn from their evil ways, and bind themselves in cordial union with the creators of their riches; or let just laws and impartial institutions give tranquillity to the troubled island, and foster the growth of an industrious and instructed middle class; and the Catholic clergy will abdicate their political authority; for their occupation, as politicians, will be gone. But, until a change occur in the condition of Ireland, which may do away with the existing necessity for their exertions—until efficient substitutes for these upright and disinterested men be found—we say, emphatically, God forbid that they should forfeit the affections of their countrymen, and lose their great capacities for good, or be made slow to employ them on behalf of freedom and humanity, by accepting the patronage of the Crown, or the gold of the Treasury!

We have partially diverged from the train of our observations—not, we trust, with any unprofitable tediousness—and we have little space to consider the argument for a pension, from its probable operation in bringing men of rank and high culture to the priesthood. The imagination that such a result would spring from it, is purely delusive. It could not be so large as to hold forth a sufficient inducement to the mere worldling to forego his darling enjoyments, and live an ascetic life; and he who seeks his reward in Heaven needs no pecuniary motive to enter on its service. But who desires that hirelings should be lured into the Church of Christ? Who would make the Temple of Divinity a place of merchandise? English hierarchs may tell us that swollen revenues, and gorgeous palaces, and princely domains, are required to kindle zeal for holiness in the bosoms of those who profess to glory in the cross, and derive their dignity from humble fishermen and mechanics; but the Irish Catholic loves not to find in his pastor a Mammon-worshipper. He may sometimes be rough in outward seeming; for he is of the people, and he dwells ever with the people: is he, therefore, less estimable?—nay, is he not rather more excellently qualified for his offices than if he were a perfumed popinjay, elevated on the stilts of aristocracy, and shrinking from the pollution of contact with the vulgar? Let the intellect be tempered with sound knowledge; let the heart be ruled by generous and kindly impulses; let homely sense, and sterling honesty, and earnest devotedness to duty, adorn the character of the priest; and, while it matters nothing from what grade of society he takes his origin, it is comparatively of small account with what form of manners he clothes his truth and uprightness. If his education, in the first instance, be rightly governed, we need not fear much injury from the influences of the conventional habits and feelings which prevail around him; and, in any case, of this we may be well assured, that they would operate equally for benefit or mischief upon the pensioned hireling and upon the man who lives, according to the apostolic law, by the altar which he serves.

Catholics of Ireland! repudiate the fatal gift. All reason and experience proclaim that no priesthood can form connexion with the secular power, and keep its integrity undefiled. From the hour in which the first imperial convert consummated the unnatural and unholy alliance between Church and State, it has been cursing the world with monstrous births of crime and tyranny, of slavery and wrong. It has made the pure Gospel of the Saviour subserve the basest purposes of human ambition, and rent His seamless garment by endless strife between the (so-called) imitators of His long-suffering meekness. It has anointed despotism; consecrated spoliation; impiously sealed with the sanction of the Most High, the foulest aggression on man's most precious privileges; and often steeped His Revelation in the innocent blood of His creatures. Touch not the evil thing! Flee from it as from a wasting pestilence. Listen to no talk of compromise! Heed not the deceivers who prate of enriching your clergy, and, at the same time, preserving them from all dependence on their new paymasters. With you, or with the government, they must ally themselves; and, as ye have been united in bitter sorrow, and hard endurance, and bold testimony for the rights of conscience, still cling together, and allow no cunning devices of political chicanery to effect a division which the fiery persecution of ages was impotent to accomplish. Even now your virtuous resolve, in this regard, has compelled an honest but misjudging man,* to forego his intention of claiming the pension from the Legislature. May it be ever firm, unwavering, and changeless! Other speculators, less reverential of your opinion, will yet labour to realize the project which he has abandoned; be still watchful to discover, and active to repel, their insidious aggressions upon your national happiness and honour; for it is of special concern to both, that your national clergy be held immaculate and independent.

* Mr O'Brien, M.P. for Limerick.

THE FAIRIES' SONG.

TITANIA.—Come, now, a roundel and a fairy song.—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

LET us wander, let us wander,
Where the dewdrop glistens sheen;
Where the pearly rills meander
Through meads of brightest green.
We'll trip it by the fountain
That waters yonder plain;
We'll scale the rocky mountain—
A merry, merry train!

Where the ivy bough is clinging
To the grey and time-worn stone,
Our tiny voices ringing
Shall wake the echo's moan.
Where the purple heath is growing
On the wild hill's lonely side,
When the midnight breeze is blowing,
We'll featly, featly glide!

When the crystal billow gleameth
Beneath night's silver ray,
Whilst each weary mortal dreameth
His cares and toils away,
Beside the lake we'll linger,
Beneath the spreading fern,
Till Aurora's rosy finger
Shall herald in the morn.

When the moping owl is hooting
His melancholy cry,
We'll watch the meteor shooting
Across the starlit sky:
Yes—we'll trip it by the fountain,
And o'er each mossy plain;
We'll scale the rocky mountain—
A merry, merry train! E.

SONNETS.—TO ADELE.

WHAT car hath borne thee, Lady, from the skies
Of thy bright land—whose passion-breathing air
Gave thy deep voice those accents rich and rare—
Whose sun still flashes in thy burning eyes?
With sudden gladness, and in fond surprise,
I saw and heard thee, rapt, as though I were
The creature of a dream, and thou the fair
Presiding genius of its fantasies.
So strange and yet so welcome was the tone
Of thy sweet foreign speech—so unrestrained
Thy natural grace, to colder lands unknown—
So witching wild thy glances—so unfeigned
The passion of thy song—I could have thrown
My being at thy feet, and ever there remained!

If aught of service, sacrifice, or praise,
Of passion's sweet delirium, or the pride
Of beauty, with enchantment's power allied,
Were wanting still to crown thee, or upraise,
Dark Lady!—Oh, were thine one wish denied,
How would I seek a thousand cunning ways
To bring such gifts as love with love repays,
And win an ear for all I now must hide!
But thou art rich; and little is thy care
To learn how passion's busy wings would ply,
Were ought to conquer that thy heart desires:
And I—so poor in all my love requires—
Were then but troubled with the more despair,
To hear thee ask for gifts I cannot buy! V.

TO ——.

LADY, not easy were the task to tell,
How the deep radiance of thine eloquent eye
Winneth all bosoms by its mingled spell
Of tenderness and queenly majesty;
Nor how those ever-changing hues excel,
Which o'er thy cheek in blushing beauty fly—
Such hues as paint the skies with roseate light,
When the slow twilight softens into night.

But 'tis not, when before thy shrine we bow,
The idol-worship claimed by beauty alone,
Which we accord to thee; albeit thou
Compeer in perfect loveliness hast none.
Immortal mind is seated on thy brow;
And shall we idly laud its ivory throne?
Nay, were the gem within less rich, then we
Might learn to praise the casket worthily.

Thine, lady, is the better praise which hath
Its pure source in the spirit's hidden spring;
For thou hast held along no common path,
But, in the free soul's chainless aspiring,
Right nobly hast disproved the vulgar faith,
That *man* alone may rise on mental wing;
While woman's highest office is to be
The gilded toy of his proud sovereignty.

MR HUME'S SPEECH.

Printed by the Committee for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge among the People. pp. 17.

THE MAGISTRACY OF ENGLAND, ITS ABUSES, AND THEIR REMEDY IN POPULAR ELECTION. *By a Barrister.* pp. 30.

THE very brief and hasty notice, which was all that our time and space permitted us to take of Mr Hume's important speech, in our Literary Register for July, makes it incumbent upon us, as friends of the people, to return to it; as we apprehend that the Society's publications are not yet so widely diffused in Scotland and Ireland as some of them deserve to be. Upon the 10th of March, when the motion of the Marquis of Chandos, for the repeal of the malt tax, tested the honesty of politicians, and caused divisions both among the Tories and Reformers, it seemed good to that mirror of consistency and modesty, Sir James Graham, to go out of his way to attack Mr Hume, Mr Grote, and that class of tried and thorough-going reformers whose accession to office (should they be called upon to form part of any new Ministry) would, he insinuated, be injurious to public credit; as their opinions would lead them to break faith with the fundholders. These insinuations were repelled by Mr Hume with becoming spirit; and Sir James drew in his

horns, alleging that he only meant that the corn-laws might be repealed and a property-tax imposed, if Mr Hume and his friends came into power. So the people hope and believe; and for this they earnestly long to see such men as Mr Grote and Mr Hume in power. Mr Hume did not shrink from avowing his friendliness to both of these measures; and threw back upon Sir James his insinuations of the violation of public credit, by stating that it ill became that honourable baronet to deal out such sweeping accusations against unoffending individuals, and to forget his own extraordinary propositions for robbing the public creditor, and every man having annually claims upon the landed interest. Mr Hume, in a note, quotes the infamous passage from Sir James's pamphlet, *Corn and Currency*, advocating this breach of faith and direct violation of public credit. A more distinct avowal of the plundering privileges and propensities of the aristocracy, was never made. "I will not," says the accuser of Mr Hume, Mr Grote, and the Reformers, "I will not attempt to deny, that the course which I shall recommend to the landowners is open to grave objections, and that it must produce considerable injustice!" Candid confession! But what then? Why, "if it save the *landed interest*, it will also restore vigour to our commerce, and plenty to our labouring poor." Therefore, dear, good, patient people, submit quietly to be robbed; for we, the land proprietors, will be sure to spend among you a handsome share of the plunder we acquire. As if a highwayman, in rifling a country inn-keeper of his purse of sovereigns, should gag the man, and whisper, "What is the use of all this discontent and bawling? I'll be sure to expend one-half in your own house, for wine and a supper, for which you shall be handsomely paid in your own money—so, pray, what the worse are you?" In another place (page 99 of this pamphlet) this honourable baronet says, "*I strenuously and boldly contend both for the equity and necessity of imposing a direct tax* TO A CONSIDERABLE *amount on all annuities charged* ON LAND, *or payable from the* EXCHEQUER." Here is the mirror of good faith! But this is not one-fourth of it. Sir James very deliberately points out the limits of his scale of composition, failing his first plan, which he considers better; and for this good reason, that "*the tax on all annuitants is a direct avowal of the inability to pay according to the full amount of our ancient standards*;" is a memorial to all governments, and to all nations, that there are limits beyond which taxation cannot be carried; and that, in common prudence, there are bounds even to national expenditure; and that war is a game, not of profit, but of loss." From all of which, Sir James draws the fair inference, that this mulcting the public creditor, and men who have been foolish enough to lend their money to the landed aristocracy, "will operate as a wholesome check on our financial operations." But this is not enough; and one might conclude that some mischievous imp, foreseeing the night on which Sir James should make the attack on Mr Hume and his friends, had guided his pen in making him beforehand write down his own damnation. "It will be urged," he states, "that the admission of *expediency*, in direct violation of parliamentary engagements, is immoral and impolitic; since, with states as with individuals, the *honestum* and not the *utile* should be the strict rule of conduct. But are not the landowners in actual possession of a monopoly, firmly secured by an existing act of Parliament? . . . . . The public creditor relies on parliamentary security, the private creditor founds his claim on equity or law; but the landowner has *a superior title*—he possesses the sanction of Parliament, and equity is also on his side: low rents and high taxes must ruin him; he holds, at this moment, the vantage ground; Parliament stands pledged to his monopoly, and he would be insane indeed to abandon it without a fixed and ample dispensation." Such are the doctrines of one of our parliamentary representatives; who here makes no scruple to avow that he would confiscate a large part of the property of every fundholder, and of every man holding mortgages over land, for the benefit of one class—the landowners; and such are, in part, the arguments which Mr Hume happily retorts upon the unblushing individual, who, having first employed them, now turns round and cries out, "Spoliation!" In Sir James it appears an infatuation to have attempted to raise this false alarm—the ordinary trick of the wiliest of the Tories with the weakest and most credulous part of the nation; who ought to know, that it is not *monied* representatives—the Humes and the Grotes—whom they have to dread, but the needy, rapacious, and unscrupulous aristocracy; who would, as Sir James says, "be insane indeed to part with their monopoly." We should imagine that, out of his own mouth, Sir James Graham had received his *quietus* from Mr Hume.*

Mr Hume supports the *total repeal* of the malt-tax upon the following grounds:—1*st*, That it will reduce the taxation of the country, and thus *compel* the Government to reduce the *useless* military establishments; which they will not do, until the people withdraw the means of supporting them. 2*dly*, That the tax on malt is an unequal and oppressive tax, falling chiefly upon the beverage of the industrious classes, from whom it levies five millions a-year. 3*dly*, That this tax has had a pernicious effect upon public

* As this article goes through the press, we happen to have Cobbett's *Manchester Lectures* lying before us, in which the veteran thus refers to his especial favourite, the descendant of "John of the Bright Sword." "Let us," says Cobbett, "go into that Council (the Cabinet Council) which my Lord Coke describes as 'an honourable, noble, and *reverend*' assembly; let us go in among these *reverend* persons, and clap our hand upon the shoulder of Sir James Graham of Netherby, a member, too, in another place, of the '*noblest assembly of freemen in the world*;' and let us pull out his pamphlet of 1827, and therein let us read a distinct, a most unequivocal proposition, to deduct *thirty per cent.* from the interest of the fundholders. Only one-third! But we may ask Sir James, reverend as he is, upon what principle it is that he would take *thirty per cent.*, other than that principle which would apply to the taking of the whole?"

morals, by driving the mass of the people from the national beverage to the use of ardent spirits of a bad quality; and, 4*thly*, That, if the defalcation of the revenue should not be made good by an increased revenue from other excisable commodities, and a reduction of expenditure, he would approve a change in the system of taxation to one bearing more fairly upon the accumulated wealth and capital of the country. But we must refer to the speech itself for the able reasoning in support of these views, and also for the practical details. To prove that the consumption of malt has decreased as the duty increased, Mr Hume cited the returns for the ten years ending 1794 and 1824. The increase of the population from thirty to forty per cent. within the same period, must also be kept in view in comparing the respective quantities. Mr Hume has also given complete tables of returns for fifty years, in his notes. In reference to the effect of the high duty, he remarked—

In the ten years ending 1794, the average quantity of malt which paid duty in England and Wales, was 25,751,775, and, in the ten years ending 1824, 25,246,940. —In the former period, the duty was 10*s.* 6*d.* per quarter, and, in the latter periods, 34*s.* 8*d.*; 28*s.*; reduced to 20*s.* 8*d.* per quarter in 1823. The average consumption of malt in the United Kingdom in each of the three years, 1828 to 1830, both inclusive, was 32,404,718 bushels; and the average of the three years, 1831 to 1833, both inclusive, was 38,693,653—shewing an increase of 20 per cent. in the three years after the repeal of the beer tax. If we look at the fact that the increased consumption has been taking place in Great Britain from the removal of the tax on beer in October 1830; and that in Ireland, where there has been no reduction of the tax on malt since 1822, the consumption has been stationary, or has rather decreased—I say, taking into consideration that circumstance, with the facts I have already stated from the returns on the table, we have a strong additional argument in favour of the entire repeal of this tax. The high duty on malt and beer, and the low duty on spirits, have been, in my humble opinion, productive—morally—of the most disastrous effects among the labouring population; and I hold it to be our bounden duty to correct those evils, and to try, by the removal of this tax on beer, even at the risk of losing some revenue, to give them a cheap supply of wholesome and nutritious drink, that we may, if possible, counteract the lamentable habits which have been produced by that bad legislation.

Mr Hume goes on to shew, in his own perspicuous and convincing manner, and with the full force of Cocker's infallible logic, that twenty millions are expended annually in the support of our civil and military establishments, where *six* millions ought to be sufficient for every really useful purpose; and that, notwithstanding the undeviating assertions of every successive set of ministers, there is still ample room for retrenchment, without having recourse to any of the wild and mischievous schemes formerly promulgated by Sir James Graham. To detail all the items of reduction proposed by Mr Hume, would be to reprint the greater part of the pamphlet. But he shews decisively, that savings which should cover much more than the highest estimated defalcation from the total abolition of the malt tax, might be effected with perfect ease. And the beauty of it is, that the most of these savings are to be made by the performance of acts of justice imperatively called for. Redress the church grievances of Ireland, and a million a-year may be saved in military expenses. Allow the Canadians to manage their own local affairs, which is but justice and good policy—and a saving is made of from £200,000 to £300,000 a-year. Such schemes of retrenchment are therefore twice blest. Savings, he shews, may be made in the Ordnance department; in warehouse and quarantine expenses, and in the collection of the revenue; he shews that, while we economize our institutions, we shall also reform them, and make them better as well as cheaper. Mr Hume finally presses the total repeal of the malt tax, if it were for no other object than to make the Government better consider their ways and means, boldly affirming that any really economical ministry may forthwith effect a saving of from ten to fifteen per cent., upon the £20,000,000 of expenditure, which is altogether unconnected with the interest of the debt. After alluding, in pointed terms, to the barefaced iniquity of the legacy duty, which, in injustice, has never been exceeded in any country whatever, Mr Hume comes to a property-tax, and to Mr Pitt's bill for a tax on *real* as well as personal property, which was abandoned by that manacled statesman, because he was informed, that, if he persisted in this measure of equal justice, he would lose the support of the country gentlemen! After stating that the sum levied by that iniquitous tax called the probate duty, amounted to £44,000,000, since it was imposed on personal property, while land has not contributed one sixpence, and proving the gross injustice of the whole present system of taxation—Mr Hume shews that the time has come when the land proprietors and aristocracy can no longer evade paying their share of the public burdens they have mainly assisted in laying upon the people. He shews that they have arrogated, and, unfortunately for the people, have been able to retain, all political power, on the plea that property is the test of representation; and that the people have suffered a threefold robbery at the hands of persons claiming to be of the purest honour, and affecting to have no object in view save the general welfare of the country. The aristocracy, thus pertinaciously holding legislative power, and thus abusing it, enjoy a monopoly of the people's food, by which they annually levy millions, nominally as rent, but really, and in no very roundabout way, from the pockets of the community. They have enjoyed pensions, sinecures, and useless places; and, at home and abroad, have been supported upon the taxes to which they have contributed so little in proportion to their grinded fellow-subjects. They have had the best share of the fruits of a tax upon personal property, in descent, amounting to two millions a-year, whilst all landed property, church property, and corporation property, has descended without loss or charge. There are portions of Mr Hume's speech which should be framed and glazed, and hung up in every poor man's house, as a memento of that system which he has exposed for so many years, in season and out of sea-

son—if urging the claims of justice to the working man ever could be out of season. We trust that his reward is not far distant, in the accomplishment of those objects to which the best practical talents for business, zeal unequalled, and perseverance that has no parallel in the history of British Statesmen, have been devoted for the better part of his useful life. Before closing, we should observe, that the reader is not to imagine that, in advocating the *total* abolition of the malt-tax, Mr Hume loses sight of the necessary contemporary measure—and it ought to be the antecedent one—of abolishing the corn-laws, without which the repeal of the malt-tax is but an unsubstantial mockery, and, indeed, a favourite scheme with Tory landowners, the real effect of which would be to lay upon the people's bread whatever can be saved in their beer. Until the fields of England can produce double crops—or wheat and barley at once—or, until our ports are freely opened to foreign grain, the repeal of the malt-tax is, in itself, but a robbing of Peter to pay Paul—a quiet, sly drawing out of one pocket what is ostentatiously put into the other.

THE BARRISTER'S PAMPHLET.

While Parliament is occupied in reforming corporations and civic magistracies, private individuals are directing their attention to the reform of abuses in the county magistracy, which is hardly less necessary. "A Barrister," the author of the pamphlet named at the head of this article, proposes the sweeping remedy of a popular election of justices of peace, as well as of the councils of municipalities; and this, he contends, and with a fair show of proof, was the old practice of the English constitution; the appointment of justices by the crown, *i. e.* the chancellor, though, virtually, by the lord lieutenants, being as much an innovation as the self-election system introduced into so many of the towns and boroughs, by which the inhabitants have been deprived of their rights, and the freemen corrupted and stripped of their privileges.

The barrister shews, that the origin of the justices of the peace was that powerful body which, previously to the reign of Edward the Third, existed under the name of *Conservators of the Public Peace;* and he quotes *Lambard*, who, in his authoritative book, emphatically says—"Upon this institution of conservators of the peace, (*as it were upon a stock,*) the later power of justice of peace is set and engrafted." Now, our author asserts that it is a fact well authenticated by old records, and consequently beyond the reach of question, that these conservators, or justices of peace, were formerly, by virtue of the common law, elected by the people, *i. e.* by the freeholders of counties, in the same manner as knights of the shire were before the passing of the Reform Bill, and as coroners still are. This fact is farther distinctly proved from Coke's Institutes, [2d Institute, p. 558,] and the pamphlet describes the way in which the people were deprived of their right during the reign of Edward the Third.

By the successful machinations of Isabel, queen of Edward the Second, the king was seized and imprisoned, and eventually driven to resign his crown into the hands of his son, Edward the Third. Many persons throughout the country being attached to the virtually deposed monarch, and exasperated at the conduct of the queen and her son, it was anticipated that risings and outbreaks would take place. To guard against these consequences, an Act of Parliament was procured, depriving the people of their prerogative of electing their own magistracy, and vesting it in the crown.

It, in short, gave those who, in that age, stood in place of the Tory lord lieutenants of the present age, the power which the latter exercise down to this day. Lambard says, that, "Then it was ordained that, in every county, *good* men, and not maintainers of evil, (not reformers!) in the county, should be assigned to keep the peace; which was as much as to say, that, in every county, the King himself should place special eyes and watches over the people; so that, for this cause, the election of conservators, or wardens of the peace, was first taken from the people, and transferred to the King." Upon such popular footing, stood the county magistracy, until, in times of trouble, the crown usurped the right of appointment, which it still nominally holds, but which is really exercised by that oligarchy, which is yet found too strong for both the king and the people, and in a manner which never gave more cause for complaint than at present, when the country magistracy is almost everywhere reduced to an affair of *political partisanship.*

"The simple fact is," says our author—and it is notorious to the whole nation—"that the Keeper of the Great Seal, the only depositary, under the King, of the important trust now recognised by the laws of the land, has become a mere automaton registrar of the edicts of these lord lieutenants, who virtually possess the sole control over the organization of the whole body of our provincial justices of the peace, and that, too, without the least particle of substantial responsibility. . . . . There is scarcely a parish or district in the kingdom in which there are not to be found men, who, by the universal and spontaneous testimony of their fellow citizens, are known and acknowledged to be fully, and in an eminent degree, suited, by their talents, station, and moral influence, to discharge the functions of the office with honour to themselves and advantage to the public. Are these the men selected by the lord lieutenant?"

The manner in which this usurped power is abused for political purposes, is strikingly shewn in the number of clerical magistrates thrust into the commission by Tory lord lieutenants; the clergymen being almost always chosen for the pre-eminent qualification of high, unmitigated, or rancorous Toryism, in England, and Orangeism in Ireland. The *animus* which pervades the rural magistracy is revealed in the single fact, that, of thirty-six lord lieutenants who voted in the House of Peers on the Reform Bill, *twenty-eight* opposed the second reading. Yet these men have the creation of the local magistracy entirely in their hands! The lord lieutenants are, by the constitution, directly restrained from interfering in elections of members to the House of Commons. How this principle is observed by the Conservatives, requires no illustration. We have but to open our eyes to note the proceedings of the Newcastles, Buckinghams, Northumberlands, Buccleuchs,

Grants, and Gordons, at elections; and, indeed, without any exception, this principle is violated by those who clamour the loudest for respecting just as much of the constitution as suits their own views and purposes. The effects of the overflow of clerical magistrates in such counties as Devon, Essex, Suffolk, &c. &c., is felt at every election. Our author pertinently inquires:—

At a time when a violent outcry is raised by some parties at the proposal to appropriate the surplus property of the church to purposes of education, as being a secularization, may it not be demanded whether the participating in the temporal concerns of a justice of the peace is not a secularization of the *persons* of the clergy, far more pernicious than any alienation of her superfluous revenues? It is a curious circumstance, that the evil of which we are now complaining, was early felt and provided against by the Romish Church. One of the old legantine constitutions is as follows:—'Whereas it is unbecoming for clergymen, employed in heavenly offices, to minister in secular affairs, we think it sordid and base that certain clerks, greedily pursuing temporal jurisdictions, do receive secular jurisdiction, so as to be named justices, and to become ministers of justice—which they cannot administer without injury to the canonical dispositions, and to the clerical order. We, desiring to extirpate this horrid vice, do strictly enjoin all rectors, and all others constituted in the order of the priesthood, that they receive no secular jurisdiction.

With the Tories, or *Conservatives*, as they choose to call themselves, the barrister rests his argument for returning to the original practice of the constitution, upon that authority which their oracle, Sir Robert Peel, declares to be more urgent than either law or reason—viz., "respect for ancient rights." While, to those who hold reason in even greater respect than antiquity, he urges arguments like the following:—"The paramount qualification of a commissioner of the peace is, that he should possess the personal confidence and esteem of a majority of his fellow-citizens; and who so capable of forming a just estimate of this qualification as those fellow-citizens themselves? Can it be supposed that a lord chancellor, or a lord lieutenant, or any *single* individual whatever, is equally competent?" Such a man is liable to have his mind poisoned and misled by every petty slanderer, whose officiousness and party zeal too easily enable him to gain access; and the conscious security from detection which such miscreants feel in their confidential communications, emboldens them to give utterance to all the base calumnies which personal hatred, generated in local feuds or parish broils, may prompt them to invent. As this branch of reform is new in discussion, and most important in the interests it involves, we must allow our author farther to open up his views in his own language.

Is it not founded in reason and justice that officers, at whose disposal are frequently placed the liberties and property of numbers of their fellow-countrymen, should be elected by the free voices of those who are so deeply interested in the faithful fulfilment of their official duties? How sensible and apposite is the language of that great authority, Lord Coke, in favour of the popular election of magistrates—viz., "Because the office concerned the subjects of every county, and they had a great interest in its just and due exercise." We have seen that such was the mode of election followed in former times; and the more extensive dissemination of knowledge, and the wider spread of enlightenment and education in our own age, cannot render it less advantageous or desirable to recur to the wise practice of our forefathers. Avowedly great as is the example afforded by antiquity, we are not compelled to rest on that alone: we have existing precedents in other institutions. In the first place, there is the Commons' House of Parliament: now, if the enactors and makers of laws are appointed by the public, no valid reason can be urged why subordinate administrators of them should not be chosen in a similar manner.

And he cites the election of coroners and the magistrates of London, by open suffrage, though their functions are even more momentous than those of justices of the peace. While giving to the people—the parties interested—the right of election, the term of office proposed is that presumed to exist at present—the appointment to be held, like that of any other judge, during good behaviour; but the power to be vested in the lord chancellor of striking out of the commission those who are proved, to his satisfaction, to have been guilty of misconduct or culpable neglect. This, however, remains a point for debate, as well as the amount of qualification, and the nature of it, which are scarce in harmony with the spirit of the pamphlet. The writer proposes to raise the present qualification to £300 per annum, issuing out of lands or tenements; though he submits that property to the same amount, though of a different description—as money in the public funds—may be made the subject of consideration. To those who wish to consider more fully the remedy here proposed for the abuses in the county magistracy, we recommend the pamphlet itself, as candid in spirit, temperate in tone, and, we need hardly say, most important in its subject. The question of a *paid* magistracy is not adverted to; nor would it interfere with the great principle of popular election.

NOOKS OF THE WORLD;

OR,

A PEEP INTO THE BACK SETTLEMENTS OF ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THERE are thousands of places in this beautiful kingdom, which, if you could change their situation—if you could take some plain, monotonous, and uninteresting tracts from the neighbourhood of large cities, from positions barren and of daily observance, and place these in their stead—would acquire an incalculable value; while the common spots would serve the present

inhabitants of those sweet places just as well, and often far better, for the ordinary purposes of their lives—for walking over in the day, sleeping in during the night, and raising grass, cattle, and corn upon. The dwellers of cities—the men who have made fortunes, or are making them, and yet long for the quietness and beauty of the country—but especially the literary, the nature-loving, the poetical—would, to use a common expression, jump at them; and, if it were in their power to secure them, would make heavens-upon-earth of them. Yes! they are such spots as thousands are longing for; as the day-dreaming young, and the world-weary old, are yearning after, and painting to their mind's eye, daily, in great cities; and the dull, the commonplace, the unpercipient of their beauty and their glory, are dwelling in them:—paradisiacal fields and magnificent mountains; or cloudy hollows in their mottled sides; or little *cleuchs* and glens, hidden and green—overhung with wild wood—rocky, and resounding with dashing and splashing streams;—places, where the eye sees the distant flocks and their slowly-stalking shepherds—the climbing goat, the soaring eagle; and the ear catches their far-off cries; whence a thousand splendours and pageants, changing aspects, and kindling and dying glories, in earth and sky, are witnessed; the cheerful arising of morning—the still, crimson, violet, purple, azure, dim grey, and then dark fading away of day into night, are watched; where the high and clear grandeur and solitude of night, with its moon and stars, and wandering breezes, and soul-enwrapping freshness, are seen and felt. Such places as these, and the brown or summer-empurpled heath, with its patch of ancient forest, its blasted, shattered, yet living old trees, greeting you with feelings and fancies of long-past centuries; the clear, rushing brook; the bubbling and most crystalline spring; and the turf that springs under your feet with a delicious elasticity, and sends up to your senses a fresh and forest-born odour; or cottages perched in the sides of glades, or on eminences by the sea—the soul-inspiring sea—with its wide views of coming and going ships, its fresh gales, and its everlasting change of light and life, on its waters, and on its shores; its sailors, and its fishermen, with all their doings, families, and dependencies—every one of them thoroughly covered and saturated with the spirit of picturesque and homely beauty; or inland hollows and fields, and old hamlets, lying amid great woods and slopes of wondrous loveliness:—if we could but turn things round, and bring these near us, and unite, at once, city advantages, city society, and them! But it never can be! And there are living in them, from generation to generation, numbers of people who are not to be envied, because they know nothing at all of the enviableness of their situation.

We are continually labouring to improve society—to diffuse education—to confer higher and ampler religious knowledge; but these people know little of all this—experience little of its effect; for their abodes, and natural paradises, lie far from the great tracks of travel and commerce; far from our great roads; in the most out-of-the-world places—the very nooks of the world.

If you come by chance upon them, you are struck with their admirable beauty, their solemn repose, their fresh and basking solitude. You cannot help exclaiming, What happy people must these be! But, when you come to look closer into them, the delusion vanishes. They do not, in fact, see any beauty that you see. Their minds have never been stirred from the sluggish routine of their daily life; their mental eye has never been unsealed, and directed to survey the advantages of their situation. They have been occupied with other things. Like the farmer's lad mentioned by Wordsworth, their souls have become encrusted in their own torpor.

> A sample should I give
> Of what this stock produces, to enrich
> The tender age of life, ye would exclaim,
> "Is this the whistling plough-boy whose shrill notes
> Impart new gladness to the morning air?"
> Forgive me, if I venture to suspect
> That many, sweet to hear of in soft verse,
> Are of no finer power;—his joints are stiff;
> Beneath a cumbrous frock, that to the knees
> Invests the thriving churl, his legs appear,
> Fellows to those that lustily upheld
> The wooden stools, for everlasting use,
> Whereon our fathers sate. And mark his brow!
> Under whose shaggy canopy are set
> Two eyes, not dim, but of a healthy stare;
> Wild, sluggish, blank, and ignorant, and strange;
> Proclaiming boldly that they never knew
> A look or motion of intelligence,
> From infant conning of the Christ-cross-row,
> Or puzzling through a Primer, line by line,
> Till perfect mastery crown the pains at last.
> What kindly warmth from touch of fostering hand,
> What penetrating power of sun or breeze,
> Shall e'er dissolve the crust wherein his soul
> Sleeps, like a caterpillar sheathed in ice?
> This torpor is no pitiable work
> Of modern ingenuity; no town
> Nor crowded city may be taxed with aught
> Of sottish vice, or desperate breach of law,
> To which, in after years, he may be roused.
> This boy the fields produce;—his spade and hoe;
> His carter's-whip that on his shoulder rests,
> In air high-towering with a boorish pomp,
> The sceptre of his sway; his country's name,
> Her equal rights, her churches, and her schools—
> What have they done for him?—and, let me ask,
> For tens of thousands uninformed as he?
> In brief, what liberty of mind is here?
>
> *The Excursion, B.* 8.

This, however, is one of the worst specimens of the most stupified class—farm-servants. Wordsworth himself makes his good and wise *Wanderer*, a shepherd in his youth, and describes him, when a lad, as impressed with the deepest sense of nature's majesty. He represents him, in one of the noblest passages of the language, as witnessing the sun rise from some bold headland, and

> Rapt into still communion that transcends
> The imperfect offices of prayer and praise.

And, indeed, the mountaineer must be generally excepted from that torpor of mind I have allud-

ed to. The forms of nature that perpetually surround him, are so bold and sublime, that they almost irresistibly impress, excite, and colour his spirit within him; and those legends and stirring histories which generally abound in them, co-operate with these natural influences. This unawakened intellect dwells more generally amid the humbler and quieter forms of natural beauty; in the "sleepy hollows" of more champaign regions. But, above all, the farm-servant is most subject to it. That class of men has commonly had less attention paid to it than any other. They have been accustomed to rise with the day, to work at the plough and by the team through the day, and to drop wearily into bed with the day. From the first hour that they went to service—at an early age—as lads to drive, plough, help to fodder cattle, and do all the odd fetchings and carryings of a farm—through their whole lives, they have scarcely had a thought of instruction—much less instruction itself—bestowed upon them; except it can be said that they have been instructed at church, where they have gone on a Sunday, to—sleep; for sleep they can hardly avoid, when sitting down between four walls after a week's exposure to the stimulus of labour and fresh air. Without the name, they have been what they call their stout, jolly horses—useful slaves. The day-labourers, who work a certain number of hours, and then can return to their own cottages, and amuse themselves on the hearth with their children, or in their gardens, are of a much superior grade to them; though, in many districts, the pressure and the evils of the times have tended to sadden, to brutalize, and to exasperate them. But of this anon.

It might be supposed that these nooks of the world would, in their seclusion, possess very much one moral character; but nothing can be more untrue. Universally, they may seem old-fashioned, and full of a sweet tranquillity; but their inhabitants differ widely in character in different parts of the country—widely often in a short space, and in a manner that can only be accounted for by their less or greater communion with towns, less or greater degree of education extended to them—and the kind extended. Where they are far from towns, and hold little intercourse with them, and have no manufactory in them, they may be dull, but they are seldom very vicious. If they have had little education, they lead a very mechanical sort of life; are often very boorish, and have very confined notions and contracted wishes; are rude in manner, but not bad in heart. I have been in places—ay, in this newspaper-reading age—where a newspaper never comes; where they have no public-house, no school, no church, and no doctor; and yet the district has been populous. But, in similarly-situated places, where yet they had a simple, pious pastor—some primitive patriarch, like the venerable Robert Walker, of whom so admirable an account is given by Wordsworth; where they have been blest with such a man amongst them, and where they have had a school; where they knew little of what was going on in the world, and where yet you were sure to find, in some crypt-like hole in the wall, or in a little fire-side window, about half a dozen books—the Bible, Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs," Baxter's "Saint's Everlasting Rest," Romaine's "Life of Faith," or his "Drop of Honey from the Rock Christ," Macgowan's "Life of Christ," or Drelincourt on Death, and such like volumes; or "Robinson Crusoe," "Philip Quarle," "The History of Henry the Earl of Moreland," "The Pilgrim's Progress," or "Pamela;"—have you found a simplicity of heart and manner, a quiet prosperity, a nearer approach to the Arcadian ideal of rural life, than anywhere else in this country. There are yet such places to be found in our island, notwithstanding the awful truth of what was said by Coleridge, that "Care, like a foul hag, sits on us all; one class presses with iron foot upon the wounded heads beneath, and all struggle for a worthless supremacy, and all, to rise to it, shackled by their expenses." But these are now few and far between; and they are certainly "nooks of the world" far from manufacturing towns; for my experience coincides with that of Captain Lloyd, as given in his "Field Sports of the North:"—"Manufactures, of whatever nature they may be, may certainly tend to enrich individuals, but, to my mind, they add little to the happiness of the community at large. In what parts of any country in the world are such scenes of vice and squalid misery to be witnessed, as in manufacturing districts?" What he adds is very true—that, though it may appear singular, yet it is a fact, that the farther we retreat from great towns and manufactories, a greater degree of comfort is generally to be observed amongst the peasantry. It is, indeed, a strange relief to the spirit of one who has known something of the eager striving of the world, to come upon a spot where the inhabitants are passing through life, as it were, in a dream-like pilgrimage, half unconscious of its trials and evils—an existence which, if it have not the merit of great and triumphant virtue, has that absence of selfish cunning, pride, sorrow, and degradation, which one would seek for in vain amid more bustling scenes. To find the young, soberly and cheerfully fulfilling their daily duties—nowhere affluence, but everywhere plenty and comfort observable—and the old, in their last tranquil days, seated in their easy chairs, or on the stone bench at their doors, glad to chat with you on all they have known on earth and hope for in heaven—why, it would be more easy to scathe such a place with the evil spirit of the town, than to raise it in the scale of moral life. The experiment of improvement there, you feel, would be a hazardous one. It were easy and desirable to give more knowledge: but not easy to give it unaccompanied by those blighting contaminations that at present cling to it.

It is in those rural districts into which manufactories have spread—that are partly manufacturing

and partly agricultural—that the population assumes its worst shape. The state of morals and manners amongst the working population of our great towns is terrible—far more so than casual observers are aware of. After all that has been done to reform and educate the working class, the torrent of corruption rolls on. The most active friends of education, the most active labourers in it, are ready to despair, and sometimes exclaim —"What have we done, after all!" There, the spirit of man is aroused to a marvellous activity; but it is an unhealthful activity, and overpowers, in its extravagance, all attempts to direct it aright. "Evil communications corrupt good manners" faster than good communications can counteract them; and, where the rural population, in its simplicity, comes in contact with this spirit, it receives the contagion in its most exaggerated form—a desolating moral pestilence; and it suffers in person and in mind. There, spread all the vice and baseness of the lowest grade of the town, made hideous by still greater vulgarity and ignorance, and unawed by the higher authorities, unchecked by the better influences which there prevail, in the example and exertions of a higher caste of society.

The Methodists have done much to check the progress of demoralization in these districts. They have given vast numbers education; they have taken them away from the pot-house and the gambling-house; from low haunts and low pursuits. They have placed them in a certain circle, and invested them with a degree of moral and social importance. They have placed them where they have a character to sustain, and higher objects to strive after; where they have ceased to be operated upon by a perpetual series of evil influences, and have been brought under the regular operation of good ones. They have rescued them from brutality of mind and manners, and given them a more refined association on earth, and a warm hope of a still better existence hereafter. If they have not done all that could be desired, with such materials, they have done much, and the country owes them much. The thorough mastery of the evil requires the application of yet greater power—it requires a NATIONAL POWER. The evil lies deeper than the surface; it lies in the distorted nature of our social relations; and, *before the population can be effectually reformed, its condition must be physically ameliorated!*

There never was a more momentous and sure truth pronounced, than that pronounced by Christ—"They who take the sword, shall fall by the sword." If they do not fall by its edge, they will by its hilt. It is under this evil that we are now labouring. As a nation, we have fallen, through war, into all our present misery and crime. It is impossible that the great European kingdoms, with their present wealth and cultivated surfaces, in their present artificial state of society, can carry on war without enduring evils far more extensive, tremendous, and lasting, than the mere ravaging of lands, the destruction of towns, or even human lives. We are, as a nation, an awful proof of this at this moment. By the chances of war, at one time, manufacturing and farming almost for the world; prospering, apparently, on the miseries of whole kingdoms wrapt in one wide scene of promiscuous carnage and anarchy, our tradesmen and agriculturists commanded their own terms; and hence, on the one hand, they accumulated large fortunes, while, on the other, the nation, by its enormous military preparations—its fleets and armies marching and sailing everywhere, prepared to meet emergencies at all points and in all climes; by its aids and subsidies abroad; by its wasteful expenditure at home—piled up the most astounding debt ever heard of in the annals of the world. A vast working population was not merely demanded by this unnatural state of excitement, but might be said to be forced into existence, to supply all manner of articles to realms too busy in mutual slaughter to be able to manufacture or plough for themselves. Everything assumed a new and wonderful value. All classes, the working classes as well as the rest, with the apparent growing prosperity, advanced into habits of higher refinement and luxury. The tables of mechanics were heaped with loads of viands of the best quality, and of the highest price, as earliest in the market; their houses were crowded with furniture, till they themselves could scarcely turn round in them—clocks, sometimes two or three in one house; chests of drawers and tables thronged into the smallest rooms; looking-glasses, tea-trays, and prints, stuck on every possible space on the walls; and, from the ceiling depending hams, bags, baskets, fly-cages of many colours, and a miscellaneous congregation of other articles, that gave their abodes more the aspect of warerooms or museums, than the dwellings of the working class. Dress advanced in the same ratio; horses and gigs were in vast request; and the publicans and keepers of tea-gardens made ample fortunes.

The war ceased. Commerce was thrown open to the competition of the world. The Continental nations began to breathe, and to look round on their condition. Their poverty and their spirit of emulation, the sight of their own stripped condition, and of England apparently enriched beyond calculation, at their expense, set them rapidly about helping themselves. This could not but be quickly and deeply felt here. To maintain our position, all manner of artificial means were adopted. Every class, feeling the tide of wealth changing its course, strove to keep what it had got. The working class, as individually the weakest, because they had spent their gains as they came, went to the ground. The value of every necessary of life was kept up as much as possible by legal enactments. The rate of wages fell. The manufacturers, impelled by the same necessity of struggling for the maintenance of their rank, were plunged into the most eager competition; the utmost pressure of reduction fell on the labour of the operatives, who, with their acquired habits, were ill able to

bear it. They were thrust down to a condition the most pitiable and morally destructive—to excessive labour, to semi-starvation, to pauperism. They could not send their children to school—not so much from the expense of schooling—for that was made light by public contribution, and new plans of facility in teaching large numbers—but because they wanted every penny their children could earn, by any means, to aid in the common support. Hence, mere infants were crowded in pestilent mills, when they should have been growing in the fresh air; and were stunted and blighted in body and in mind,—a system, the evil of which became so enormous as to call lately upon the attention of the legislature, and the indignant wonder of the nation. The parents themselves had not a moment's time to watch over their welfare or their morals; at least sixteen hours' unremitting daily labour being necessary to the most miserable existence. Evils accumulated on all sides. The working class considered themselves cast off from the sympathies of the upper classes, regarded and valued but as tools and machines; their children grew into ignorant depravity, in spite of all efforts of law or philanthropy to prevent them.* These causes still operate wherever manufacturing extends: and, till the condition of this great class, whether in towns or villages, can be amended; till time for domestic relaxation can be given to the man, and a Christian, rather than a literary, education to the boy—an inculcation of the beauty and necessity of the great Christian principles; the necessity of reverencing the laws of God; doing, in all their intercourse with their fellow men, as they would be done by; the necessity of purity of life and justice of action, rather than the cant of religious feeling, and the blind mystery of sectarian doctrine,—the law and the philanthropy must be in vain.

To the simple, and yet uncontaminated parts of the country, there is yet a different kind of education that I should rejoice to see extended. It should be, to open the eyes of the rural population to the advantages of their situation;—to awaken a taste for the enjoyment of nature;—to give them a touch of the poetical;—to teach them to see the pleasantness of their quiet lives,—of their cottages and gardens,—of the freshness of the air and country around them, especially as contrasted with the poor and squalid alleys where those of their own rank, living in towns, necessarily take up their abode,—of the advantages in point of health and purity afforded to their children by their position,—of the majestic beauty of the day, with its morning animation, its evening sunsets, and twilights almost as beautiful; its nightly blue altitude, with its moon and stars:—all this might be readily done by the conversation of intelligent people, and by the diffusion of cheap publications amongst them; and done, too, without diminishing the relish for the daily business of their lives. Airy and dreamy notions—notions of false refinement, and aspirations of soaring beyond their own sphere—are not inspired by sound and good intelligence, but by defective and bad education.

The sort of education I mean has long been realized in Scotland, and with the happiest results. There, large towns and manufactories have produced their legitimate effect, as with us; but, in the rural districts, every child, by national provision, has a sound, plain education given him. He is brought up in habits of economy, and sentiments of rational religion, and the most solemn and thorough morality. The consequence is, that almost all grow up with a sense of self-respect; a sense of the dignity of human nature; a determined resolve of depending on their own exertions: and, though no people are so national, because they are made sensible of the beauty of their country, and the honourable deeds of their forefathers, yet, if they cannot find means of living at home without degradation, and, indeed, without bettering their condition, they soberly march off, and find some place where they can, though it be at the very ends of the earth.

Nothing is better known than the intelligence and order that distinguish a great portion of the rural population of Scotland. No people are more diligent and persevering in their proper avocations; and yet none are more alive to the delights of literature. Amid wild mountain tracks and vast heaths, where you scarcely see a house as you pass along for miles, and where you could not have passed two generations ago without danger of robbery or the dirk, they have book societies, and send new books to and fro to one another, with an alacrity and punctuality that are most delightful. When I have been pedestrianizing in that country, I have frequently accosted men at their work, or in their working dress—perhaps with their axe or their spade in their hands, and three or four children at their heels—and found them well acquainted with the latest good publications, and entertaining the soundest notions of them, without the aid of critics. Such men in England would probably not have been able to read at all. They would have known nothing but the routine of their business, the state of the crop, and the gossip of the neighbourhood: but there, sturdy and laborious men, tanned with the sun, or smeared with the marl in which they had been delving, have not only been able to give all the knowledge of the district; its histories and traditions; the proprietorships, and other particulars of the neighbourhood; but their eyes have brightened at the mention of their great patriots, reformers, and philosophers, and their tongues have grown

* I propose, ere long, in another paper, to call the attention of the public to the most effective means of closing this fatal chasm in our social system; of knitting up those sympathies again; of reviving between the middle and working classes those healthful and fraternal feelings which the spirit of trade has done so much to destroy; and, consequently, in this renewal of old ties, to master all the evils of an opposite course. Such means exist, and are in a state of active, though partial operation. They require only to be known and heartily embraced by us, to work a greater moral regeneration of the working class—to effect a greater sum of national happiness than has yet ever been achieved.

perfectly eloquent in discussing the works of their poets and other writers. The names of Wallace, Bruce, Knox, Fletcher of Saltoun, the Covenanters, Scott, Burns, Hogg, Campbell, Wilson, and others, have been spells that have made them march away miles with me, when they could not get me into their own houses, and find it difficult to turn back.

Now, why should not this be so in England? Why should not similar means produce similar effects? They must and would; and by imbuing the rural population with a spirit as sound and rational, we should not only raise it in the social scale to a degree of worth and happiness at present not easily imaginable, but render the most important service to the country, by attaching "a bold peasantry, the country's pride," to their native soil, by the most powerful of ties, and rendering them both able and more determined to live in honourable dependence on self-exertion. Book Societies, under local management, should do for the Country what Mechanics' Libraries are doing for the Towns—building up those habits, and perfecting those healthful tastes, for which popular education is but the bare foundation.

Wordsworth gives an account of the early years of his Wanderer, which, under such a system, might be that of thousands.

Early had he learned
To reverence the volume that displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die:—
What wonder if his being thus became
Sublime and comprehensive! Low desires,
Low thoughts, there had no place; yet was his heart
Lowly; for he was meek in gratitude,
Oft as he called those ecstasies to mind,
And whence they flowed; and from them he acquired
Wisdom, which works through patience: hence he learned,
In oft-recurring hours of sober thought,
To look on nature with a humble heart,
Self-questioned, where it did not understand,
And with a superstitious eye of love.
So passed the time; yet to the nearest town
He daily went, with what small overplus
His earnings might supply, and brought away
The book that most had tempted his desires,
While at the stall he read. Among the hills,
He gazed upon that mighty orb of song,
The divine Milton. Lore of different kind,
The annual savings of a toilsome life,
His schoolmaster supplied; books that explain
The purer elements of truth, involved,
In lines and numbers, and, by charm severe,
(Especially perceived when nature droops,
And feeling is suppressed,) preserve the mind
Busy in solitude and poverty.
Yet, still uppermost,
Nature was at his heart, as if he felt,
Though yet he knew not how, a wasting power
In all things that from her sweet influence,
Might tend to wean him. Therefore, with her hues,
Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,
He clothed the nakedness of austere truth,
While yet he lingered in the rudiments
Of science, and among her simplest laws:
His triangles—they were the stars of heaven,
The silent stars! Oft did he take delight
To measure the altitude of some tall crag
That is the eagle's birthplace, or some peak
Familiar with forgotten years.
In dreams, in study, and in ardent thought,
Thus was he reared; much wanting to assist
The growth of intellect, yet gaining more,
And every moral feeling of his soul
Strengthened, and braced, by breathing in content
The keen, the wholesome air of poverty,
And drinking from the well of homely life.

The Excursion, B. I.

Such a process I should rejoice to see producing such characters in England. Yes! Milton, Thomson, Cowper, the pious and tender Montgomery, and Bloomfield, one of their own kind, would be noble and enriching studies for the simplest cottage, and cottage-garden, and field-walk. Some of our condensed historians, our best essayists and divines, travellers, naturalists in a popular shape, and writers of fiction, as Scott, and Edgeworth, and De Foe, might be with vast advantage diffused amongst them. Let us hope it will one day be so. And already I know some who have reaped those blessings of an awakened heart and intellect, too long denied to the hard path of poverty, and which render them not the less sedate, industrious, and provident, but, on the contrary, more so. They have made them, in the humblest of stations, the happiest of men; quickened their sensibilities towards their wives and children; converted the fields, the places of their daily toil, into places of earnest meditative delight—schools of perpetual observation of God's creative energy and wisdom.

It was but the other day that the farming-man of a neighbouring lady having been pointed out to me as at once remarkably fond of reading and attached to his profession, I entered into conversation with him; and it is long since I experienced such a cordial pleasure as in the contemplation of the character that opened upon me. He was a strong man; not to be distinguished by his dress and appearance from those of his class, but having a very intelligent countenance; and the vigorous, healthful feelings, and right views, that seemed to fill not only his mind but his whole frame, spoke volumes for that vast enjoyment and elevation of character which a rightly directed taste for reading would diffuse amongst our peasantry. His sound appreciation of those authors he had read—some of our best poets, historians, essayists, and travellers—was truly cheering, when contrasted with the miserable and frippery taste which distinguishes our higher classes; where a-thousand-times-repeated novels of fashionable life, neither original in conception, nor of any worth in their object—the languid offspring of a tinsel and exotic existence—the work of lords and ladies, that would be aristocratic in literature as in life, if it could be done without the labour of thinking; and which are read because they can be read without the labour of thinking. While such works are poured in legions upon the public, like a host of dead leaves from the forest, driven along in mimic life by a mighty wind—and while such things are suffered to swell the Puffiads of publishers, and shoulder away, or discourage, the substantial labours of high intellect—it is truly reviving to see the awakening of mind in the common people. It is, I am persuaded, from the people that a re-

generating power must come—a new infusion of better blood into our literary system. The inanities of fashion must weary the spirit of a great nation, and be thrown off; strong, native genius, from the measureless, unploughed regions of the popular mind—robust, gigantic, uneffeminated by luxury, glitter, and sloth—will rise up and put all soulless artificialities to shame; and already mighty are the symptoms of such a change manifested in an array of names that might be adduced. But I must not be farther led away by this seducing topic.

I found this countryman was a member of our Artisans' Library, and every Saturday evening he walked over to the town to exchange his books. I asked him whether reading did not make him less satisfied with his daily work; his answer deserves universal attention:—"Before he read, his work was weary to him; for, in the solitary fields, an empty head measured the time out tediously, to double its length; but, now, no place was so sweet as the solitary fields: he had always something pleasant floating across his mind; and the labour was delightful, and the day only too short." Seeing his ardent attachment to the country, I sent him the last edition of "The Book of the Seasons;" and I must here give a *verbatim et literatim* extract from the note in which he acknowledged its receipt, because it not only contains an experimental proof of the falsity of a common alarm on the subject of popular education, but shews at what a little cost much happiness may be conveyed to a poor man:—"Believe me, dear sir, this kind act has made an impression on my heart that time will not easily erase. There are none of your works, in my opinion, more valuable than this. The study of nature is not only the most delightful, but the most elevating. This will be true in *every station* of life. But how much more ought the *poor man* to prize this study! which, if prized and pursued as it ought, will enable him to bear, with patient resignation and cheerfulness, the *lot* by Providence assigned him. O Sir! I pity the working man who possesses not a *taste* for reading. 'Tis true, it may sometimes lead him to neglect the other more important duties of his station; but his better and more enlightened judgment will soon correct itself in this particular, and will enable him, while he steadily and diligently pursues his private studies, and participates in intellectual enjoyment, to prize, as he ought, his *character as a man* in every relative duty of life."

What a nation would this be, filled with a peasantry holding such views, and possessing such a consequent character as this!

The sources of enjoyment in nature have been too long closed to the poor. The rich can wander from side to side of the island, and explore its coasts, its fields and forests—but the poor man is fettered to the spot. The rich can enter the galleries and exhibitions of cities, and contemplate all the great works of art; the poor *ought to be taught to know* that, if they cannot see the works of art—statues and paintings—they can see those of God,—if they cannot gaze on the finest forms of beauty from the chisel of the sculptor, they may be taught to distinguish the beauty of all *living* forms,—if they cannot behold splendid paintings of landscapes, of mountains, of sea-coasts, of sunrises and sunsets, they can see, one or other of them, all the originals of these—originals to whose magnificence and glory the copies never can approach. To the poor, but properly educated man, every walk will become a luxury, a poem, a painting—a source of the sweetest feelings and the most elevating reflections.

But there is one class in these back settlements of England to whom a liberal education is most requisite, and to whom it would be most difficult to give it—the class of smaller resident proprietors. The effect of the possession of property in such places is singular and most lamentable. It produces the most impenetrable hardness of nature—the most selfish and sordid dispositions. Everywhere, the tendency of accumulation is to generate selfishness: but, in towns, there are many counteracting influences; the emulative desire of vying, in mode of life, with equals and superiors—the greater spread of information—the various objects of pleasure and association, which keep open the avenues of expenditure, not only in the purse, but in the heart. Here there are none. Amusements and dissipations are self-gratulatingly denounced as gross follies and sins; objects of display, as pride. The consequence is, that habits of the strangest parsimony prevail—the rudest furniture, the rudest style of living. Men who, in a town or its neighbourhood, would appear as gentlemen, and, perhaps, keep a carriage, there wear often clouted shoes, threadbare and patched clothes, and a hat not worth a farthing; and all in a fashion of the most awkward rusticity. All wisdom is supposed to lie in penuriousness. They have abundance of maxims for ever in their mouths, full of that philosophy; as "Penny-wise and pound-foolish"—"A penny saved is a penny got"—"A pin a-day 's a groat a-year." All ideas seem absorbed in the one grand idea of accumulating coin, that will never be of more value to them than so many oyster-shells. Such a thing as a noble or generous sentiment would be a surprise to their own souls. Of such men are made the hardest overseers of the poor; whose screwing, iron-handed administration of relief is the boast of the parish, and has led to the most monstrous abuses. To them all objects are alike; they have no discrimination; the old and young, the idle and industrious, the sturdy vagabond, and the helpless and dying!—they deem it a virtue to deny them all, till the magistrate forces the reluctant doit from their gripe. They are surly, yet proud churls, living wrapped in a sense of their own importance; for they see nobody above them, except there be a squire or a lord in the parish; and they see little of him, and then only to make their passing obsequious bow; for they are at once

Tyrants to the weak, and cowards to the strong.

Any education, any change, would be a blessing to those men, that would bring them into collision with those of their own supposed standing, but with better education and more liberal views and habits. The excess to which these causes operate in some of these out-of-the-world places, is scarcely to be credited: they produce the strangest scenes and the strangest characters. Let us take a specimen or two from one parish that would be easily paralleled in many others.

In one part of this secluded neighbourhood, you approach extensive woods, and behold amongst them a house of corresponding air and dimensions—a mansion befitting a large landed proprietor. If you choose to explore the out-buildings belonging to it, you will find there a regularly educated and authorised physician, living in a dovecot, and writing prescriptions for any that choose to employ him, for a crown, or even half-a-crown, which he spends in drink. Paternal example and inculcations made him what he is; unfitted him for success in his profession, and left him dependent on his elder brother, who affords him the asylum of his dovecot, yet so grudgingly that he has even attempted to dislodge him by pulling off the roof; and the poor doctor owes his retreat, not to his brother's goodwill, but to his own possession of a brace of formidable bull-dogs, that menace the destruction of any assailant. The dogs lie in his chamber when you enter, with their noses on the ground, and their dark glittering eyes fixed steadily upon you, and are ready, at a signal, to spring on you, and tear you to pieces. The doctor's free potations have now deprived him of the power of locomotion; he cannot quit his pigeon-house; but one of his bull-dogs he has trained to act as his emissary, and, with a note suspended to his neck by a tape, he goes to certain houses in the neighbouring village, and so communicates his wishes to certain cronies of his, who are in the habit of attending to them. The dog would tear any one to pieces that attempted to stop him while on his master's errands, being a very strong and fierce creature; but, if he is not molested, he goes very civilly along to his place of destination, and, when the note is taken off his neck by the proper hands, returns with great punctuality and decorum.

It must be said of this curiosity of a physician, that he is the descendant of a very curious family; whose history, for the last three generations, would be a regular series of eccentricities; and the first of whom, here resident, was a celebrated piratical captain, who is said to have come hither disguised as a peasant, seeking as secluded a country as he could find, and driving before him an ass loaded with gold. It is certain that he purchased very extensive estates, and that one of his descendants is a member of the present Parliament, who, partaking of the family qualities, has excited more surprise and more laughter in the house, than, perhaps, any man since the days of Sir Thomas Lethbridge.

Not far thence, stands another residence. At some distance, it appears a goodly manor house. It is large; with white walls and many antique gables; a stately avenue of elms in front; tall pines about it, the landmark of the whole country round; a spacious garden, with a summer-house on the wall, seeming to have been built when there was some taste there for those rural enjoyments which such a place is calculated to afford to the amiable, country-loving, and refined. As you come near, there appear signs of neglect and decay. Old timber, litter, and large stones lie about; there are broken windows, unpainted and rotting woodwork; everything looks forlorn, as if it were the residence of poverty on the verge of utter destitution.

The fact is, the owner has landed property worth from thirty to forty thousand pounds. But see the man himself! There he goes, limping across his yard, having permanently injured one of his legs in some of his farming operations. There he goes—a tall, hard-featured, weather-beaten man, dressed in the garb of the most rustic husbandman; strong clouted ankle-boots; blue, or black ribbed worsted stockings; corduroy small-clothes; a yellow stripped waistcoat, and a coat of coarse grey cloth, cut short, in a rude fashion, and illustrated with metal buttons; a hat that seems to have been originally made of coarse wool, or dog's hair; to have cost some four and sixpence, some dozen years ago; brown, threadbare, and cocked up behind, by propping on his coat collar.

He has brought up a family of three sons, and never spent on their education three pounds. The consequence has been just what might be expected. They came to know, as they grew up, "for quickly comes such knowledge," their expectations; and they turned out rude, savage, and drunken. One married a servant wench, and she dying, the son brought himself and several children to the old man's to live. Warned by this—for, with all his clownish parsimony, he has pride—the pride of property—he has put the others on farms, and they have married farmers' daughters; but, always living in expectation of the old man's death, they attend to no business; always looking forward to the possession of his wealth, they have already condemned a good part of it. If any man could be punished, that man is, for sparing the expense of their education, and for the example set before them; for, what he has made the sole object of all his thoughts and labours, he sees them squandering, and knows that they will squander it all. But he himself is not guilty of all this; he is but the victim of his own education, and the maxims and manners of his ancestors. If he could have seen the usefulness of education to his sons, he could not have found in his heart to spend the necessary money; but he could not see it: anything further than to be able to sign a receipt, and reckon a sum of money in their heads, he called trash and nonsense.

When his sons were growing towards men, I have chanced to pass his farm-yard, and seen

him and two of them filling a dung cart; labouring, puffing and blowing, and perspiring, as if their lives depended on their labour; and the old man was urging them on with continual curses—"Curse thy body, Dick! Curse thy body, Ben! Ben! Dick! Ben! Dick! work, lads, work!" And these hopeful sons were repaying their father's curses with the same horrible earnestness.

A gentleman once told me that, having to call on this man about some money transaction, he was detained till twelve o'clock, and desired to stay dinner, that being his hour. Out of curiosity, he consented. Everything about the house was in the rudest and most desolate state. I do not know whether they had a cloth spread on the sturdy oak table, which supported a set of pewter plates, a roasted fowl, and a pudding in a huge brown oaken dish. The wife, stripped to her stays and quilted petticoat, was too busy making cheese and scolding the servants to come to dinner. The *pater familias* and his guest sat down together. As he cut up the fowl, the two great lads, Dick and Ben, then about twelve and fourteen years of age, came, with their wild eyes staring sharply out of their bushy heads of wild hair, and hung over their father's chair, one on each side, with an eager expression of voracity; for they were not asked to sit down. The father, as if he expected them to pounce on the dinner and carry it off, kept a sharp look-out on them; and though, out of deference to his guest, he restrained his curses, he kept vociferating, as he turned his head first to one and then to the other, and then gave a cut at the fowl—"Ben! Dick! get away, lads! get away! get away! get away!" But the moment a leg and a wing were cut off, the lads made a sudden spring, and each seizing a joint, bounded out of the apartment, leaving the old man in wonder at the unmanageableness of his sons. From such an education who can doubt the result?—A brood of savages, the nuisance of the neighbourhood, and torment of the old man's days. To such a height has the old man's agony arisen at times, as he saw the wasteful conduct of his sons, that it is a pretty well established fact, that on one occasion he threw himself down in a ditch in one of his own fields, and—did not pray to die, for he never knew the beginning, middle, or end of a prayer, but he *tried* to die; but, after a long and weary endeavour, finding it in vain, he got up and hobbled off home again, saying—"Well, I see it is as hard to die as to live. I can't die! I can't die! I must even bear it, till these lads kill me by inches—and that must be a plaguy while first; for I measure two yards of bad stuff, and I think I'm as hard as a nur,* and as tough as whitleather."

Ben, now upwards of forty years of age, still lives with the old man, working as a labourer on his farm, and is maintained with his children. Money he never sees: but his father allows him to sell bundles of straw; and he may be seen, in an evening, with two bundles of straw under each arm, proceeding to the alehouse in the next village, where he barters them for the evening cup. Nay, the other night, a person encountered, as he supposed, a thief issuing from the old man's yard, with a huge beam on his shoulder. It was Ben going to turn it into ale; who desired his neighbour to say nothing. Nothing can more strikingly close this account than the old man's usual description of his three sons. "My son Dick has Cain's mark on his forehead; Ben, if ale was a guinea a-pint, and he had but one guinea in the world, would buy a pint of ale; and, as for Simon—he is a gentleman! He takes a certificate to shoot. He runs with those long legs of his over three parishes, and comes slinging home with a crow, or a pinet*—ay, ay, Simon is a gentleman!"

In this same nook of the world might be seen, some years ago, two brothers, stout farmers—farmers of their own property—heaping curses and recriminations on each other about their possessions, in so loud a voice that they have been heard half a mile off. This enmity outlasted the elder, and burned in the breast of the younger for years after. For it was some years after, that he attended the funeral of a niece whom he left in life to the charity of another. When the funeral was over, they adjourned with the parson to the public house; and here the person who had cared for the neglected niece, urged the uncle now to pay some part of the funeral charges. "Yes," said he, "thou hast been at a deal of cost," (these country people still retain the use of thou and thee,) "and here is a sixpence for the parson's glass of brandy and water." The astonished man pushed back the sixpence with contempt; but, at this moment, in came a lad to tell them that the grave being made too near that of the deceased brother, the earth had suddenly fallen in, and broken in the lid of the old man's coffin. At this, the living brother started up in evident delight and exclaimed—"Why, has it? Why, has it? Thou tells me summut, lad! thou tells me summut!" And he gave him the sixpence he had generously destined for the parson's glass.

These seem shocking cases, but they are only too true; and such are but the events of every day in these sleepy hollows, where public opinion has no weight, and where ignorance and avarice are handed down from age to age. I have seen hundreds of such things in such places. And what mode of regeneration shall reach this class of people, who have the rust of whole ages in their souls? You cannot offer to them education, as you do to the poor. You cannot reason with them, as with the poor. They have too much pride. It can only be by educating all around them, that you can reach them. When they feel the effect of the education of the poor, their pride will compel them to educate their children. This will be one of the many good results that will flow from the education of the poor in the back settlements of England. Let us, then,

* Nur—a hard knot of wood used by the boys at bondy instead of a ball.

* Magpie.

direct the stream of knowledge into the remotest of these obscure places. If the penny periodicals were, by some means, made to circulate there, as they circulate in towns—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal;* the *Penny Magazine*, and *Saturday Magazine*, with their host of woodcuts and useful facts; and *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, with its more refined and poetical spirit—they would work a great change. Prints and cuts from good originals would awaken a better taste; higher ideas of the beauty of created forms: for I say with Rogers—

> Be mine to bless the mere mechanic skill
> That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will;
> And cheaply circulates through distant climes,
> The fairest relics of the purest times.

We blame our populace for not possessing the same refined taste as the French and Italians; for being brutal and destructive; that parks, public walks, and public buildings, cannot be thrown open to them without receiving injury. We ought not to blame them for this; for is not this the *English spirit* that has been praised in Parliament? for the encouragement of which, bull-baitings, dog-fightings, cock-fightings, and boxings have been pleaded for by senators, as its proper aliment? and the Romans, with their gladiatorial shows, quoted as good precedents? Forgetting that, while the Romans were a growing and a conquering people, they were a simple and domestic people. When they had their amphitheatres, and their bloody shows of battling men and beasts, they fell under imperial despotism, and thence into national destruction. If we will have a better spirit, we must take better means to produce it. We can never make our rural population too well informed. Ireland with all manner of horrible outrages, England with its rick-burnings, and Scotland with its orderly peasantry, all point towards the evils of ignorance and oppression, and the national advantage and individual happiness that are to be reaped from the spread of sound knowledge through our rural districts.

EXPENSES OF WARS.

BY ONE OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

Since the year 1000, there have been twenty-four different wars between England and France; twelve between England and Scotland; eight between England and Spain; and seven with other countries;—in all, fifty-one wars!

There have been six wars within one hundred years, viz.

			Sterling.	Destruction of Human Life.
1.	War ending	1697, Cost	£21,500,000,	100,000 slain. 80,000 died of famine.
2.	" began	1702,	43,000,000,	not ascertained.
3.	" began	1739,	46,400,000,	
4.	" began	1756,	111,000,000,	250 000.
5.	The American War,	1775,	139,000,000,	200,000.
	The last War began	1793,	750,000,000,	2,000,000 among the several belligerents.

At the conclusion of the war, which ended 1697, the national debt was twenty-one millions and a half. At the conclusion of the last war in 1815, the national debt amounted to no less than one thousand and fifty millions.

On the 29th May 1660, Charles II. was restored to the throne of England. In 1664, he declared war against Holland, upon very frivolous pretences. Two English ships had been taken by the Dutch; and, though they offered to make a proper compensation, Charles would not accept it, but immediately proceeded to hostilities.

After three years' war, both sides were equally tired, and a peace was concluded at Breda, 10th July 1667.

William III. ascended the throne in 1689. In respect to foreign wars, William's grand object was to humble the pride of the French king; and, with this view, he entered into a confederacy with the Emperor, the King of Spain, the United Provinces, the Duke of Savoy, and the Elector of Brandenburgh; which potentates severally declared war against Louis in 1689; and, in 1697, after a war of *eight years*, bloody and expensive, a peace was concluded at Ryswick in Holland; the principle article of which, relating to King William, was, *that he should be acknowledged King of Great Britain.*

The war, in which William engaged from motives of ambition, shews the melancholy effects of entering into continental alliances, which have always been the misfortune of England. Between *twenty* and *thirty millions* sterling *expended*, and *one hundred thousand men slain upon the Continent*, were not the only evils attending the contest. While blood and devastation marked the military operations abroad; poverty, famine, and distress raged at home. William, being the principal of the confederacy, had the expense of the confederacy to support. It was then that corn was exported in the greatest abundance to feed the allies; in consequence of which, in England it was double, and in Scotland four times its ordinary price; and, in one of those years, in Scotland alone, *eighty thousand poor people* (says Dalrymple) *died of want!*

Queen Anne ascended the throne in 1702, and immediately proceeded to prosecute the design which her predecessor had formed, of humbling the pride of the Bourbon family, by depriving Philip of the crown of Spain, and compelling the French King to adhere to the second treaty of partition. Accordingly, war was declared against

France, in May 1702, by England, Holland, and the Empire; and, after it had been prosecuted eleven years with various success, a peace was concluded, and signed at Utrecht, on the 11th April 1713.

But the grand object for which the war had been undertaken, was finally abandoned.

King Philip was left in quiet possession of the Spanish Crown.

During this war, was achieved the victory over the French at Blenheim. Ten thousand men, French and Bavarians, were slain on the field of battle; the greater part of thirty squadrons of dragoons were drowned in the Danube; much plunder, and many trophies, were obtained.

But, notwithstanding these signal acquisitions, the nation was a considerable loser; for the expense of the war, as stated by Sir John Sinclair, amounted to £43,360,000; which made a serious addition to the national debt, and to the taxes that were laid on the people to pay the interest of it.

During the reign of George II., a war was begun in the latter end of 1739, between England on the one side, and France and Spain on the other, which terminated in a peace at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, after a contest of *nine years*.

The expenses of this war are stated at £46,418,689.

Notwithstanding the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, (which concluded a war in which nothing was gained by any party but the experience of each other's strength and resources,) peace was not of long continuance. The cessation of hostilities was only an interval of repose, in which the nation might recruit its strength to fight again. In 1754-5, a dispute arising between England and France, concerning a tract of land in the back parts of America, each party charging the other as the aggressor, involved the two nations in an eight years' contest; when, as an eloquent writer observes, had the parties interested alone been consulted, a jury of twelve men might have settled the difference.

At length, the resources of England were nearly exhausted; men could not be procured without great difficulty, and the enormous sums required to continue the war became oppressive upon the people. In plain terms, both sides were so weakened with the loss of blood and treasure, that they could fight no longer, and a peace was concluded in February 1763.

This war is said to have been the most fortunate in which England ever engaged: one hundred ships of war were destroyed or taken from the enemy; and twelve millions sterling acquired in plunder, besides immense acquisitions on the continent of North America. But these victories and successes cost the nation £111,271,996 sterling, and *two hundred and fifty thousand lives!* Such was the indemnity which England obtained for the past.

England was not long to enjoy the blessings of peace and prosperity. In the course of her recovery to strength and affluence, she was again interrupted by the unhappy and calamitous contest with the American colonies, which broke out in 1775.

These colonies were in a state of rapid advancement, and they imported from the mother country goods to the annual amount of £4,509,000 sterling. This trade was, however, annihilated by the war, and numbers of respectable merchants and others were entirely ruined. After a struggle of seven or eight years, in which England lost *two hundred thousand lives*, and expended £139,171,876 sterling, peace was signed between the contending powers, at Paris, on the 3d September 1783, by which Great Britain acknowledged the thirteen provinces of North America, as free, sovereign, and independent states.

The misery and expense occasioned by the American war, were severely felt by the public, and were the cause of great dissatisfaction, both in and out of Parliament.

In 1787 was negociated a commercial treaty with France, on terms mutually advantageous to both countries. This treaty was hailed by the reflecting part of the community, and especially by merchants and manufacturers, as the harbinger of a lasting peace; and, under a sincerely pacific administration, might have been rendered invaluable in promoting the good understanding once more subsisting between the two governments: but, unhappily, this treaty was not of long duration; for, in 1793, England and France were again involved in an awful contest, which continued with little intermission till 1815; when, after a waste of blood and treasure unparalleled in the history of the world, peace was restored.

The expenses of the French war have been stated as under; and these sums are probably much within the actual amount, viz:—

	Sterling.
Great Britain spent in the war, 1793 to 1815,	£750,000,000
France,	690,000,000
Austria,	220,000,000
The other states of Europe,	1,012,000,000
The three years' war cost the United States of America,	27,000,000
	£2,699,000,000!

As regards Great Britain, the seven hundred and fifty millions expended in the late war, remain, (now, in 1835,) for the most part, unliquidated. And to this vast sum should be added the following sources of loss and expense, some of which are likely to be entailed on the public for ages, viz:—

First, The value of British merchant vessels and their cargoes, captured and destroyed by hostile force during the war, 1793 to 1815.

Second, The value of British merchant vessels, *wrecked*, by being deprived, by the war, of access to friendly ports.

Third, The value of British property seized and destroyed during the war, at various places in Europe, particularly at the following, viz:—

At Hamburgh	Leipzic	Dantzic	Naples
Amsterdam	Bremen	Riga	Genoa
Rotterdam	Moscow	Venice	Trieste
Francfort	Copenhagen	Leghorn	

and in France, Spain, and Portugal.

N.B.—Claims against Denmark have lately (1835) been lodged with the British commissioner, to the amount of about £550,000 sterling!

Fourth, The amount of military, naval, and other pensions—1815 to 1835.

Fifth, The amount of taxes continued upon the public, 1815 to 1835, to pay the interest of the war debt.

Sixth, The increase of the establishment beyond that of 1792.

Several of the above sources of loss and expense will apply to other wars. Thus, to the unliquidated cost of the wars of William III. should be added the taxes laid on the public from 1697 to 1835, a period of 138 years, to pay the interest of the war debt of that reign.

Such was the terrible destruction of human life occasioned by the late war, that it is stated upwards of two millions of our fellow creatures fell a sacrifice thereto, among the several belligerents.

TEN MINUTES' ADVICE ON THE TEETH.

Few are the arts and sciences that may not be acquired nowadays, in the space of ten minutes, and at the cost of twelvepence. We are taught how to live handsomely on one hundred pounds per annum—how to preserve our sight, our hearing, our powers of mastication—how to write, to spell—to speak French, Spanish, High Dutch and Low—how to know the stars and the glory thereof—and how to reckon herbs and flowers as cunningly as Solomon, even unto the hyssop that groweth upon the wall. Each of these accomplishments, we find, may now be purchased in Paternoster Row, for the moderate price of one shilling, current coin of King William's realm of Great Britain.

It strikes us, however, that, much as has been said on every subject proposed, at the rate of a farthing a phrase, a few doits' worth of good counsel might still be added to each of the manuals in question. On the Teeth, for instance, so much as has been told us of our grinders—their coming and going—their conservation and decay—full as much has been left unsaid. We are advised when and where to use or spare them—when and how to brush or sponge them—with what powder, dentifrice, or paste, to administer to their infirmities. Cures infallible, orvietans, and odontalgics, are propounded for their aches; while every gaping fissure may be filled up with mineral succedaneum, marmoratum, gold, silver, or lead. Even literature lends its aid to the cause; and "the grinning honour that Sir Walter (Scott) hath," dares not shew its teeth beside the authorship of Monsieur Mallan's paragraphs, or those of Desirabode of the Palais Royal. Yet, after perusing all, and putting all the promises held out to the proof of practice, we maintain that the better part of dentological wisdom may be still accounted among the occult sciences.

Who, for instance, of all these twelvepenny advisers, has ever taught us, in our wrath, when to shew our teeth and when to forbear?—And what lesson demands a greater variety or perspicacity of exposition? Were the bitterest of our critics to let fly, at this present moment, his sharpest arrows against this present article, for the very lives of us we should not know whether to shew our teeth in warlike guise, or whether, as the adage runs, to "grin and bear it." Again, we purpose attending the next levee, to present a petition to his most gracious Majesty in favour of Ministers—whether the late or the present, no matter—from our own particular borough of Eitherside; and, should the impending sword of Majesty menace our shoulders with knighthood, it would much perplex us, whether to bite our lips for laughing, or grind our teeth for very agony. We have thoughts, too, of exchanging our voucher for the ensuing Almacks; and are, at present, undecided whether to appear before the bench with our enamel smilingly and fascinatingly exposed, or whether to close our lips upon a subject in which the foreign aid of ornament is so much to the credit of our dentist. The little Duchess, promoted from her *baignoire aux Italiens*, to the ground tier of the King's Theatre, has just sent us a ticket for this evening; but whether to repay her ivory with a glimpse of our own, no manual extant can determine. Though well aware that the lovely bride in an opposite box will be chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies on our appearance, while that practised coquette, the dowager Countess, sits biting her lips to achieve the true vermillion, we know that the lovely biter has been lately bit; and having, long since, cut our wisdom teeth, are cautious of committing ourselves in like wise.

These dilemmas, however, regard the purely ornamental branch of dentology; the useful and practical involves a thousand questions of graver moment. There are the Mammontons of Portland Place, for instance, who insists upon making us dine with them, in spite of our teeth. No matter whether our *ratelier* be of animal texture, or a mere mineral compound; walrus, or enamel, it serves our purpose on all ordinary occasions—we have no screw loose—no backward spring—our jaw is strong as the weapon of Sampson, and copious as that of a Marylebone member. But to chew the *fricandeaux* of the Mammonton *cuisine* is an effort we do not choose them to encounter—rather live on spoonmeats, or gnaw a crust for the remainder of our days. Yet how to express, without offence, the toughness of their viands, or admit, without shame, the inefficiency of our Parkinsons!

Miss Mammonton, heiress to we know not how many reams of Haytian bonds, who firmly believes that we have not yet cast our colt's-tooth, would thenceforward inscribe us in her list of discarded; and it sets our very teeth on edge to think of all the biting sarcasms, the gibes and jeers, to which we might be exposed.

'Twas but the other day, that Dan the Great presumed to shew his teeth to Forester the beau, without reflecting that so deep a file may chance to prove the harder biter of the two. The Radical press shewed its teeth to the Tory Ministry, which had been shewing its teeth to the country—and its jaw was dislocated in a trice. We ourselves are, at the present moment, strongly inclined to a warlike exhibition of our ivories; but, as the effort is neither to be influenced by the "broad grins" of old George Colman the younger, nor by the author of "Ten Minutes' Advice on the Teeth," we defer our demonstrations to an ensuing number.

FANG.

TAM GLEN'S LETTERS TO POLITICAL CHARACTERS.

TO SIR JOHN CAMPBELL, M.P. FOR THE CITY OF EDINBURGH.

DEAR SIR JOHN,—But it doesna suit the likes o' me to be holding correspondence with Sirs and other potentates of the land, though, for the matter of that, if it hadna been for coporation reform—against which my wife, I thocht, wad ha'e gane clean wude—wha kens but I might ha'e been a barronight mysel'? There was a tailor made a Sir of, for carrying up an address frae the Tories o' the lang toun o' Kirkaldy; and, for my ain part, and the gudewife's part too, we dinna see hoo a dealer in woo' shouldna ha'e just as gude a chance as a maker of breeches, and the like o' that. So, if ye'll alloo me to ca' ye Mr Campbell, or *plain* John Campbell, as ye mind ye ance liket to ca' yersel, my words, I think, will come out mair glibly, and you and me 'll ha'e a twa-handed crack about politics an' ither matters; and I'm just sorry we canna ha'e it, like a pair o' decent chiels, as we are, wi' a jug o' toddy between us, an' a pipe—but maybe ye're no very fond o' tobacco?

Weel, noo that I've got ower the preliminary sentences, which is the most difficult part o' either writin' or speakin', in my opinion—like the provost's wife o' Aberdeen, that was sae feared about being introduced to the Duke o' Gordon, that she stood switherin' ever sae lang wi' her hand on the door-handle, till at last she gathered up courage to face the great man, by crying out, "the first feef o' the haggis is aye the bauldest;" having got ower the introduction, as I was sayin', we'll come to the pith o' the matter as fast as we can. An', first, what do ye think about politics nowadays, Maister Campbell? For my ain part—and a gude mony is o' my opinion, if they wad just speak the truth—we dinna just ken what to think. We are a set o' cautious chiels, us Embro' bodies; and, though we're very fond o' fine speeches, as weel it becomes Modern Athenians to be, we canna deny that we like gude actions to the full as weel. Noo, ye'll perceive, my dear plain John, that we're a' very fond o' you; na, that, in fack, we're proud o' you, as we ought to be; for it's no every Scotchman that's come sae clean out o' the strife o' pairties, and stood the blash, baith of obloquy, an'—what's far waur to bear—o' fame and success too, wi' the same unchanged an' honest heart that ye ha'e dune. Wherefore, tak in gude part what I may say to ye at this present writin', for ye may depend on't, it's a' said wi' gude wull and affection. Noo, what I want to ken is this:—We've beat the Tories sure eneuch—an it's no very muckle to craw about when ane thinks what sort o' craturs they gat till oppose us; and, after a bit fecht up in Parliament yonder, we had the happiness to kick the extortionin' villains out o' the places they had lee'd, and sworn, and cheated, and wriggled themselves intil. There's nae doot o' that. Mr Learmonth himsel' will no deny but Sir Joseph is no longer in office; and even Lord Ramsay begins to fancy that a's no sae richt as it shuld be up awa' yonder in Downing Street. But what gude does a' that do? say I; and so say a gude wheen mair o' us—great supporters o' your's, Sir—an' costing ye neither plack nor bawbee. What gude does a' that do? The three-leggit stools are a' yonder yet—the desks a' ready—the pens stickin' in the standishes—and wha can say, but some fine day, Lord Stormont, or Lord Mahon, and Sir Roger Griesley, and a haill host o' such wonderfu' clever noblemen and gentlemen, may walk quietly awa down to Downing Street, an' yerk themselves on to the very same three-leggit stools that it has cost us gude kens hoo mony weeks to turn them aff. Wull ye answer us *that*, Mr Campbell? Wha can tell us but the haill squad may be back again, wi' Sir Robert at the head, and Mr Goulburn at the tail o' them, the moment the Parliament is prorogued. I think—though I canna say my memory is sae gleg as it used to be—that I mind something about your tellin' us that you pledged your *honour* as a gentleman, and your *reputation* as a lawyer, that you would bring the illegality o' the Duke o' Wallington's conduct before the House o' Commons. An' I mind I lost a gude hat in consequence o' that very promise; for I was sae uproarious in my joy, that I flung my hat as high as I could into the air; an' whether it ever cam' down again or no, I canna' say, but I have certainly remarked that ever since syne, Counsellor Blarney, who is a Tory o' the largest dimensions, an' wha was standin' no very far frae me at the time, has worn a hat, which, if it is no the very ane I tossed

into the air, micht pass very weel for the twin brother of it. But that's neither here nor there. I wadna grudge the hat, if I hadna been disappointed in the hopes ye held out. I've gone on houpin' and houpin' to see a motion on the subject ever since the 19th of February; but my heart has noo grown sae sick, frae my hopes being deferred sae lang, that I feel sure ye'll excuse me if I ask ye, just in a frank an' open manner, as I'm sure you like to be spoken till—Are ye going to tak' ony notice of it? or are ye no? If ye dinna do it, after a' that ye said yon time, I sincerely trust yer reputation as a lawyer will no suffer to ony great extent; but, as to the ither sanction ye gied us to yer promise, it will be just as weel no to say muckle about it. I understood what ye said to be a sort o' compound sentence, and that the twa limbs o' the expression should gang thegither; for it's clear to me that ye, firstly, pawned yer reputation as a lawyer, that the conduct o' the Duke o' Walington was illegal; and, secondly, yer honour as a gentleman, that ye wad bring this illegal conduct before the Commons of England. Noo, was his conduct illegal? or ha'e ye fund out, in ony o' yer auld authorities, that he was perfectly justified in takin' a' the offices o' the Government on him at aince? Or, if it was against a' law, as evidently it was against a' propriety, what's become o' yer honour as a gentleman, which cost me as gude a new hat as ever cam' out o' Grieve & Scott's, the price of which was six-and-twenty shillings, and hadna been worn abune a fortnight? Answer me that, Sir, and dinna be mealy-mouth'd about the matter. If the Duke was richt, then confess, like an honest man, that ye didna think sae at the time; but, if yer opinion was correct on the law part o' the subject, then I wish ye a pleasant ride, and an iron plate on the lower part o' yer trousers; for ye'll no find it easy sittin' on the sharp point of one or other of the horns o' this dilemma. But, seff us, man, it's no possible ye could be sae ignorant o' constitutional law, as no to ken whether it was justifiable or no, for ae man to hang a' the seals o' office, keys o' chambers, gold sticks an' a', to the handle o' his ain sword. We Embro' bodies are a douce, quiet, loyal set o' people, as can possibly be; and we canna thole the thochts o' ha'eing the crown itsel' made very far frae respectable, no to ca' it a laughing-stock to the ill-disposed, by sic unaccountable vagaries. They aye used to tell me that the King, honest man, could do no wrong—which seemed to be just the height o' good luck; for I'm sure, our late gracious sovereign, King George the Fourth, of blessed and immortal memory, tried his best at it; an' if he didna do ony wrang, it wasna for want o' endeavour;—but they aye used to say—I've gotten intil a bad habit o' writing lang disjasket sort o' sentences—that the king could do no wrong; and the way they explained the matter to me was, that he aye got somebody to do wrang for him, or, at ony rate, to tak' the wyte o't when it was done;—but wha tak's the wyte o' the dictatorship, Sir John? It canna be the King, for it wad be treason to suspec sic a thing; and the Duke's no very muckle to blame, for he's just a dour-headed sort o' carle, that tak's a' he can get, and wadna ha'e cared muckle how lang the ploy had lasted. So, we maun come to the conclusion that it's just oursels that maun bear the blame, baith o' that adventure and o' as mony mair interregnums and dictatorships as the leddies o' the bed-chamber choose to pit upon us. An' a braw time o't the leddies o' the bed-chamber maun ha'e. It maun be famous fun for them and the bit lords, jouking up and down the back stairs, and dissolving parliaments, and kickin' off ministers, and making premiers, as if they were playing a game at the nine-pins. I canna say but I wad like very weel if the gudewife were ane o' the leddies o' the bed-chamber hersel', provided I was aye close at her lug; for I'm feared there's mair whilly-whaing, an' whispering, an' sic like gaun' on up yonder, than wad suit a decent woman like Mysie Glen.

There's just anither matter, Sir John, that puzzles our heads down here: an' that is—What in the world's become o' Hairy Brougham? They whisper—for we're a' too respecfu' to speak loud out what we think—that he's no just on the sunny side o' the hedge wi' the leddies an' the auld gentleman at Windsor. An' some say, the reason he's no a favourite wi' them is, that his tongue, though it's supple eneuch—an' to hear till him, ane wad think it's lang eneuch too—is no sae ready at licking the plates as some o' the courtiers; an' that he sometimes has even the impertinence to speak a lock sense to our gracious King—which we a' ken maun be a most unbearable insult till his Majesty. But, however that may be, an' whether he's refused to lick the dishes, or had the audacity no' to speak like the rest o' the circle, as they're ca'd, it doesna matter a prin to us. We want to ken what for Lord Melbourne, after takin' his oath, and laying his hand on his heart, that there never was sae united a cabinet as the last ane he was at the head o', doesna shew that the cabinet was as he says it was, by insistin' on ha'ein' ane o' the chiefest members o't back again intil his present ane. We dinna care about the Seal—though we canna help thinkin' it rather a queer thing to get three auld gentlemen to tak' care o't, when ae man could do it just as weel; but what for, if Lord Melbourne and Lord Brougham agreed sae weel thegither before, does he no appoint him to some office or anither, just to shew their maligners that their agreement hasna been broken. I'll no say that Hairy Brougham didna misbehave himsel' a wee last simmer doon hereawa; but no just in the way that some folk think he misbehaved. A wheen Tory bodies here are aye thraip thraipin' that he trailed the ermine thro' the dirt—noo, the de'il a bit o' dirt could I see a' the time he was in Scotland for him to pit his ermine in, if he had been willin'. But I maun confess, that, tho' there was nae dirt to defile himsel' wi', there was a hantle butter. But, whether he was spattered

then or no, he's changed his claes sinsyne; and I dinna think he'll ever rin the risk o' greasin' his waistcoat in the same way again. What wi' pourin' sic gravy as he did on the King, honest man, and what wi' the sort o' cruet o' vinegar that Lord Durham mixed wi't at the same time, it was rather a sort o' kitchen to pour out on a boiled calf's head, than on the anointed head o' an illustrious monarch. The twa ha'e made up their skrimmage, whatever it was about; and ye canna persuade us but it wad be a braw sicht for England—no' to say Scotland and Ireland too—if we saw the twa takin' their seats cheekie for jowie at the council board, and sayin' their say, in spite o' a' the gloomin' an' glunchin' that wad sit on the gude-natured face o' gracious leddies, or the open virtuous countenance o' the immaculate inhabitant of Kew. An' what for no? Are they gaun on the auld gate, conceeliatin'? A bonny sort o' conceeliation, to keep out the twa best men they ha'e got, just to please a wheen bed-makers! And for the same reason, I'm thinkin', they made the Duke o' Richmond a lord lieutenant, and gied a regiment o' the malitia to Colonel Lindsay, about which a' Fife is bizzing like a hive o' bees. If that's the ploy stay out of office, Lord Brougham, and dinna fash your thoomb, Lord Durham, say we. If that's the ploy, the day's no very far awa that ye'll hae to come in whether ye wull or no; and a grand sicht it'll be, to see the beautiful countenances o' the hereditary possessors o' political, an' a' ither sorts o' wisdom, when the people at last ha'e a cabinet to their likin'. An' I wadna say, but ye'll be in't yersel, Sir John. Only just gie's a word or twa aboot these matters, before this session comes to a close. Or, if it wad be inconvenient—as a gude heap o' things seem to be inconvenient to his Majesty's Government, such as answerin' plain questions aboot pension lists, an' sic like—ye can just gi'e me a line by the post; and believe me, for a' that's come an' gane yet—

Your true supporter an' zealous friend,

THOMAS GLEN.

P.S.—Since the above was wrote, the London prints tell us that his Lordship is to be sent to Russia. And there are no great objections to that; only he maun look sharp about him; and he will no be the worse of good advising either.

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND MANNERS; FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER.

OXFORD.

Continued from our Eighteenth Number.

THERE was one reason why I sought solitude at that early age, and sought it in a morbid excess, which must naturally have conferred upon my character some degree of that interest which belongs to all extremes. My eye had been couched into a secondary power of vision, by misery, by solitude, by sympathy with life in all its modes, by experience too early won, and by the sense of danger critically escaped. Suppose the case of a man suspended by some colossal arm over an unfathomed abyss—suspended, but finally and slowly withdrawn—it is probable that he would not smile for years. That was my case: for I have not mentioned, in the "Opium Confessions," a thousandth part of the sufferings I underwent in London and in Wales; partly because the misery was too monotonous, and in that respect unfitted for description; but still more, because there is a mysterious sensibility connected with real suffering which recoils from circumstantial rehearsal or delineation, as from violation offered to something sacred, and which is, or should be dedicated to privacy. Grief does not parade its pangs, nor the anguish of despairing hunger willingly count again its groans or its humiliations. Hence it was that Ledyard, the traveller, speaking of his Russian experiences, used to say that some of his miseries were such, that he never *would* reveal them. Besides all which, I really was not at liberty to speak, without many reserves, on this chapter of my life, at a period (1821) not twenty years removed from the actual occurrences, unless I desired to court the risk of crossing at every step the existing law of libel—so full of snares and man-traps, to the careless, equally with the conscientious writer. This is a consideration which some of my critics have lost sight of in a degree which surprises me. One, for example, puts it to his readers whether any house such as I describe as the abode of my money-lending friend, could exist "*in* Oxford Street;" and, at the same time he states, as circumstances drawn from my description, but, in fact, pure coinages of his own, certain romantic impossibilities, which doubtless could as little attach to a house in Oxford Street, as they could to a house in any other quarter of London. Meantime, I had sufficiently indicated that, whatsoever street *was* concerned in that affair, Oxford Street was *not*; and it is remarkable enough, as illustrating this amiable reviewer's veracity, that no one street in London was absolutely excluded *but* one; and that one Oxford Street. For I happened to mention that, on such a day, (my birth-day,) I had turned aside *from* Oxford Street to look at the house in question. I will now add that this house was in Greek Street: so much it may be safe to say. But every candid reader will see that both prudential restraints, and also disinterested regard to the feelings of possibly amiable descendants from a vicious man, would operate with any

thoughtful writer in such a case, to impose reserve upon his pen. Had my guardians, had my money-lending friend of Jewry, and others concerned in my memoirs, been so many shadows, bodiless abstractions, and without earthly connexions, I might readily have given my own names to my own creations; and have treated them as unceremoniously as I pleased; not so, under the real circumstances of the case. My chief guardian, for instance, though obstinate to a degree which risked the happiness and the life of his ward, was an upright man otherwise: and his children are entitled to value his memory. Again, my Greek Street τραπεζίτης, the "*fœnerator Alpheus*," who delighted to reap where he had not sown, and too often (I fear) allowed himself in practices which not impossibly have long since been found to qualify him for distant climates and "Botanic" regions—even he, though I might truly describe him as a mere highwayman, whenever he happened to be aware that I had received a friendly loan, yet, like other highwaymen of repute, and "gentle thieves," was not inexorable to the petitions of his victim: he would sometimes toss back what was required for some instant necessity of the road; and at *his* breakfast table it was, after all, as elsewhere recorded, that I contrived to support life; barely indeed, and most slenderly, but still with the final result of escaping absolute starvation. With that recollection before me, I could not allow myself to probe his frailties too severely, had it even been certainly safe to do so. But enough: the reader will understand that a year spent either in the valleys of Wales, or upon the streets of London, a wanderer too often houseless in both situations, might naturally have peopled the mind of one constitutionally disposed to solemn contemplations with memorials of human sorrow and strife too profound to pass away for years.

Thus, then, it was—past experience of a very peculiar kind, the agitations of many lives crowded into the compass of a year or two, in combination with a peculiar structure of mind—offered one explanation of the very remarkable and unsocial habits which I adopted at college: but there was another not less powerful and not less unusual. In stating this, I shall seem, to some persons, covertly designing an affront to Oxford. But that is far from my intention. It is noways peculiar to Oxford; but will, doubtless, be found in every university throughout the world—that the younger part of the members, the undergraduates, I mean, generally, whose chief business must have lain amongst the great writers of Greece and Rome, cannot have found leisure to cultivate extensively their own domestic literature. Not so much that time will have been wanting; but that the whole energy of the mind, and the main course of the subsidiary studies and researches, will naturally have been directed to those difficult languages, amongst which lie their daily tasks. I make it no subject of complaint or scorn, therefore, but simply state it as a fact, that few or none of the Oxford undergraduates, with whom parity of standing threw me into collision at my first outset, knew anything at all of English literature. The *Spectator* seemed to me the only English book of a classical rank which they had read; and even this less for its inimitable delicacy, humour, and refined pleasantry in dealing with manners and characters, than for its insipid and meagre essays, ethical or critical. This was no fault of theirs: they had been sent to the book chiefly as a subject for Latin translations, or of other exercises; and, in such a view, the vague generalities of superficial morality were more useful and more manageable than sketches of manner or character, steeped in national peculiarities. To translate the terms of Whig politics into classical Latin, would be as difficult as it might be for a Whig himself to give a consistent account of those politics from the year 1688. Natural, however, and excusable as this ignorance might be, to myself it was intolerable and incomprehensible. Already, at fifteen, I had made myself familiar with the great English poets. About sixteen, or not long after, my interest in the story of Chatterton had carried me over the whole ground of the Rowley controversy; and that controversy, by a necessary consequence, had so familiarized me with the "Black Letter," that I had begun to find an unaffected pleasure in the ancient English metrical romances; and, in Chaucer, though acquainted as yet only with part of his works, I had perceived and had felt profoundly those divine qualities, which, even at this day, are so languidly acknowledged by his unjust countrymen. With this knowledge, and this enthusiastic knowledge of the elder poets—of those most remote from easy access—I could not well be a stranger in other walks of our literature, more on a level with the general taste, and nearer to modern diction, and, therefore, more extensively multiplied by the press. Yet, after all, as one proof how much more commanding is that part of a literature which speaks to the elementary affections of men, than that which is founded on the mutable aspects of manners—it is a fact that, even in our elaborate system of society, where an undue value is unavoidably given to the whole science of social intercourse, and a continual irritation applied to the sensibilities which point in that direction; still, under all these advantages, Pope himself is less read, less quoted, less thought of, than the elder and graver section of our literature. It is a great calamity for an author such as Pope, that, generally speaking, it requires so much experience of life to enjoy his peculiar felicities, as must argue an age likely to have impaired the general capacity for enjoyment. For my part, I had myself a very slender acquaintance with this chapter of our literature; and what little I had was generally, at that period of my life, as, with most men, it continues to be to the end of life, a reflex knowledge, acquired through those pleasant miscellanies, half gossip, half criticism—such as Warton's *Essay on Pope*, Boswell's *Johnson*, Mathias's *Pursuits of Literature*, and many scores beside

of the same indeterminate class—a class, however, which do a real service to literature, by diffusing an indirect knowledge of fine writers in their most effective passages, where else, in a direct shape, it would often never extend.

In some parts, then, having even a profound knowledge of our literature, in all parts having some, I felt it to be impossible that I should familiarly associate with those who had none at all; not so much as a mere historical knowledge of the literature in its capital names and their chronological succession. Do I mention this in disparagement of Oxford? By no means. Among the undergraduates of higher standing, and occasionally, perhaps, of my own, I have since learned that many might have been found eminently accomplished in this particular. But seniors do not seek after juniors; they must be sought; and, with my previous bias to solitude, a bias equally composed of impulses and motives, I had no disposition to take trouble in seeking any man for any purpose.

But, on this subject, a fact still remains to be told, of which I am justly proud; and it will serve, beyond anything else that I can say, to measure the degree of my intellectual development. On coming to Oxford, I had taken up one position in advance of my age by full thirty years: that appreciation of Wordsworth, which it has taken full thirty years to establish amongst the public, I had already made, and had made operative to my own intellectual culture in the same year when I clandestinely quitted school. Already, in 1802, I had addressed a letter of fervent admiration to Mr Wordsworth. I did not send it until the spring of 1803; and, from misdirection, it did not come into his hands for some months. But I had an answer from Mr Wordsworth before I was eighteen; and that my letter was thought to express the homage of an enlightened admirer, may be inferred from the fact that his answer was long and full. On this anecdote, I do not mean to dwell; but I cannot allow the reader to overlook the circumstances of the case. At this day, it is true, no journal can be taken up which does not habitually speak of Mr Wordsworth as of *a* great if not *the* great poet of the age. Mr Bulwer, living in the intensest pressure of the world, and, though recoiling continually from the judgments of the world, yet never in any violent degree, ascribes to Mr Wordsworth (in his *England and the English*, p. 308,) "an influence of a more noble and purely intellectual character, than *any* writer of our age or nation has exercised." Such is the opinion held of this great poet in 1835; but what were those of 1805—15—nay, of 25? For twenty years after the date of that letter to Mr Wordsworth above referred to, language was exhausted, ingenuity was put on the rack, in the search after images and expressions vile enough—insolent enough—to convey the unutterable contempt avowed for all that he had written by the fashionable critics. One critic—who still, I believe, edits a rather popular journal, and who belongs to that class, feeble, fluttering, ingenious, who make it their highest ambition not to lead, but, with a slave's adulation, to obey and to follow all the caprices of the public mind—described Mr Wordsworth as resembling, in the quality of his mind, an old nurse babbling in her paralytic dotage to sucking babies. If this insult was peculiarly felt by Mr Wordsworth, it was on a consideration of the unusual imbecility of him who offered it, and not because in itself it was baser or more insolent than the language held by the majority of journalists who then echoed the public voice. *Blackwood's Magazine* (1817) first accustomed the public ear to the language of admiration coupled with the name of Wordsworth. This began with Professor Wilson; and well I remember—nay, the proofs are still easy to hunt up—that, for eight or ten years, this singularity of opinion, having no countenance from other journals, was treated as a whim, a paradox, a bold extravagance of the *Blackwood* critics. Mr Wordsworth's neighbours in Westmoreland, who had (generally speaking) a profound contempt for him, used to rebut the testimony of Blackwood by one constant reply—"Ay, *Blackwood* praises Wordsworth, but who else praises him?" In short, up to 1820, the name of Wordsworth was trampled under foot; from 1820 to 1830 it was militant; from 1830 to 1835 it has been triumphant. In 1803, when I entered at Oxford, that name was absolutely unknown; and the finger of scorn pointed at it in 1802 by the first or second No. of the *Edinburgh Review*, failed to reach its mark from absolute defect of knowledge in the public mind. Some fifty beside myself knew who was meant by "that poet who had cautioned his friend against growing double," &c.; to all others it was a profound secret.

These things must be known and understood properly to value the prophetic eye and the intrepidity of two persons, like Professor Wilson and myself, who, in 1802–3, attached themselves to a banner not yet raised and planted; who outran, in fact, their contemporaries by one entire generation; and did *that* about 1802 which the rest of the world are doing in chorus about 1832.

Professor Wilson's period at Oxford exactly coincided with my own; yet, in that large world, we never met. I know, therefore, but little of his policy in regard to such opinions or feelings as tended to dissociate him from the mass of his coevals. This only I know, that he lived as it were in public; and must, therefore, I presume, have practised a studied reserve as to his deepest admirations; and, perhaps, at that day (1803–8) the occasions would be rare in which much dissimulation would be needed. Until Lord Byron had begun to pilfer from Wordsworth and to abuse him, allusions to Wordsworth were not frequent in conversation; and it was chiefly on occasion of some question arising about poetry in general, or about the poets of the day, that it became difficult to dissemble. For my part, hating the necessity for dissimulation as much as the dissimulation itself, I drew from this peculiarity also of my own mind, a fresh reinforcement of my other motives for sequestering

myself; and, for the first two years of my residence in Oxford, I compute that I did not utter one hundred words.

I remember distinctly the first (which happened also to be the last) conversation that I ever held with my tutor. It consisted of three sentences, two of which fell to his share, one to mine. On a fine morning, he met me in the Quadrangle, and having then no guess of the nature of my pretensions, he determined (I suppose) to probe them. Accordingly, he asked me, "What I had been lately reading?" Now, the fact was, that I, at that time immersed in metaphysics, had really been reading and studying very closely the *Parmenides*, of which obscure work some Oxford men, early in the last century, published a separate edition. Yet, so profound was the benignity of my nature, that, in those days, I could not bear to witness, far less to cause, the least pain or mortification to any human being. I recoiled, indeed, from the society of most men, but not with any feelings of dislike. On the contrary, in order that I *might* like all men, I wished to associate with none. Now, then, to have mentioned the *Parmenides* to one who, fifty thousand to one, was a perfect stranger to its whole drift and purpose, looked too *méchant*, too like a trick of malice in an age when such reading was so very unusual. I felt that it would be taken for an express stratagem for stopping my tutor's mouth. All this passing rapidly through my mind, I replied without hesitation, that I had been reading Paley. My tutor's rejoinder I have never forgotten: "Ah! an excellent author; excellent for his matter; only you must be on your guard as to his style; he is very vicious *there*." Such was the colloquy; we bowed, parted, and never more (I apprehend) exchanged one word. Now, trivial and trite as this comment on Paley may appear to the reader, it struck me forcibly that more falsehood, or more absolute falsehood, or more direct inversion of the truth, could not, by any artifice of ingenuity, have been crowded into one short sentence. Paley, as a philosopher, is a jest, the disgrace of the age; and, as regards the two Universities and the enormous responsibility they undertake for the books which they sanction by their official examinations for degrees, the name of Paley is their great opprobrium. But, on the other hand, for style, Paley is a master. Homely, racy, vernacular English, the rustic vigour of a style which intentionally foregoes the graces of polish on the one hand, and of scholastic precision on the other—that quality of merit has never been attained in a degree so eminent. This first interchange of thought upon a topic of literature did not tend to slacken my previous disposition to retreat into solitude; a solitude, however, which at no time was tainted with either the moroseness or the pride of a cynic.

Neither must the reader suppose, that, even in that day, I belonged to the party who disparage the classical writers, or the classical training of the great English schools. The Greek drama I loved and revered. But, to deal frankly—because it is a subject which I shall hereafter bring before the public—I made great distinctions. I was not that indiscriminate admirer of Greek and Roman literature which those too generally are who admire it at all. This protesting spirit, against a false and blind idolatry, was with me, at that time, a matter of enthusiasm—almost of bigotry. I was a bigot against bigots. Let us take the Greek oratory, for example:—what section of the Greek literature is more fanatically exalted, and studiously in depreciation of our own? Let us judge of the sincerity at the base of these hollow affectations, by the downright facts and the producible records. To admire, in any sense which can give weight and value to your admiration, presupposes, I presume, some acquaintance with its object. As the earliest title to an opinion, one way or other, of the Greek eloquence, we ought to have studied some of its most distinguished artists; or, say *one*, at least—and this one, we may be sure, will be, as it ought to be, Demosthenes. Now, it is a fact that all the copies of Demosthenes sold within the last hundred years would not meet the demand of one considerable town, were that orator a subject of study amongst even classical scholars. I doubt whether, at this day, there exist twenty men in Europe who can be said to have even once read Demosthenes; and therefore it was that, when Mr Mitford, in his "History of Greece," took a new view of this orator's political administration—a view which lowered his character for integrity—he found an unresisting acceder to his doctrines in a public having no previous opinion upon the subject, and, therefore, open to any casual impression of malice or rash judgment. Had there been any acquaintance with the large remains which we still possess of this famous orator, no such wrong could been done. I, from my childhood, had been a reader, nay, a student of Demosthenes; and, simply, for this reason—that, having meditated profoundly on the true laws and philosophy of diction, and of what is vaguely denominated style, and finding nothing of any value in modern writers upon this subject, and not much as regards the grounds and ultimate principles even in the ancient rhetoricians, I have been reduced to collect my opinions from the great artists and practitioners, rather than from the theorists; and, among those artists, in the most plastic of languages, I hold Demosthenes to have been the greatest. The Greek is, beyond comparison, the most plastic of languages. It was a material which bent to the purposes of him who used it beyond the material of other languages; it was an instrument for a larger compass of modulations; and it happens that the peculiar theme of an orator imposes the very largest which is consistent with a prose diction. One step farther in passion, and the orator would become a poet. An orator can exhaust the capacities of a language—an historian never. Moreover, the age of Demosthenes was, in my judgment, the age of highest development for arts dependent upon social refinement. That generation had fixed and ascertained the use of

words; whereas, the previous generation of Thucydides, Xenophon, Plato, &c., was a transitional period: the language was still moving and tending to a meridian not yet attained; and the public eye had been directed consciously upon language, as in and for itself an organ of intellectual delight, for too short a time, to have mastered the whole art of managing its resources. All these were reasons for studying Demosthenes, as the one great model and standard of Attic prose; and, studied him I *had*, more than any other prose writer whatever. *Pari passu*, I had become sensible that others had *not* studied him. One monotonous song of applause I found raised on every side; something about being "like a torrent, that carries everything before it." This original image is all we get in the shape of criticism; and never any attempt even at illustrating what is greatest in him, or characterising what is most peculiar. The same persons who discovered that Lord Brougham was the modern Bacon, have also complimented him with the title of the English Demosthenes. Upon this hint, Lord Brougham, in his address to the Glasgow students, has deluged the great Athenian with wordy admiration. There is an obvious prudence in lodging your praise upon an object from which you count upon a rebound to yourself. But here, as everywhere else, you look in vain for any marks or indications of a personal and *direct* acquaintance with the original orations. The praise is built rather upon the popular idea of Demosthenes, than upon the real Demosthenes. And not only so; but even upon style itself, and upon the art of composition *in abstracto*, Lord Brougham does not seem to have formed any clear conceptions—principles he has none. Now, it is useless to judge of an artist until you have some principles on the art. The two capital secrets in the art of prose composition are these:—1*st*, The philosophy of transition and connexion; or the art by which one step in an evolution of thought is made to arise out of another: all fluent and effective composition depends on the *connexions;*—2*dly*, The way in which sentences are made to modify each other; for, the most powerful effects in written eloquence arise out of this reverberation, as it were, from each other in a rapid succession of sentences: and, because some limitation is necessary to the length and complexity of sentences, in order to make this interdependency felt; hence it is that the Germans have no eloquence. The construction of German prose tends to such immoderate length of sentences, that no effect of intermodification can ever be apparent. Each sentence, stuffed with innumerable clauses of restriction, and other parenthetical circumstances, becomes a separate section—an independent whole. But, without insisting on Lord Brougham's oversights, or errors of defect, I will digress a moment to one positive caution of his, which will measure the value of his philosophy on this subject. He lays it down for a rule of indefinite application, that the Saxon part of our English idiom is to be favoured at the expense of that part which has so happily coalesced with the language from the Latin or Greek. This fancy, often patronised by other writers, and even acted upon, resembles that restraint which some metrical writers have imposed upon themselves—of writing a long copy of verses, from which some particular letter, or from each line of which some different letter should be carefully excluded. What followed? Was the reader sensible, in the practical effect upon his ear, of any beauty attained? By no means; all the difference, sensibly perceived, lay in the occasional constraints and affectations to which the writer had been driven by his self-imposed necessities. The same chimera exists in Germany; and so much farther is it carried, that one great puritan in this heresy (Wolf) has published a vast dictionary, the rival of Adelung's, for the purpose of expelling every word of foreign origin and composition out of the language, by assigning some equivalent term spun out from pure native Teutonic materials. *Bayonet*, for example, is patriotically rejected, because a word may be readily compounded tantamount to *musket-dirk;* and, this sort of composition thrives showily in the German, as a language running into composition with a fusibility only surpassed by the Greek. But what good purpose is attained by such caprices? In three sentences the sum of the philosophy may be stated. It has been computed (see *Duclos*) that the Italian opera has not above 600 words in its whole vocabulary: so narrow is the range of its emotions, and so little are those emotions disposed to expand themselves into any variety of thinking. The same remark applies to that class of simple, household, homely passion, which belongs to the early ballad poetry. Their passion is of a quality more venerable, it is true, and deeper than that of the opera, because more permanent and co-extensive with human life; but it is not much wider in its sphere, nor more apt to coalesce with contemplative or philosophic thinking. Pass from these narrow fields of the intellect, where the relations of the objects are so few and simple, and the whole prospect so bounded, to the immeasurable and sea-like arena upon which Shakspeare careers—co-infinite with life itself—yes, and with something more than life. Here is the other pole, the opposite extreme. And what is the choice of diction? What is the *lexis?* Is it Saxon exclusively, or is it Saxon by preference? So far from that, the Latinity is intense—not, indeed, in his construction, but in his choice of words; and so continually are these Latin words used with a critical respect to their earliest (and where *that* happens to have existed, to their unfigurative) meaning, that, upon this one argument, I would rely for upsetting the else impregnable thesis of Dr Farmer as to Shakspeare's learning. Nay, I will affirm that, out of this regard to the Latin acceptation of Latin words, may be absolutely explained the Shakspearian meaning of certain words which has hitherto baffled all his critics. For instance, the word *modern*, of which Dr Johnson professes himself unable to explain the *rationale* or prin-

ciple regulating its Shakspearian use, though he felt its value: it is to be deduced thus:—First of all, change the pronunciation a little, by substituting for the short *o*, as we pronounce it in *modern*, the long *o*, as heard in *modish*, and you will then, perhaps, perceive the process of analogy by which it passed into the Shakspearian use. The *matter* or substance of a thing is, usually, so much more important than its fashion or *manner*, that we have hence adopted, as one way for expressing what is important as opposed to what is trivial, the word *material*. Now, by parity of reason, we are entitled to invert this order, and to express what is unimportant by some word indicating the mere fashion or external manner of an object as opposed to its substance. This is effected by the word *modal* or *mōdern*, as the adjective from *modus*, a fashion or manner: and, in that sense, Shakspeare employs the word. Thus, Cleopatra undervaluing to Cæsar's agent the bijouterie which she has kept back from inventory, and which her treacherous steward had betrayed, describes them as mere trifles—

"Such gifts as we greet modern friends withal;"

where all commentators have *felt* that modern must form the position, mean, slight, and inconsiderable, though perplexed to say how it came by such a meaning. A *modern* friend is, in the Shakspearian sense, with relation to a real and serviceable friend, that which the fashion of a thing is by comparison with its substance. But a still better illustration may be taken from a common line, quoted every day, and ludicrously misinterpreted. In the famous picture of life—"All the world's a stage"—the justice of the piece is described as

"Full of wise saws and modern instances;"

which (*horrendum dictu!*) has been explained, and, I verily believe, is generally understood to mean, *full of wise sayings and modern illustrations*. The true meaning is—full of proverbial maxims of conduct and of trivial arguments; *i. e.* of petty distinctions, or verbal disputes, such as never touch the point at issue. The word, *modern*, I have already deduced: the word, *instances*, is equally Latin, and equally used by Shakspeare in its Latin sense. It is originally the word, *instantia*, which, by the monkish and scholastic writers, is uniformly used in the sense of an argument, and originally of an argument urged in objection to some previous argument.*

I affirm, therefore, that Lord Brougham's counsel to the Glasgow students is not only bad counsel—and bad counsel for the result, as well as for the grounds, which are either capricious or nugatory—but also that, in the exact proportion in which the range of thought expands, it is an impossible counsel—an impracticable counsel—a counsel having for its purpose to embarrass and lay the mind in fetters, where even its utmost freedom, and its largest resources, will be found all too little for the growing necessities of the intellect. "Long-tail'd words in *osity* and *ation!*" what does *that* describe? Exactly the Latin part of our language. Now, those very terminations speak for themselves:—All high abstractions end in *ation*; that is, they are Latin; and, just in proportion as the abstracting power extends and widens, do the circles of thought widen, and the horizon or boundary (contradicting its own Grecian name) melts into the infinite. On this account it was that Coleridge (*Biographia Literaria*) remarks on Wordsworth's philosophic poetry, that, in proportion as it goes into the profound of passion and of thought, do the words increase which are vulgarly called "*dictionary* words." Now, these words—these "dictionary" words—what are they? Simply words of Latin or Greek origin: no other words, no Saxon words, are ever called by illiterate persons dictionary words. And these dictionary words are indispensable to a writer, not only in the proportion by which he transcends other writers as to extent and as to subtility of thinking, but also as to elevation and sublimity. Milton was not an extensive or discursive thinker, as Shakspeare was; for the motions of his mind were slow—solemn—sequacious, like those of the planets; not agile and assimilative; not attracting all things within its own sphere; not multiform: repulsion was the law of his intellect; he moved in solitary grandeur. Yet, merely from this quality of grandeur—unapproachable grandeur—his intellect demanded a larger infusion of Latinity into his diction. For the same reason, (and, without such aids, he would have had no proper element in which to move his wings,) he enriched his diction with Hellenisms and with Hebraisms;† but never, as

* I cannot for a moment believe that the original and most eloquent critic in *Blackwood* is himself the dupe of an argument, which he has alleged against this passage, under too open a hatred of Shakspeare, as though it involved a contradiction to common sense, by representing *all* human beings of such an age as school-boys, all of such another age as soldiers, of such another as magistrates, &c. Evidently the logic of the famous passage is this—that whereas every age has its peculiar and appropriate temper, that profession or employment is selected for the exemplification which seems best fitted, in each case, to embody the characteristic or predominating quality. Thus, because impetuosity, self-esteem, and animal or irreflective courage, are qualities most intense in youth, next it is considered in what profession those qualities find their most unlimited range; and, because that is obviously the military profession, therefore it is that the soldier is selected as the representative of young men. For the same reason, as best embodying the peculiar temper of garrulous old age, the magistrate comes forward as supporting the part of that age. Not that old men are not also soldiers: but that the military profession, so far from strengthening, moderates and tempers the characteristic temper of old age.

† The diction of Milton is a case absolutely unique in literature: of many writers it has been said, but of him only with truth, that he created a peculiar language. The value must be tried by the result, not by inferences from *à priori* principles: such inferences might lead us to anticipate an unfortunate result; whereas, in fact, the diction of Milton is such that no other could have supported his majestic style of thinking. The final result is a *transcendant* answer to all adverse criticism; but still it is to be lamented that no man, properly qualified, has undertaken the examination of the Miltonic diction as a separate problem. Listen to a popular author of this day, (Mr Bulwer.) He, speaking on this subject, asserts, (*England and the English, p.* 329,) that "*there is scarcely an English*

could be easy to shew, without a full justification in the result. Two things may be asserted of all his exotic idioms—1st, That they express what could not have been expressed by any native idiom; 2d, That they harmonize with the English language, and give a colouring of the antique, but not any sense of strangeness to the diction. Thus, in the double negative—"Nor did they not perceive," &c., which is classed as a Hebraism—if any man fancy that it expresses no more than the simple affirmative, he shews that he does not understand its force; and, at the same time, it is a form of thought so natural and universal, that I have heard English people, under corresponding circumstances, spontaneously fall into it. In short, whether a man differ from others by greater profundity or by greater sublimity, and whether he write as a poet or as a philosopher, in any case, he feels, in due proportion to the necessities of his intellect, an increasing dependance upon the Latin section of the English language; and the true reason why Lord Brougham failed to perceive this, or found the Saxon equal to his wants, is one which I shall not scruple to assign, inasmuch as it does not reflect personally on Lord Brougham, or, at least, on him exclusively, but on the whole body to which he belongs. That thing which he and they call by the pompous name of statesmanship, but which is, in fact, *statescraft*—the art of political intrigue—deals (like the opera) with ideas so few in number and so little adapted to associate themselves with other ideas, that, possibly, in the one case equally as in the other, 600 words are sufficient to meet all their demands.

I have used my privilege of discursiveness to step aside from Demosthenes to another subject, no otherwise connected with the attic orator than, first, by the common reference of both subjects to rhetoric; but, secondly, by the accident of having been jointly discussed by Lord Brougham, in a paper which (though now forgotten) obtained, at the moment, most undue celebrity. For it is one of the infirmities of the public mind with us—that whatever is said or done by a public man, any opinion given by a member of Parliament, however much out of his own proper jurisdiction and range of inquiry, commands an attention not conceded even to those who speak under the known privilege of professional knowledge. Thus, Cowper was not discovered to be a poet worthy of any general notice, until Charles Fox—a most slender critic—had vouchsafed to quote a few lines, and that, not so much with a view to the poetry, as to its party application. But now, returning to Demosthenes, I affirm that his case is the case of nearly all the classical writers, at least of all the prose writers. It is, I admit, an extreme one—that is, it is the general case in a more intense degree. Raised almost to divine honours, never mentioned but with affected rapture, the classics of Greece and Rome are seldom read—most of them never; are they, indeed, the closet companions of any man? Surely it is time that these follies were at an end; that our practice were made to square a little better with our professions; and that our pleasures were sincerely drawn from those sources in which we pretend that they lie.

The Greek language, mastered in any eminent degree, is the very rarest of all accomplishments, and precisely because it is unspeakably the most difficult. Let not the reader dupe himself by popular cant. To be an accomplished Grecian, demands a very peculiar quality of talent; and it is almost inevitable, that one who is such should be vain of a distinction which represents so much labour and difficulty overcome. For myself, having, as a schoolboy, attained to a very unusual mastery over this language, and (though as yet little familiar with the elaborate science of Greek metre) moving through all the obstacles and resistances of a Greek book with the same celerity and ease as through those of the French and Latin, I had, in vanquishing the difficulties of the language, lost the main stimulus to its cultivation. Still, I read Greek daily; but any slight vanity which I might connect with a power so rarely attained, and which, under ordinary circumstances, so readily transmutes itself into a disproportionate admiration of the author, in me was absolutely swallowed up in the tremendous hold taken of my entire sensibilities at this time by our own literature. With what fury would I often exclaim—He who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love God whom he hath not seen? You, Mr A, L. M, O, you who care not for Milton, and value not the dark sublimities which rest ultimately (as we all feel) upon dread realities, how can you seriously thrill in sympathy with

idiom which Milton has not violated, or a foreign one which he has not borrowed." Now, in answer to this extravagant assertion, I will venture to say that the two following are the sole cases of questionable idiom throughout Milton:—1st, "Yet virgin of Proserpine from Jove;" and, in this case, the same thing might be urged in apology which Aristotle urges in another argument, viz., that ανωνυμον το παθος, the case is unprovided with *any* suitable expression. How would it be possible to convey in good English the circumstances here indicted—viz., that Ceres was yet in those days of maiden innocence, when she had borne no daughter to Jove? 2d, I will cite a case which, so far as I remember, has been noticed by no commentator; and, probably, because they have failed to understand it. The case occurs in the "Paradise Regained;" but where I do not at this moment remember. "Will they *transact* with God?" This is the passage; and a most flagrant instance it offers of pure Latinism. *Transigere*, in the language of the civil law, means to make a compromise; and the word *transact* is here used in that sense—a sense utterly unknown to the English language. This is the worst case in Milton; and I do not know that it has been ever noticed. Yet even here it may be doubted whether Milton is not defensible; asking if they proposed to terminate their difference with God after the fashion in use amongst courts of law, he points properly enough to these worldly settlements by the technical term which designated them. Thus, might a divine say—Will he arrest the judgments of God by a *demurrer?* Thus, again, Hamlet apostrophizes the lawyer's skull by the technical terms used in actions for assault, &c. Besides, what proper term is there in English for expressing a compromise? Edmund Burke, and other much older authors, express the idea by the word *temperament;* but that word, though a good one, was at one time considered an exotic term—equally a Gallicism and a Latinism.

the spurious and fanciful sublimities of the classical poetry—with the nod of the Olympian Jove, or the seven-league strides of Neptune? Flying Childers had the most prodigious stride of any horse on record; and at Newmarket that is justly held to be a great merit; but it is hardly a qualification for a Pantheon. The parting of Hector and Andromache—that is tender, doubtless; but how many passages of far deeper, far diviner tenderness are to be found in Chaucer! Yet, in these cases, we give our antagonist the benefit of an appeal to what is really best and most effective in the ancient literature. For, if we should go to Pindar, and some other great names, what a revelation of hypocrisy as respects the *fade* enthusiasts for the Greek poetry!

Still, in the Greek tragedy, however otherwise embittered against ancient literature by the dismal affectations current in the scenical poetry, at least, I felt the presence of a great and original power. It might be a power inferior, upon the whole, to that which presides in the English tragedy; I believed that it was; but it was equally genuine, and appealed equally to real and deep sensibilities in our nature. Yet, also, I felt that the two powers at work, in the two forms of the drama, were essentially different; and, without having read a line of German at that time, or knowing of any such controversy, I began to meditate on the elementary grounds of difference between the Pagan and the Christian forms of poetry. The dispute has since been carried on extensively in France, not less than in Germany, as between the *classical* and the *romantic*. But I will venture to assert that not one step in advance has been made, up to this day. The shape into which I threw the question, it may be well to state; because I am pursuaded that out of that one idea, properly pursued, might be evolved the whole separate characteristics of the Christian and the antique; why is it, I asked, that the Christian idea of *sin* is an idea utterly unknown to the Pagan mind? The Greeks and Romans had a clear conception of a moral ideal, as we have; but this they estimated by a reference to the will; and they called it virtue, and the antithesis they called vice. The *lacheté*, or relaxed energy of the will, by which it yielded to the seductions of sensual pleasure, that was vice; and the braced-up tone by which it resisted these seductions, was virtue. But the idea of holiness and the antithetic idea of sin, as a violation of this awful and unimaginable sanctity, was so utterly undeveloped in the Pagan mind, that no word exists in classical Greek, or classical Latin, which approaches either pole of this synthesis; neither the idea of *holiness*, nor of its correlate, *sin*, could be so expressed in Latin as at once to satisfy Cicero and a scientific Christian. Again, (but this was some years after,) I found Schiller and Goethe applauding the better taste of the ancients, in symbolising the idea of death, by a beautiful youth, with a torch inverted, &c., as compared with the Christian types of a skeleton and hour glasses, &c. And much surprised I was to hear Mr Coleridge approving of this German sentiment. Yet here again I felt the peculiar genius of Christianity was covertly at work, moving upon a different road, and under opposite ideas, to a just result, in which the harsh and austere expression yet pointed to a dark reality, whilst the beautiful Greek adumbration was, in fact, a veil and a disguise. The corruptions and the other "dishonours" of the grave, and whatsoever composes the sting of death, in the Christian view, is traced up to sin as its ultimate cause. Hence, besides the expression of Christian humility, in thus nakedly exhibiting the wrecks and ruins made by sin, there is also a latent profession indicated of Christian hope. For the Christian contemplates steadfastly, though with trembling awe, the lowest point of his descent; since, for him, that point, the last of his fall, is also the first of his re-ascent, and serves, besides, as an exponent of its infinity; the infinite depth becoming, in the rebound, a measure of the infinite re-ascent. Whereas, on the contrary, with the gloomy uncertainties of a Pagan on the question of his final restoration, and also (which must not be overlooked) with his utter perplexity as to the nature of his restoration, if any were by accident in reserve, whether in a condition tending downwards or upwards, it was the natural resource to consult the general feeling of anxiety and distrust, by throwing a thick curtain and a veil of beauty over the whole too painful subject. To place the horrors in high relief, could here have answered no purpose but that of wanton cruelty; whereas, with the Christian hopes, the very saddest memorials of the havocks made by death, are antagonist prefigurations of great victories in the rear.

These speculations, at that time, I pursued earnestly; and I then believed myself, as I yet do, to have ascertained the two great and opposite laws under which the Grecian and the English tragedy has each separately developed itself. Whether wrong or right in that belief, sure I am that those in Germany, who have treated the case of Classical and Romantic, are not entitled to credit for any discovery at all. The Schlegels, who were the hollowest of men—the windiest and wordiest—(at least, Frederick was so)—pointed to the distinction; barely indicated it; and that was already some service done, because a presumption arose that the antique and the modern literatures, having clearly some essential differences, might, perhaps, rest on foundations originally distinct, and obey different laws. And hence it occurred that many disputes, as about the unities, &c., might originate in a confusion of these laws. This checks the presumption of the shallow criticism, and points to deeper investigations. Beyond this, neither the German nor the French disputers on the subject have talked to any profitable purpose.

I have mentioned Paley as accidentally connected with my *debut* in literary conversation: and I have taken occasion to say how much I admired his style and its unstudied graces—how

profoundly I despised his philosophy. I shall here say a word or two more on that subject. As respects his style, though secretly despising the opinion avowed by my tutor, (which was, however, a natural opinion for a stiff lover of the artificial and the pompous,) I would just as unwillingly be supposed to adopt the extravagant opinions, in the other extreme, of Dr Parr and Mr Coleridge. These two gentlemen, who privately hated Paley, and, perhaps, traduced him, have hung like bees over one particular paragraph in his Evidences, as though it were a flower transplanted from Hymettus. Dr Parr pronounced it the finest sentence in the English language. It is a period (*i. e.* a cluster of sentences) moderately well, but not *too* well constructed, as the German nurses are accustomed to say. Its felicity depends on a trick easily imitated—on a balance happily placed, (viz., "*in which the wisest of mankind would rejoice to find an answer to their doubts and rest to their inquiries.*") As a *bravura* or *tour de force* in the dazzling fence of rhetoric, it is surpassed by many hundreds of passages which might be produced from rhetoricians; or, to confine myself to Paley's contemporaries, it is very far surpassed by a particular passage in Burke's letter upon the duke of Bedford's base attack upon him in the House of Lords; which passage I shall elsewhere produce, because I happen to know, on the authority of Burke's executors, that Burke himself considered it the finest period which he had ever written. At present, I will only make one remark, viz., that it is always injudicious in the highest degree to cite for admiration that which is not a *representative* specimen of the author's manner. In reading Lucian, I once stumbled on a passage of German pathos, and of German effect. Would it have been wise or would it have been intellectually just, to quote this as the text of an eulogium on Lucian? What false criticism it would have suggested to every reader!—what false anticipations! To quote a formal and periodic pile of sentences, was to give the feeling that Paley was what the regular rhetorical artists designate as a periodic writer, when, in fact, no one conceivable character of style more pointedly contradicted the true description of his merits.

But, leaving the style of Paley, I must confess that I agree with Mr Bulwer (*England and the English*) in thinking it shocking and almost damnatory to an English university, the great well-head of creeds, moral and evangelical, that authors, such, in respect of doctrine, as Paley and Locke, should hold that high and influential station as teachers, or rather oracles of truth, which has been conceded to them. As to Locke, I, when a boy, had made a discovery of one blunder full of laughter and of fun, which, had it been published and explained in Locke's lifetime, would have tainted his whole philosophy with suspicion. It relates to the Aristotelian doctrine of syllogism, which Locke undertook to ridicule: now, a flaw, a hideous flaw, in the *soidisant* detecter of flaws—a ridicule in the exposer of the ridiculous—*that* is fatal; and I am surprised that Lee, who wrote a folio against Locke in his lifetime, and other examiners, should have failed of detecting this. I shall expose it elsewhere; and, perhaps, one or two other exposures of the same kind will give an impetus to the descent of this falling philosophy. With respect to Paley, and the naked *prudentialism* of his system, it is true, that, in a longish note, Paley disclaims that consequence. But to this we may reply, with Cicero, *Non quæro quid neget Epicurus, sed quid congruenter neget.* Meantime, waving all this as too notorious and too frequently denounced, I wish to recur to this trite subject, by way of stating an objection made to the Paleyan morality in my seventeenth year, and which I have never since seen reason to withdraw. It is this:—I affirm that the whole work, from first to last, proceeds upon that sort of error which the logicians call *ignoratio elenchi, i. e.*, ignorance of the very question concerned—of the point at issue. For, mark, in the very vestibule of ethics, two questions arise—two different and disconnected questions, A and B; and Paley has answered the wrong one. Thinking that he was answering A, and meaning to answer A, he has, in fact, answered B. One question arises thus:—Justice is a virtue; temperance is a virtue; and so forth. Now, what is the common principle which ranks these several species under the same genus? What, in the language of logicians, is the common differential principle which determines these various aspects of moral obligation to a common genus? Another question, and a more interesting question to men in general, is this:—What is the motive to virtue? By what impulse, law, or motive am I impelled to be virtuous rather than vicious? Whence is the motive derived which should impel me to one line of conduct in preference to the other? This, which is a practical question, and, therefore, more interesting than the other, which is a pure question of speculation, was that which Paley believed himself to be answering. And his answer was—that utility, a perception of the resulting benefit, was the true determining motive. Meantime, it was objected, that often the most obvious results from a virtuous action were far otherwise than beneficial. Upon which Paley, in the long note referred to above, distinguished thus—that whereas actions have many results, some proximate, some remote, just as a stone thrown into the water produces many concentric circles, be it known that he, Dr Paley, in what he says of utility, contemplates only the final result, the very outermost circle; inasmuch as he acknowledges a possibility that the first, second, third, including the penultimate circle, may all happen to clash with utility; but, then, says he, the outermost circle of all will never fail to coincide with the absolute maximum of utility. Hence, in the first place, it appears that you cannot apply this test of utility in a practical sense; you cannot say, This is useful, *ergo*, it is virtuous; but, in the inverse order, you must say, This is virtuous, *ergo*, it is useful.

You do not rely on its usefulness to satisfy yourself of its being virtuous; but, on the contrary, you rely on its virtuousness, previously ascertained, in order to satisfy yourself of its usefulness. And thus the whole practical value of this test disappears, though in that view it was first introduced; and a vicious circle arises in the argument; as you must have ascertained the virtuousness of an act, in order to apply the test of its being virtuous. But, *secondly*, it now comes out that Paley was answering a very different question from that which he supposed himself answering. Not any practical question as to the motive or impelling force in being virtuous rather than vicious—*i. e.*, as to the *sanctions* of virtue—but a purely speculative question as to the issue of virtue, or the common *vinculum* amongst the several modes or species of virtue, (justice, temperance, &c.;) this was the real question which he was answering. I have often remarked that the largest and most subtle source of error in philosophic speculations has been the confounding of the two great principles so much insisted on by the Leibnitzians, viz., the *ratio cognoscendi*, and the *ratio essendi*. Paley believed himself to be assigning—it was his full purpose to assign—the *ratio cognoscendi;* but, instead of that, unconsciously and surreptitiously, he has actually assigned the *ratio essendi;* and, after all, a false and imaginary *ratio essendi*.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY REGISTER.

England; a Historical Poem.

By John Walker Ord.

This, we think, is Mr Ord's third appearance as a poet within three years. His works, so far as we are acquainted with them, have hitherto displayed more of the animal fervour of latent genius in a young and undisciplined mind than its calm and perfect working. Still, everything he has written shews *power*—power, careless, perverted, nay even vicious in its mad freaks and wild ebulliency, but not for this the less surely participant of the "faculty divine." Along with this decisive characteristic, his course has been onward and upward. Each fresh attempt has been an improvement upon the last. His work, "England," is happy in its fruitful subject, comprehending "the fierce wars and faithful loves"—the romance and the tragedy of English history. Here is a boundless field for the poet, and Mr Ord has occupied it, in many instances, like a man who knew his 'vantage ground, and whose spirit was fitly attuned to chant the heroic songs of his country. Without free quotation we could not succeed in giving the reader any idea of this young poet—for we unhesitatingly give him the sacred name—and we shall not do him injustice. He deserves to be known, and we doubt not will become so, though we have seen the day when the critical trumpets would have brayed loudly on the entrance of a not superior new aspirant. Perhaps Mr Ord, in the lavish profusion of his hot and teeming youth, writes more than the critics have time or patience to read. He has, besides, put our whole critical nation to the ban in the fiercest and most contemptuous manner, and glories in being a ferocious Tory. The process of fermentation which Mr Ord's mind is at present undergoing, will, we trust, work off all its feculence, without turning into vinegar the natural elements of good wine, fit to "rejoice the hearts of gods and men." The present volume is dedicated—in prose—to the Duke of Wellington, a great modern commander and tactician, but we should think the very antipodes of a poet's hero. There can be no doubt that his Grace entertains hearty contempt for the whole puling, piperly crew. There is a very beautiful poetical introduction to the volume—opening with an almost *Chaucerian* freshness of description—and a concluding address to a lady, the inspiring and presiding genius of the poet, which if rather long-drawn out, is also marked by linked sweetness and touching sentiment. From these verses we learn, that the poet has been "hunted and persecuted," though not more, we trust, than young poets fancy becoming and graceful to their condition. A little wretchedness, and gentlemanly melancholy, have, since Byron's time, been articles quite as necessary to their equipment as open shirt collars were then. We must now give a stanza or two from the multitudinous number found in this new Polyolbion, about fell Rowena, and royal Arthur, sweet Elgiva, and fair Elfrida, Canute, and the last Saxon king. This is but a leaf of the catalogue:—

> Of William, "son of love and lord of war,"
> And Rufus, who by Tyrell's arrow fell,
> And of the first crusader;
> Of beauteous Rosamond, murdered by the fell
> And furious queen;

or of Cœur de Lion, Becket, Robin Hood, Runnymede, and the "first star of England's martyrdom." The battle of Cressy might afford us animating and patriotic extracts, and so might the siege of Calais. We choose a kindlier, if humbler, strain, from Henry V.—Falstaff's Henry, everybody's Henry:—

> Who hath not heard of this young jovial king,
> His quips, and cranks, and whims, for ever new.
> Light as the fresh-blown blossoms of the spring,
> Yet with a heart, like summer's colours, true.
> Him did all impulses alike imbue—
> Now passionate, like th' angry tempest's tongue,
> Now mild and calm as heaven's celestial blue.
> His heart with every freshest impulse rung.
> Oh, may such kings as he for evermore be sung!
>
> Who hath not heard of Falstaff? his prime sack?
> His amorous sayings, and his humorous woes?
> Or when he bore brave Hotspur on his back,
> And slew by scores his self-created foes?
> Falstaff will live when monarchs low repose
> In deep oblivion. Lofty is his name,
> Linked with great Shakspeare's poetry and prose;
> But Henry, too, hath reared a mighty fame,
> Won from the hearts of men and battles' smouldering flame.

It may be true that there is nothing very remarkable in the above lines—we confess it. They are simply introductory. The youthful aberrations of Henry are lightly glanced at.

> What though old grey-haired dotards shook their head,
> And, in malignant proverbs prophesied,
> Still hath he won what soldiers, tamer bred,
> In vain through years of toil have madly tried—
> To sit with the old heroes side by side.
> * * * * *
> Lo, now, the embarkation! On the sea
> Ride the leviathans. The shining spars
> Wanton among the sun-beams bright and free,
> Their streamers dallying with the hidden stars.
> Oh, little do these waves know of the wars
> That soon shall shake huge France into the core!

Their fearful depths know nought of distant jars,
But love to greet the vessels gliding o'er,
And kiss their painted bows in love for evermore.

* * * * *

Hurrah!—Hurrah for England! Now they go
And dash among the breakers in their glee.
Proudly about their sides the waters flow,
Like children climbing round their mother's knee.
And on they move, majestical and free—
These armaments that shall exist as long
As England dwells in strength and majesty;
And other Trafalgars shall have the song
Of patriots—future deeds stand forth as pure and strong.

The Marriage of Edward IV. with the beautiful Elizabeth Woodville, and the Shepherd, *Lord Clifford*, are each fine poems; but there is more exquisite description, more passion, and true feeling, in *Jane Shore*, than in both of these. And here, for once, we may say, that, in our garbled extracts, the poet speaks fairly for himself:—

Ages have past away since lovely Shore
With Royal Edward linger'd in her bower;
Ages and ages now have moulder'd o'er,
Since first she heard him, at the twilight hour,
Into her ear rich tones of passion pour;
Seated where clematis, and eglantine,
And the white clambering rose, their scents did shower;
Whilst, through the flowery vistas, heaven did shine,
And the green mountains tower'd with the proud oak and pine.

Seated where the tall elms like giants stood;
And the old patriarchal sycamore
Among his blossoms bore the myriad brood
Of honey-bees, whose songs melodious bore
Into the heart the memories of yore:
Yea, there they sat in amorous languishment,
The kingly Edward and the gentle Shore;
And the birds sang along the firmament
Their hymeneal loud, in vespers ministrant

The breezes bore light rose-leaves, that did play
About her, and then settled on her hair,
Like snow-white pearls, and crown'd her Queen of May.
Birds, breezes, flowers, perfumes, all things there,
Did humble homage to a thing so fair.
The laughing Cupids danced upon the green
In rapture, viewing that voluptuous pair,
And shot away their shafts. The lovely queen
Of love look'd down, and dreamt of ancient time, I ween.

The oak-tree and the birch, enfolded quite,
And wav'd by summer breezes in the shade,
Might simile that fair and gentle sight—
That manly lover—that confiding maid:
And, as her tresses down her shoulders strayed,
As pine-tree shadows stream o'er mountain-snow;
And her dark eyes look'd into his for aid;
And, on his breast, she leant her lovely brow,
Whilst round them, like a halo, shone the evening glow.

* * * *

The scene is changed. On tower and battlement,
Lodge, window, balcony, and every tree,
Thousands of anxious multitudes are bent,
To view this gentle lady's infamy.
Yet all do grieve so sad a sight to see—
She was so kind, so good, so meek to all;
None ever sought her, but she gave them fee;
None e'er were chained, but she relieved their thrall;
Her ear was always open to the suppliant's call.

She seems a lovely ghost, attired in white,
Bearing a taper to her lover's tomb;
Her beauty casts a lustre on the night,
A splendour that illumines the deep gloom;
And, where she breathes, the air is all perfume.
Oh, cruel, that those snowy feet must press
The pointed flints! Oh, what a bitter doom,
That such a lovely breast, in nakedness,
The chilling blasts now feels, that felt a king's caress!

But, doth not Edward's Queen as bitterly
(The lady whom we sung) lament alone?
On the cold rushes doth she bend the knee,
Gazing for solace on the heedless moon,
That, like some old enchantress, mocks her moan.
Yea, queen and mistress, both are desolate!
Both, who in such exceeding beauty shone,
Richly attir'd, and holding sovran state,
Now, in their deep misfortune, miserably mate.

Not unaveng'd—Richard of York shall hear,
At midnight, phantoms stalk around his bed!—
Clarence shall wildly shriek into his ear
The fiery curses of the unresting dead!—
Hastings shall come and shake his gory head!—
The seraph children, too, shall hover near,
And tears of burning fire upon him shed!—
Shore, Woodville, each shall leave her silent bier,
And shake the murderer's brain with agony and fear!

Again the scene is chang'd! All silently,
With downcast head and dim retreating eyes,
An aged woman traileth slowly by,
In tattered garments, and most piteous wise;
She moves with pain—she sits—and cannot rise;
And, half upon her knees, implores for food.
Oh, look upon her, ye relenting skies,
And be ye merciful as ye are good!
One groan—and lo! she dies, all dabbled in her blood!

And that was Shore; and queenly even in death—
In naked misery, high; and with an air
Of something noble, to her latest breath.
And so do all things pass of bright and fair—
Fleeting and transient as a falling star!
Youth knows not what its after years may be:
And beauty wists not of the glooms of care;
No state, however lofty, can be free;
The gladdest smile oft springs from secret misery.

From PERKIN WARBECK, which, by the way, contains a great many nonsensical, and even rabid political allusions, we shall give a festal banquet, in this, our own ancient city. The poem is introduced by some pretty stanzas, descriptive of a Poet's Corner, and we love them all, whether Wordsworth's

"Trellised bower, with clustering roses gay,"

Or Cowper's green-house, or Mr Ord's

"Little ivy bower,
Inwreathed with myrtle, rose, and jessamine."

* * * * * *

There is a festal glare in Holyrood;
The towers are lit, the windows seem on fire;
And Arthur's Seat, to pleasant thoughts subdued,
Looks proudly down, as if he were its sire.
The ancient pavements echo higher and higher,
To each loud chariot and sleek prancing steed;
Thousands look on, and wistfully admire
The noble shapes they hurl along in speed,
And, as they view them, pray for Scotland's ancient breed.

They now are met—brave knights and ladies fair!
(Bold, stalwart knights, who, in the battle-field,
Had rid full oft in triumph, nor did care
For death; but, on Northumbria's hills did wield
Spear, sword, and falchion, and would never yield!
Pure, lovely maids, from vale and mountain-side,
Where lofty castles o'er wild ravines reeled;
Maids, like the spirits of their hills, who glide
Among the morning mists and tempests, in their pride.)

The rush-entwined floor, unstained with blood,
(Since stain'd,) delighted, bore their honour'd feet;
The tapestries shew'd Dian in the wood—
Her naked nymphs—her stag-hounds strong and fleet;
Fair Venus, in her forest-wove retreat,
Trimming the tangles of Adonis' hair;
Semele, woo'd and won; and, yet more meet,
The dancing Bacchanals were pictur'd there;
And loveliest wood-nymphs racing in the open air.

Vases of gorgeous flowers were trimly plac'd
And shed delicious perfume. On the wall,
In niches, antique carvings fitly trac'd
Stood meetly; and, far-shining through the hall,
With dazzling lustre, that unshrouded all,
Were golden lamps, with silver chains hung high.
The curtains of rich purple, like a shawl,
Were laid around the windows; and the sky,
Nor yet the stars, could view the wild festivity.

Now sounds the harp!—now sounds the music, loud
In festive melody. See, how they go
In mazy wreaths of beauty, each one proud
In her surpassing charms. The circles flow
Rapid, and pleasure sits on every brow.
What loveliness! Oh, how supreme a sight!
What gorgeous bosoms heave before us now!
What angel-shapes! What heads of perfect light,
Burning with locks of gold! What visions of delight!

Some eyes are dark as is a Lapland night;
Some blue and tender as an Eastern sky;
Some cheeks, like roses bathed in evening's light,
Glow richly; some are pale and fair; some, high
And haughty, do, like ancient queens, move by;
Some, gentle and most sylph-like, seem to ask
Affection and protection from each eye:—
Oh, lovely!—such as in our visions bask,
Slumbering, in summer woods, without an aim or task.

But who is she that towers above them all?
What graceful being? She doth need no crown—
Her golden-cluster'd curls, that amply fall,
Proclaim her beauty's queen.

This is the lovely and ill-fated Catherine Gordon, afterwards the wife of Warbeck. We cannot give their wooing, in the delicious palace gardens, to which Mr Ord has kindly brought the nightingale, in compensation, perhaps, of some of the other real charms of which he has elsewhere ungenerously stripped poor Scotland. The poem concludes with an address to old Holyrood, which ought to appease irritated national feeling, if any such exist. In the poem of Queen Philippa, there is a spirited and well-sustained strain, sounding the progress and power of mind, and running rapidly through the proud list of names eminent in science and art, or illustrious in poetry. In the coronation of Henry VIII., is this picture of the first movements of the Reformation in England:—

Ladies and knights are seated. Many a plume
Is dancing; many a bosom heaving high.
Bright eyes and lovely faces now illume
The silence. Lo! the solemn priests move by
In stately show, and their white garments lie
Along the ground. Ah, little did he know
In that glad hour, the lord of Canterbury,
That, as he placed the crown on Henry's brow,
His father's father's shrines and sacred towers were tumbling low!

Ah, little did he know, that he who sat
Beside him, on the golden-shining throne,
Would soon become the object of his hate,
And drag the pillars of his temples down!
That murder and brute sacrilege would own
That monarch's breast, and loveliness droop low
Beneath his satyr feet, and lose its crown.
That blood, red blood, should stain his reeking brow,
And spot the snow-white altars with an impious glow!

But, oh, the time was come—and heaven was glad
To shake this proud religion, that so long
Usurp'd all wealth, and in its pride was mad:
Insanely triumphing through blood and wrong.
Once, in its pure religion, it was strong;
Once, it was mild and gentle in its sway,
Just in its precepts:—but, alas! too long
The clouds of night had gather'd o'er its day,
And all its might and strength were withered away.

They had profaned the Saviour whom they sought;
Shatter'd the crucifix, and spurn'd his blood!
The miracles with which his rule was brought,
They brutalised with fraud: mistook the good
For evil, and made earth a solitude
For wolves and tigers, and the thirst of gain.
The sweat of agony they mock'd. The brood
Of deep distress, the burning tears, the pain,
The ignominious death, had all been borne in vain!

And they had rear'd majestic towers, and won
Ivory and gold, and gems, and treasures rare,
From man; and roll'd in crimes, erstwhile unknown,
In quiet bowers, and solitudes most fair.
Mammon became their god, their only care.
The ancient paths forsook, they now became
Mere worldly engines, ruling everywhere
With swords and superstition. The true name
Of Christ they knew not now, nor to his altars came.

So now, the earthquake shook each abbey-stone;
Red lightning sear'd each mouldering battlement.
The glory of their ancient reign was gone;
The tyranny that held their towers, and rent
Their strength, and bore their majesty, was bent
To nought. And now they crown'd this headstrong king,
Whom the Avenger chose for his, and sent
To purify their dross, that he might ring
The tresses of their pride, and tear their fiery wing.

From this poem, that of *Wolsey*, and the *Suppression of the Monasteries*, we might gather many corroborative proofs that the muse of Ord is no counterfeit; but we have already far exceeded the limits of a literary register, and must leave what we conceive a duty upon critics more happily circumstanced in scope, if not better-conditioned in tendency, and in affection for genius wheresoever found.

CLOSE OF THE PUBLISHING SEASON.

So lavishly, about this time of the year, do Mr Bentley, Messrs Saunders & Otley, Moxon, Baily, Churton, and all the other approved administrators of literary entertainment, contribute to the amusement of the novel-readers and loungers, that, like pampered school-boys in holiday time, readers and critics will only here and there coyly pick out a peculiarly tempting plum; reserving the main body of their cake till appetite shall again wait on good digestion. And that, in either case, is seldom a distant day. To continue our figure: among the most tempting and irresistible of the said plums, are—

Tales of the Peerage and Peasantry. Edited by Lady Dacre.

The story which authorizes the first general title, is the *Countess of Nithsdale*. The public has, of late, been so often compelled to look with aversion or disgust upon the *seamy side* of nobility, that the author has done well to choose one really noble specimen of aristocracy, the truth of which cannot be challenged. Yet it was a bold venture, the hazard being in the same proportion that truth transcends fiction. The garnishings of the tale are, however, worked up with talent and delicate handling; and the character of the timid and gentle, though really ardent girl, is developed in the devoted and heroic wife of Nithsdale—the blossom in the "bright consummate flower"—in a manner that is even masterly. The *Peerage* is farther represented in a "love-and-a-cottage" match between two high-born, penniless, and devoted lovers. This story—*Blanche*—is likely to be the most popular of the series, and, we think, it best deserves general favour. It is one of *reality*, which is perhaps more than can be said for either the "*Hampshire Cottage*," or the "*Countess of Nithsdale*." No covert satire was intended by this story, we dare say; yet, it is more severe upon aristocracy than Mr Winterbottom himself. The Lady Blanche, after having suffered and sacrificed everything for the lover of her choice, is in imminent danger of making shipwreck of their mutual happiness, because her husband's pay, and the small provision allowed by his

noble father, cannot afford her a maid to dress her hair, and lodgings better than "a red-brick house," with dining-room, and drawing-room, and back parlour, in the street of a country town. There is "the pert vulgarity of a street" to be endured; and "the lawyer's house opposite, with a brass knocker well polished; then the Sun Inn, all new, and red, and staring; then a *paltry* shop; and then the apothecary's door, surmounted by a gilt pestle and mortar." These, and such like vulgar evils and trials, are too much for the high-bred Lady Blanche. Love is about to clap his light wings, and fly before them, when participation in the real sorrows of life, in the common sufferings of humanity, humbles her vanity and awakens her reason; rekindles her early and warm affections, and teaches her to prize the substantial blessings of her happy lot. The author has, to be sure, judiciously thrown a small legacy, very opportunely, into the vibrating scale of domestic happiness—to satisfy prudent persons, we presume; for Blanche had, at last, in the strength of a mother's and a wife's affection, conquered all her factitious distresses. This tale will be a great favourite with female readers. The *peasantry*, as a body, find as much favour in the eyes of the authoress as the *peerage*. If such be the refinement of feeling and high principle of the inmates of Hampshire cottages, they may, indeed, put nobility to the blush.

Mrs Shelley's Lodore.

This novel has been for some time before the public. It is so materially different in character from those bolder fictions which Mrs Shelley has already given to the world, that it scarcely seems to take rank with them. The interest of the work, which is of a mild and placid kind, emanates entirely from the character of one gentle and loving woman; exclusively devoted, first to her father, and next to her husband, and finding strength under every domestic difficulty, the balm of every wo, in the purity and strength of her filial and conjugal affections. And, indeed, ordinary sorrow never approaches her. Love is, to her, not merely the greatest, but the sole blessing of life, and sordid cares and ordinary trials, therefore, pass not so much unregarded as unfelt. Love is her shield and panoply, and Mrs Shelley has forborne to try her angelic heroine in the only point where she may be supposed assailable.

Horse-Shoe Robinson,

Is a stirring, bustling, rough and racy chronicle of private life and subordinate adventure, during the most critical period of the troubles of the WAR OF INDEPENDENCE in America. What a noble name, by the way, is this for a war! The tale is of the brotherhood of the *Spy* and the *Pioneers*—but with its own broad, distinctive features, and vigorous original characters—beings thrown in nature's mould when it was still fresh and sharp. HORSE-SHOE ROBINSON is a Homeric hero, or what our old ballads call a "manly man." Although the field is huddled with character and perilous adventures, and has its appropriate hero in a brave young Major Butler, Horse-Shoe is ever predominant. The whole story revolves round this good genius, who, at the need of the *Cause* or of the lovers, is ever ready; full of resource and strategy; cool and humorous; brave as steel, though wily and dexterous in the game of irregular war. We admire the patriotism which leads all the American novelists to make their female characters, at the period of the revolutionary contest, enthusiastic patriots. The force and freshness with which the wild forest scenery of Virginia and Carolina is painted, deserve commendation, even after the sketches of Irving and Cooper. The chief fault of the work is, that the scene is too much crowded with figures, which, accordingly, want relief. Adventure presses too hard and abruptly upon adventure, and the story is, at last, rather huddled together, than wound up. The excited reader is entitled to a season of repose. But, with all these, and many more faults, the book shews life and power; and that is everything.

The Empress. By G. Bennett.

The Empress is Agrippina, a bold, if not a happy choice. Mr Bennett has managed, while faithfully adhering to classical manners and costume, to impart considerable animation and interest to this resuscitation of Roman history, and to make men and women out of those ancient personages, whom we generally meet as cold abstractions. But, of domestic, private life, what has the writer to tell?—and this is, after all, the informing soul of every novel. There is no Koch or Galt, Edgeworth or Austin, for ancient Rome; nor, until the reading public become, in a body, classical students, will it be possible to interest it deeply in a classical fiction. Lockhart, Bulwer, and now Mr Bennett, must be contented with producing elegant works not calculated to be extensively popular, nor even the most acceptable to select audiences.

Stanly. 3 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

This is a historical novel—a species of composition which appears very fashionable at present with authors just imping their wings. The scene is laid in England, at one of those stirring periods, which enables many remarkable historical personages to make their entrance and exit. It is in the reign of Henry the Seventh. The romantic private adventures of noble persons of the house of Derby are interwoven with public history, with which some freedoms are taken, to increase the general effect. The whole makes a pleasing romance, of the kind which young readers relish—those to whom adventure and vicissitude is everything, and who care little for character finely individualized.

Outre-Mer; or a Pilgrimage to the Old World; By an American—

Forms two volumes of pleasant and elegant sketches and essays, in the manner of Washington Irving, and, as rumour states, by him. We see nothing to forbid the belief, and not much to raise the reputation of the author were it correct. The stories and sketches are of France, Italy, and Spain. They may be gleanings from the portfolio of a clever artist, whose off-hand compositions are too valuable to be thrown aside, but rarely do we meet with any finished or first-rate piece.

Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha. By the Author of "Vathek."

This is a very elegantly got-up, aristocratic-looking volume, which has been warmly praised by the critics. It certainly contains some delicate satire, and much beautiful description, and is, besides, altogether very Horace Walpolish; but, with all this, less fortunate authors, when they see the eager admiration excited by such favoured works, may, with some justice, exclaim, with poor Burns, "Kings' chaff is better than other folk's corn." Yet there is much in the volume, taken apart from the irritation caused by injudicious praise, that reminds of the finest things of the days of Walpole and of Anne Radcliffe. And these were the times!

Churton's Standard French Works.

A series, under this title, has been commenced in London, which we may recommend to admirers of French literature and the French language, as neat, cheap, and well-selected, at least so far as it has gone. It sets out with that popular work, "De Lamartine's Travels in the East," the excellent English translation of which we noticed last month.

The Municipal Corporation Reformer. Nos. I. II.

This is a publication of great interest and national importance, which is at present appearing in numbers, of the size and price of *The Spectator* newspaper. It contains an excellent digest of the voluminous reports of the Corporation Commissioners; those leviathan volumes, which no man could have courage, if he had the leisure, to venture upon for himself. The struggle in this important measure of corporation reform is begun, but it is far from being ended. Let every citizen, who desires to promote the public welfare, obtain forthwith the information furnished here, so that, knowing the importance of what is at stake, he may the more strenuously demand the restoration of his rights.

The British and Foreign Review. No. I.

The above is a newly started Quarterly, of which great things are whispered about. It has reached us so late, that we must defer notice of it until next month. If it be true that Lord Brougham is closely connected with it, the announcement of this fact is sufficient to excite public attention; and we have reason to believe that there is foundation for the rumour.

Perils in the Woods.

There is a delightful air of truth and freshness about this little book. The *perils* are encountered by a family emigrating from Hampshire to the *Far West*. They are accumulated and heaped up in certainly a most improbable degree; but still they are related in so *probable* and sprightly a style, that they will be perused with great pleasure by very young persons; and, while these adventures entertain, they will instruct. The information is copious and exact; and altogether the story, with its "*Crusoeing*," makes, what young people call, "a very nice book," and relish accordingly. We are amused by the very moderate and qualified degree of praise, which the philosophic and candid Mr Pemberton, in admonishing his young friend against national prejudices, bestows upon the Scotch. "My good lad, we should guard against national dislikes. It is not well to condemn a whole people for possessing faults or even peculiarities of disposition, which we ourselves do not happen to possess. . . . . . The Scotch are, as you say, John, a calculating, money-getting people. They *are* cold, and selfish, and proud; but this is the dark side of their character. They are, on the other hand, cautious, steady, persevering, and inclined to do a good turn—*provided* it cost them nothing."

De Foe's Journal of the Plague Year. London: Tegg.

This re-print of one of the most amusing and interesting of English books, forms the 52d volume of the Family Library. Mr Murray has apparently bequeathed the Library to the present publisher, who does well and wisely to choose *good old* works to re-print. The Editor, Mr Brayley, has added many useful illustrative notes; though he has rather needlessly disturbed our faith by his introductory observations. The illustrative plates are distinct, and very pretty. The Editor has omitted to say what the next volume of the series is to be.

Charles Lamb's Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakspeare. London: Moxon. 2 vols.

How long the reputation of Lamb is to continue as the *first* critic and *first* essayist of his time, we shall not pretend to say, though we cannot help believing that his, to a considerable extent, was a contemporary fame. But we have unwavering faith in his *Dramatic Specimens*, and are grateful for this neat reprint of them. Lamb was the first of the *moderns* to awaken attention to the mine of literary wealth buried in the works of Marlowe, Massinger, Ford, Webster, Chapman, and others of lesser note. Some of Lamb's contemporaries, and, especially, his friend Hazlitt, soon shot beyond him; but his is not the less the merit of discovery of those great works, which were sealed books to the English people, until he published these specimens, and which were but very imperfectly known, even to black-letter readers. For once, the reader may complain that notes are too scanty; for Charles Lamb has given none which do not either strikingly illustrate the text, or embody the most genial spirit of criticism. It is not made sufficiently plain, that this edition contains numerous additional extracts from the "Garrick Plays," which first appeared in "Hones' Table Book." Our musical composers, who are often compelled to marry their strains to sad stuff of verse, would do well to hunt up the fine old lyrics scattered through this selection. Taken as a whole, these "Dramatic Specimens," like "Campbell's Specimens of the Poets," will henceforth form an essential portion of every Englishman's select library.

A Lady's Gift. By Jane Kinderly Stanford.

Female duties are here mildly and sensibly inculcated by means of a tale. The heroine, *Effa*—a name that sounds oddly to Scottish ears—is presented to us as child, maid, wife, mother, and mistress of a family, tried in many ways, and ever found directing her course by the pole-star—duty. In short, a good deal of Dr Fordyce and Dr Gregory are consolidated in a small volume, neither very striking, nor very original, but yet well adapted to the great levels of society.

The History of the Assassins.

This work is translated from the German of M. Von Hammer, the author of the "History of the Ottoman Empire," by Dr Oswald Charles Wood. The object of the translator is twofold:—He wishes to give the British public an interesting specimen of Von Hammer's writing, and oriental scholars a work connected with their peculiar pursuits. The history of that mysterious order which preceded Templars, Jesuits, and Illuminati, and which gives the whole civilized world a name for *murderer*, is curious and erudite. The book contains an account of the rise and progress of Islamism, and of its different sects. The author has strictly kept in view the necessity of depicting the pernicious influence of secret societies, and of the prostitution of religion to purposes of interest and ambition. The translator has supplied a variety of amusing and useful notes.

Roberts' British Wine Maker. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

We are glad to meet with another, and an *improved* edition of Mr Roberts' useful volume so soon. This looks well for the work, and well for the public. Having so recently introduced this book to our readers, we need not again enter into explanation of its contents. Its purpose is easily explained. It is to enable families in the middle ranks to procure pleasant, light, unadulterated wines, at a very reasonable rate. We confess that we have never been particular admirers of British *Domestic Wines*, as they are termed—with the exception of the Vicar of Wakefield's *Gooseberry*; and that Mr Roberts' treatise was considerably raised in our estimation by reading the following sentence:—"It is my opinion that all our domestic wines should be made with a portion of *raisins* and *sugar*, or malt and sugar; or a combination of *malt*, *raisins*, and *sugar*." The watery, imperfectly-ripened fruits of our northern latitudes can never be advantageously substituted for the juice of the grape, or what comes next to it, raisins and sugar; and a *manual* which recognises this fundamental fact, must be a sensible guide.

Dr Ure's Philosophy of Manufactures, or an Exposition of the Factory System of Great Britain, Scientific, Moral, Commercial, &c. &c. London: Knight.

Dr Ure is an enthusiastic, almost a bigoted admirer of the Factory System; but he has, moreover, a strong bias towards the capitalists, wherever the interests of the operatives are supposed to come into collision with those of the masters. In short, where impartial observers might note faults on both sides, he can perceive them only upon the one. His extensive knowledge, and his employments as a practical teacher of the sciences applicable to the useful arts, have, however, singularly qualified Dr Ure for the task he has here assumed. His volume, comprehensive in its objects, is not less complete in its details. It tells us much that is not known, and much that is well worth learning; and it does so forcibly and clearly, and without the dryness apt to beset such subjects, at least with readers having no personal interest in them.

Chronological Tables of Ancient History. Oxford: Talboys.

These tables are copious, complete, and luminously arranged. The work, on which much pains has been bestowed will be found of immense value to students and to the instructors of youth; while persons of the age when the memory for figures is no longer active, will find in it a mass of facts, of ready and easy reference.

The Constitution of Society, as designed by God.

He would be a bold man that should tell his fellow-creatures what this *constitution* may be in all its principles and details. We cannot recommend this work for its intrinsic or original worth; but we may safely approve of it as a *mine* of apposite extracts, illustrative and doctrinal, from the best writers upon morals, jurisprudence, and political economy. It is, in short, an ample commonplace-book, with which the writer has blended many just, but also many crude notions and speculations of his own.

Cobbler How's Sermon on the Sufficiency of the Spirit's Teaching, with a Sketch of his Life, and that of the Rev. Thomas Goodwin.

We live in strange times. While Oxford, the nursing-mother of prelacy, is, for their excellent services, conferring degrees and honours upon Presbyterian clergymen—to whom zealots of the English church lately refused even the name of *minister*—barristers are re-printing the sermons of the persecuted puritans, of the Cobbler Hows, and Tinker Bunyans. The spirit of this curious discourse is very similar to that of Milton's celebrated tract on *Driving Hirelings out of the Church.*

Historical Sketch of the Art of Sculpture on Wood. By Robert Folkstone Williams. London.

This ingenious essay is devoted to a subject that has met with far less attention than it merits. The work will delight antiquaries, and inform artists. Even *we*, who know nothing of the subject beyond what addresses itself at once to the eye, are charmed with what we hear of Grinling Gibbons, a native carver in wood, who, in the time of Charles the Second and his successor, "gave," Horace Walpole asserts, "to wood the loose and airy lightness of flowers, and chained together the various productions of the elements, with a free disorder natural to each species." It would appear that there are still many fine old specimens of this beautiful art in which our ancestors delighted, to be seen in England. At present, when the taste for massy and highly ornamented furniture is reviving, the work is opportune.

PAMPHLETS AND TRACTS.

Among the more noticeable of these temporary productions, are a *Second Address to the Landowners of England*, by Earl Fitzwilliam, and a cheap reprint, with notes, &c., of the original address to the same parties, written some years since, while his Lordship was Viscount Milton. There are also several more pamphlets upon Turkey and Russia. The above are published by Ridgway.

From Sir Richard Phillips we have a letter addressed to *Schoolmasters and Governesses*, upon the new theories of education, which is, at least, worth the attention of the parties immediately addressed, and of every one taking an interest in this most momentous subject, as his objections should be answered. Sir Richard is, indeed, a greater admirer of "*the wisdom of our ancestors*" than we should have expected. Some persons may even imagine that his tract is intended to poke up a nest of hornets in opposition to Lord Brougham's plan; but we are more charitable.

We must not omit, among pamphlets, an exceedingly ingenious small tract, entitled, *Hints and Examples, illustrative of the Theory and Practice of Analytic Teaching.* By Mr John Bligh, of the Grammar School, Bedford Square, London. To explain the *analytic* mode of teaching, as it is practised or recommended by Mr Bligh, would require far more space than we can afford; and his pamphlet, which, in substance, was originally delivered in two lectures at the Russell Institution, may easily be consulted. Even those who are wedded to old practices will allow it to be enlightened and sensible, and moderate in tone.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

THE PARLIAMENT.—The Session now draws rapidly to a close; for experience has shewn that grouse-shooting is much more agreeable to our representatives than legislation, and, therefore, that it is hopeless to expect Parliament to sit after the beginning of August. If the Municipal Corporation Bill, and the Irish Church Bill, pass into law this Session, we will be well content with the labours of the Commons; but we have serious doubts that both will be grievously mutilated by the House of Lords, backed, as their Lordships are, in the opposition to all liberal measures, by an anti-national Court faction.

The Municipal Corporation Bill has passed through the Commons without material injury; and the Irish Church Reform Bill has been introduced. The clergy are to receive £73, 5s. out of every £100 of tithe, but the rent charge is only to be £70; the difference between £73, 5s. and £68, 5s.—being the rent charge, less the expense of collecting—is to be made up by an advance from the public funds. The lay-tithe owner is only to receive £68, 5s. for each £100 of tithe. The million grant is not to be repaid, and the part of it still unexpended, £360,000, is to be applied towards the discharge of the arrears of 1834. In regard to the appropriation of the future Church revenues, the principle recognised is, "No work—no pay," and the presentation to every benefice in which the number of Protestants does not exceed 50 is to be suspended. There are no fewer than 151 parishes in Ireland where there are no members of the Established Church; in 194 parishes there are less than 10; in 198 less than 20; in 133 less than 30; in 107 less than 40; in 77 less than 50; so that the total number of parishes affected by the Bill will be 860. From the suspension of the appointments to these livings, and the reduction of livings above £300 per annum to that sum, and deducting some necessary expenses, it is calculated that there will arise an annual sum of £58,076, applicable to the purposes of the moral and religious education of the people, without distinction of sects, according to the principle of Lord John Russell's resolution, adopted by the House. The measure met, of course, with great opposition from the Tories, including Lord Stanley. Mr Shaw said, that it was intended to destroy the Church; Sir H. Hardinge, that it was worse than he could possiblyhave anticipated. The surplus, it will be observed, is miserably small, and it will not become fully available until the death of the present incumbents of the benefices to be suppressed; but the principle is valuable, by establishing the right of Parliament to appropriate the revenues of the Church to public purposes—a precedent which will not fail to be acted on.

A bill introduced by Sir Richard Musgrave, for establishing a system of compulsory support for the poor in Ireland, has been read a second time, on the understanding that it is not to be pressed this session. His bill applies only to persons above sixty, orphans under fourteen, and the sick, maimed, deaf, and dumb. In the course of the debate, the harsh conduct of the Irish landlords to their tenantry, was stigmatised by Mr Poulet Scrope and Mr O'Connell. Lord Morpeth asked delay, on the ground that the evidence and opinions collected by the Irish Poor-Law Commissioners, had not yet been fully laid before the house, and remarked that, next year, it would be necessary for the Government to introduce some measure on the subject.

A bill for regulating the Enlistment of Seamen, has made considerable progress in the House of Commons. The object is to raise the condition of the sailor, and to render the naval service as agreeable and as advantageous for him as the mercantile service. Five years' service is to entitle him to his discharge; and he cannot be again recalled to duty till two years have elapsed. This bill, it is expected, will remove many of the evils of the present system of impressment.

So much difficulty has been experienced in levying the discriminating duty on tea, that the House of Commons has resolved, in lieu of it, to impose a duty of 2s. 1d. on all teas, after the 2d July 1836. At present, the lowest quality of tea pays 1s. 6d., and the highest 3s. per pound of duty. By this change, the nearly universal principle of our legislation, of taxing the poor man more severely than the rich, will be preserved.—A very absurd motion has been carried in the House of Commons, by which a select committee has been appointed to consider the best means of affording accommodation for ladies in the stranger's gallery. The motion was brought forward by Mr Grantley Berkeley, and carried by a majority of 153 to 104. Lord Brougham took immediate occasion, in the House of Lords, to intimate that he would oppose the measure, and Lord Wharncliffe and the Marquis of Lansdowne also expressed their hostility to it.

The abuses in the Post Office have been brought before the House in an elaborate speech by Mr Wallace of Kelly. It would appear that the Post Office gentry consider themselves too powerful for the House of Commons, and make the most evasive returns to the orders for information. Thus, although eightpence per pound and a double postage are charged for transmitting money through the money-order office, the return to the order of the House for information about this office was, that they knew nothing about it. A regular system seems, indeed, long to have prevailed of withholding information. A commission is at present sitting for investigating the abuses in this department, which appear to be neither few nor of trifling amount

In the House of Lords, Lord Radnor introduced a bill to prohibit the Subscription of the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England, in certain cases. His Lordship pointed out, in strong terms, the absurdity of requiring young men, on their entering the University, to declare their belief in a number of doctrines and assertions which it was impossible for them to comprehend. He shewed, that, in none of the foreign Universities were any tests required. The bill was, of course, opposed by the majority of the Bishops; but the Bishops of Chichester, Bristol, and Bath and Wells, voted in favour of the bill. It was thrown out, on the second reading, by 163 to 57.—Lord Brougham has, at the suggestion of Lord Melbourne, withdrawn his resolutions on the subject of National Education, and introduced a bill embodying the chief points in the resolutions. Lord Melbourne stated, that, although he approved generally of Lord Brougham's views, he objected to pledge himself, by voting for the resolutions, to all they contained. The proceedings of their Lordships, during the session, have been more than usually unimportant, and, indeed, have scarcely been worth reporting.

ENGLAND.

THE ELECTIONS.—Messrs Dundas and Kelly, having been unseated as members for Ipswich, by the Committee of the House of Commons, Colonel Broke and Mr Holmes were set up by the Tories, and bribery was again resorted to, to secure the election. Mr Dundas had the impudence to appear at Ipswich, and to state that his election was declared void "by the grossest treachery, and by means which would be discreditable and disgraceful to the most infamous class of persons who disgrace the cause of humanity." The liberal candidates carried their election by a great majority; the numbers, at the close of the poll being, Morrison, 542, Wason, 533, Broke, 455, Holmes, 435.—Colonel Peyronnet Thompson, the well-known editor of *The Westminster Review*, has been returned for Hull, defeating Mr Mildmay, the Tory candidate, by 1428 to 1423.—The candidates for Oldham, vacant by the death of Mr Cobbett, were his son, Mr John M. Cobbett, who calls himself a Radical, and Mr Lees, a Tory. The former was defeated by a majority of 314 to 304.

BLACK SHEEP.—The Rev. Mr Neale, curate to the Rev. Mr Birch, Rector of West Hackney, has been found liable in £200 damages, by the Court of Common Pleas, for criminal intercourse with the Rector's wife. He took the opportunity of Mr Birch's absence, and when left in protection of the family, to seduce the lady; and, on the first night of the criminal intercourse, he read prayers with the family before retiring to bed. Mrs Birch, who has two children, attempted to drown herself in August last, but was taken out of the water, and recovered. The Reverend seducer is a widower with one child.—The Rev. James S. Bloomfield, cousin to the Bishop of London, has been convicted, before one of the Magistrates, of stealing a pair of gold spectacles, and sentenced to seven years' transportation.—A clergyman, in the neighbourhood of Leicester, has decamped greatly in debt. Among the claims upon him, is one for £40, due the Sunday School children of his parish, who had placed that sum in his custody by small weekly subscriptions.

WHIG CONCILIATION.—It appears, from a parliamentary return, that Government paid, on 28th April 1834, to W. V. Landgridge, Esq., of Lewes, £323 . 14 : 8, towards the expence of prosecuting the editor of *The Brighton Guardian*. Small as the sum is, this grant cannot be regarded otherwise than as a gross waste of the public money; the object evidently being to conciliate the county magistracy.

CHURCH RATES.—The resistance to these rates continues unabated. At Wakefield, a public sale of two chairs, seized for rates, lately took place; the spectators were very numerous, and there was afterwards a procession through the town. At Uppingham, at a sale of four ewes and two lambs, the property of a Quaker, seized for rates, the people loudly expressed their indignation. At Ealing, the attempt to impose a church rate, has, for the third time been defeated.

LORD STANLEY has written to the chairman of the North Lancashire Conservative Society, highly disapproving of such Associations. He warns the Tories to take care how they organize the country, in such a manner that every man must be a partisan, and not deceive themselves by thinking that such an occurrence, forced on by them, would strengthen their influence or augment their numbers.

THE ARMY.—Not a week elapses without attacks being made by drunken soldiers, with their bayonets, on peaceable citizens, but yet the commander-in-chief refuses to issue an order to disarm the ruffians when off duty. It would almost appear that the Tories, to which party the great majority of the officers of the army belong, are anxious to exasperate the soldiery and people against each other, with the view of employing the army, when a proper opportunity occurs, in putting a stop to the progress of reform. That they are tampering with the army can hardly be doubted, since it has been distinctly established, before a Committee of the House of Commons, that Orange Lodges exist in the Army. It appears that, very recently, warrants for Lodges in various regiments have been issued by the Duke of Cumberland, Royal Grand Master of the Orangemen, and several of these warrants have been produced to the Committee. If this statement be correct, the House of Commons will be grossly negligent of its duty, if it do not impeach the Duke. Is his Royal Highness's visit to the Russian and Prussian despots connected with projects to put down the Liberals in this country?

CHURCH IN DANGER.—With the view, no doubt, of raising this favourite cry of the Tories, two meetings have been held in Exeter Hall, to discuss the tenets of the Catholic Church. They will not permit any Catholic to be heard, so that the bigots have everything their own way. Among those present, we observed Sir George Clerk, Sir Andrew Agnew, and other Scotch members of that stamp.

THE EARL OF DURHAM has been appointed to the important Embassy to Russia. This will convince the despots of the essential difference between the Foreign policy of the Melbourne and Peel Administrations.

THE REVENUE.—There is a decrease on the Revenue of the year ending 5th July last, as compared with the preceding, of no less than £1,758,886, and, on the quarter, a decrease of £656,407. This last deficiency, to the extent of £425,036, is accounted for, by the repeal of the house duty, and some other taxes.

THE STOCKS AND WHEAT.—It appears, from a Parliamentary return, that wheat has never been so low as

st present, for the last thirty years, except in the year 1822, and that the price of the stocks has never been so high. In 1804, the price of £100 three per cent. stock would purchase 18 quarters of wheat; in 1812, only 9 quarters; from 1824 to 1832, about 27 quarters; but, at present, it will purchase no less than 41 quarters!

SLAVE COMPENSATION.—Of the 20 millions, upwards of 6 will be paid to Jamaica, 4¼ to British Guiana, 2 to the Mauritius, and 1¾ to Barbadoes. The average value of a slave, from 1822 to 1830, varied from £27 in Barbadoes to £120 in Honduras.

DISSENTERS.—The United Committee of Protestant Dissenters have resolved, that, being anxious that nothing should be done which might impede the progress of the Municipal Reform and Irish Tithe Bills, both of which they deem of great national importance, they recommend to Dissenters to acquiesce in the delay, in the confidence that the pledge made by Ministers to introduce, early in next session, measures for the redress of the grievances under which Dissenters now labour, will be redeemed.

SCOTLAND.

AYRSHIRE.—The election in this county has been decided, by a great majority, in favour of the liberal candidate, Captain Dunlop. The Tory lairds exerted their utmost influence in favour of Sir John Cathcart; but he was defeated by 1271 to 736.

FIFESHIRE.—Great dissatisfaction has been felt by the appointment of Colonel Lindsay to the command of the Fifeshire Militia. Lord John Russell seemed to be so ignorant, as not to know that the Colonel has been the Tory candidate for the county at the last two elections; but we need not wonder at such appointments by an Administration which accepted office leaving the command of the army in the hands of their opponents.

EDINBURGH.—The Edinburgh Tories dined together on the 18th June, to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. On the 17th July, the Liberals had two dinner parties, to celebrate the passing of the Reform Bill. The Lord Provost presided over one of the parties, and Mr William Gibson-Craig, the unsuccessful candidate for Mid-Lothian at last election, over the other. There were, in all, about 500 persons present.

THE CHURCH COMMISSION.—Many of the landholders, who professed so much eagerness to obtain a sum of money for endowing the clergy of the Church of Scotland, already regret that they had interfered in the matter. Nothwithstanding the opposition of Sir W. Rae, part of the inquiries of the Commission lately appointed is, "What funds are now, or may hereafter be available for the support of the Established Church of Scotland." Now, the landholders over the greater part of Scotland are in possession of more tithes than are necessary for the payment of the stipends of the parochial clergy. These are known by the name of "unexhausted teinds," and are, unquestionably, part of the funds of the Church, which the landlords must give up before any sums from the general revenue of the country can, with any decency, be voted. It is, indeed, disgraceful, that these unexhausted teinds should have been so long overlooked. A great number of the Scotch clergy are in the annual receipt of money from the Exchequer to make up their stipends to £150 a-year; that is to say, the Dissenters, and public at large, are taxed to make up the deficiency, while the landholders are pocketing the unexhausted teinds, merely because the lands whence they are drawn are situated in parishes the ministers of which have sufficient stipends, for not one farthing of the teinds is allowed to go to pay the stipend of the minister of any parish, except that in which the lands, whence the teinds are drawn, are situated.

ABERDEEN.—A bill for uniting King's College and Marischal College has been brought into Parliament by Mr Bannerman.

IRELAND.

Great distress prevails among the peasantry in the county of Mayo. The destitution is extreme in the neighbourhood of Westport and Newport; yet the exports from these two ports average about three hundred tons of grain per week, and, with this superabundant supply, the markets well filled, meal selling at 11s. per cwt., and potatoes at 2½d. and 3½d. per stone, the population are in absolute starvation, existing on sea-weed, shellfish, and cabbage leaves. The landlords do not contribute one farthing for their relief, but, on the contrary, exact much higher rents than the prices of agricultural produce will afford to pay. At Liverpool, there has not only been the usual imports from Ireland of grain and cattle, but great quantities of potatoes have also lately been imported. Under such circumstances, it will be in vain for the Irish to appeal to the British for charity, especially as it is well known that part of the sums formerly collected on this side of the channel for that purpose, went into the pockets of the landlords, in the shape of rent.

The anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne has not passed over without bloodshed. At Belfast, the military were under the necessity of firing on the rioters, and one woman was killed, and several persons wounded. At Monaghan, a man was killed by the Orangemen, and processions and riots took place in various other places. Nor were these absurd proceedings confined to Ireland. There were riots in Liverpool, and at Airdrie, near Glasgow, proceeding from the same cause.

THE CONTINENT

FRANCE.—There has been a rumour of a plot to murder Louis Philippe, but little reliance can be placed on it. Numerous arrests have, however, taken place, and the courtiers and public functionaries have paid visits to the King, to congratulate him on his escape. It is said that his Majesty was to have been attacked on his return from Neuilly to the Tuileries. Charles the Tenth, and the Duke de Bourdeaux, are very unwell, and the Carlist party in France are consequently much alarmed. The American Indemnity Bill has passed both Chambers, and the royal assent has been given to it. The French Government has permitted Frenchmen to enter into the service of the Queen of Spain, much in the same manner as our own Government has done. The Poles in France have also been allowed to join the Queen's service, without losing what they at present receive from France. Twenty-eight of the prisoners accused of rioting last year, have made their escape from prison. It is strongly suspected that this has happened through the connivance of the police. The *Procès* monster has not yet terminated. Owing to the violent conduct of the prisoners, the Court of Peers has determined, by a majority of 114 to 16, to try all the refractory prisoners in their absence.

SPAIN.—The Queen has issued a decree for the suppression of the Jesuits, and the sale of their property. This is a politic as well as popular measure. Part of the volunteers raised in England for the Queen's service, have arrived at St. Sebastians, where they have been received with the utmost enthusiasm. Zumalacarreguy died on the 25th June, of a wound he received before Bilboa. Eraso, his successor in the command, is said also to have died, in consequence of a fall from his horse.

HOLLAND.—There have been serious disturbances in Amsterdam, in consequence of the resistance of the people to the collection of some odious taxes. The military quickly put the rioters down, but much discontent still prevails.

RUSSIA.—A conspiracy to overturn the throne of the Emperor Nicholas, was discovered at Petersburgh in May, and more than sixty persons engaged in it have been arrested. Great preparations have been, for some time, making for a review of Russian, Prussian, and Austrian troops, at Kalisch in Poland. It now, however, appears that the Emperor of Austria has declined to send his quota of troops, and refused to meet the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia, either there or elsewhere. It is inferred, from this refusal, that a change of policy has taken place in the Austrian Cabinet, and that the Emperor means to withdraw from the Holy Alliance. Russia seems in very bad credit at present. She has been attempting, for some time, without success, to raise a loan of twenty millions of francs at Francfort and Amsterdam.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

The cloth trade, in the manufacturing districts, is not so brisk as it was some months ago, the manufacturers

being unwilling, owing to the high price of foreign wool, to make more cloth than can immediately be disposed of. Now that the principal fairs for German wool are over, the dulness is soon likely to disappear. As compared with the two preceding years, there has been little variation in the prices of the most useful wools at these fairs; but there has been, on the whole, a slight fall, not exceeding, in general, however, 1d. per lb.

In blankets, and other woollen fabrics, there has also been little demand, arising evidently from the uncertainty whether the high price of wool would continue. The linen trade is brisk, and the weavers are in full employment.

Much satisfaction has generally been expressed by the dealers at the alteration of the tea duties, and the imposing of a fixed duty of 2s. 1d. per lb., instead of the present discriminating duties. The alteration will evidently tend to repress the importation of low-priced teas; but it is feared that, in consequence of the change being postponed to 2d July 1836, large importations of low-priced teas may, in the meantime, take place, to get advantage of the low duties.

The iron trade is in a thriving state, but no advance of price has lately taken place.

We are glad to observe that the present defective mode of measuring ships has at length attracted the notice of Government, and that a new mode will, under their sanction, speedily be brought before Parliament.

AGRICULTURE.

The wheat crops throughout Scotland were much injured by the boisterous and cold weather about the end of June. The stalks were, in many instances, much broken down, and there is now little probability of that crop exceeding an average, however favourable the weather may become. Barley promises to be a good crop, though the late sown suffered from the frost. Oats have also sustained considerable injury from the same cause, and there has also been much loss from insects. The failure of the potatoes is not so great as during the two last years, but the early planted were blackened and severely checked by the hoar frost. Hay has turned out an average crop. Live stock, both fat and lean, have been in demand, at good prices. An interesting experiment has been made by Mr Walker, Ferrygate, East Lothian, on feeding cattle, for which a premium of ten guineas, offered by the East Lothian Agricultural Society, has been awarded. It appears, from this experiment, "that the less expensive the food employed in the feeding of cattle, the greater is the profit derived, and *vice versa*; thus clearly establishing, so far as this experiment goes, that the employment of linseed cake, corn, potatoes, or any other expensive food, in the fattening of cattle, is a direct waste of capital."

At the Perth New Wool Fair, held on the 7th July, a great many dealers and farmers attended. Prices were about 3s. on Highland wool, and 6s. on fine wool, under the average rates of last year. The current prices were—

Highland, laid, and white wool, from	22s. to 24s.
Leicester, . . .	34s. to 36s.
Cheviot, ewe, and hog, . .	32s. to 34s.

all per stone of twenty-four imperial pounds.

POSTSCRIPT.

From all we can learn and observe, the public mind is at present in a state analogous to that of persons of irritable constitution, when the atmosphere becomes overcharged with electric matter. All may be calm and sunshine; a cloud, so small as "a man's hand," may not be visible in the firmament; but certain indescribable feelings, not to be mistaken, denote, long before the thunder-burst, that a storm is impending.

The opposition to the Municipal Reform Bill has been rather languid. It is ostentatiously proclaimed, by the adherents of the Ministry, that the King has consented—we like not the phrase—that they shall *introduce* the Irish Church Bill. The authoritative Tory organs are, however, portentously silent on this and all other subjects; and the underlings yelp at the heels of the more passive Conservatives who long for peace, urging them forward. Throughout the kingdom, the Tory subordinates, agents, and followers, have been quietly active in the business of registration. The mines are laid; the trenches dug. Everything is in course of diligent preparation against another election. It is a fact worthy of notice, that there have been more *surcharges* made, generally by the old Tory-appointed tax-collectors, in the present year, than probably in the last three. And for this there are sufficient reasons. Many liberal voters will thus be disqualified, and it will be alleged that the fault is their own. On the other side, the Ministerial prints have got their cue to affect to believe in the good faith of the King with his Ministers, and to assert that the utmost harmony and mutual confidence prevail between Downing Street and Windsor Castle. This is a contemptible artifice. Surely men may give up the use of such gross dissimulation when it no longer answers any purpose save to degrade them. We give the editors of the newspapers in question credit for not being such sucklings as to believe, for one moment, that the King and the Court have undergone some sudden and miraculous process of conversion to liberal opinions, since Sir Robert Peel was forced to resign. The nation was aghast when the Tories audaciously assumed office in November last. It will not be taken by surprise a second time; and it is mischievous to attempt to lull it into security. The people are aware that the same game will be played over again, and more boldly, adroitly, and desperately, if the Tory party, upon reviewing their strength, dare venture it. It will assuredly be hazarded, unless the spirit and union of the people, and the confidence which the Ministers may derive from their support, avert the incipient mischief,—which, called into activity again, may hurry us—Heaven only knows whither. Instead of looking for moderation or wisdom to the Court party, we put more faith in that portion of the aristocracy who are independent of places, pensions, and sinecures, and who have their large estates to preserve.

Peter Brown, Printer, 19, St James' Square.